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SEX & MUSIC ISSUE
Bijou Phillips Nude
OH, MAMA!
INTERVIEW
D.C. INSIDERS
EVANS & NOVAK
FIND HER SEXUAL HOT ZONE AND
ROCK HER WORLD
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LIMP BIZKIT
BARRY WHITE
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SONGS OF THE CENTURY
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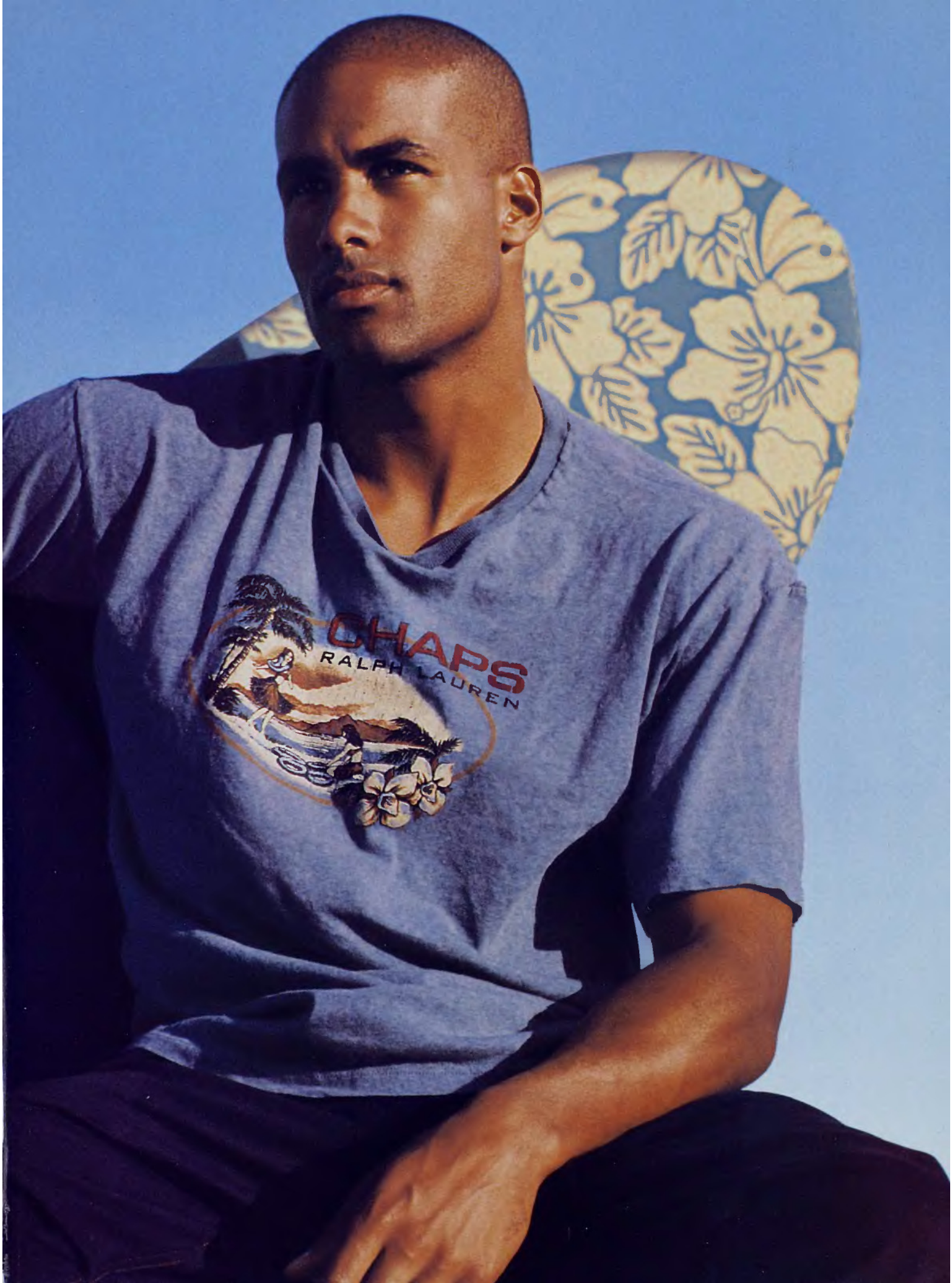
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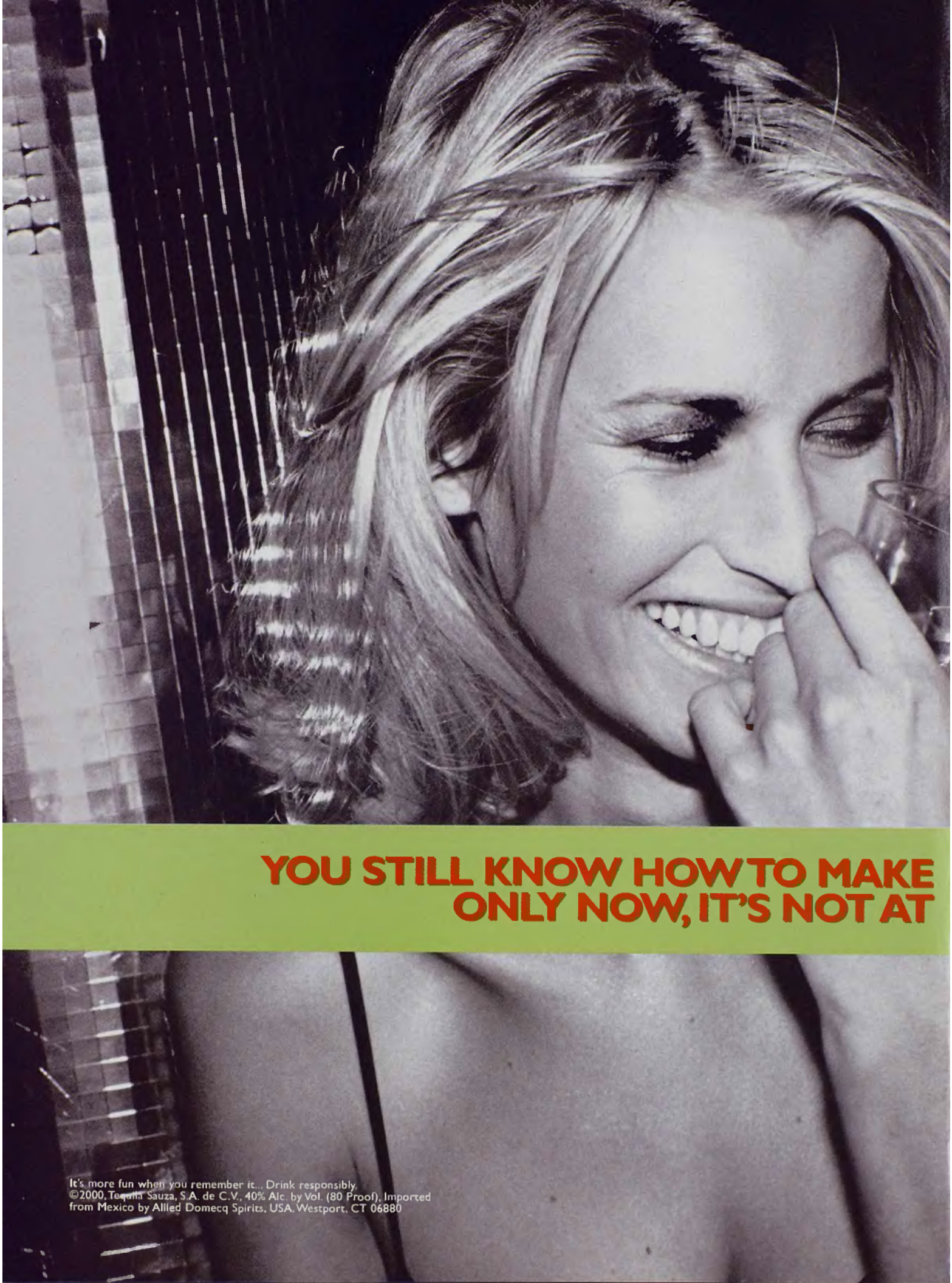
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Playbill

WHO'S YOUR DADDY? In the case of our cover girl, he's Papa John Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas. A rock royalty gem, **Bijou Phillips** blasted through the New York party world as a model. Now she lets glam photographer **Ellen Von Unwerth** get between her and her Calvins in an exuberant nude pictorial. Bijou is a fitting start to our music issue. Call it Woodstock: the Next Generation. The results of our readers' poll, decoded by staffers **Barbara Nellis** and **Helen Frangoulis,** pop up in *The Year in Music* (illustrated by **David Cowles**). It finds us between a Kid Rock and a hard bass (thanks to ODB). No one epitomizes the fusion of rap and metal better than **Fred Durst.** As lead singer for Limp Bizkit, he exudes power and rage in hits such as *Nookie* and *Break Stuff*. As a vice president at Interscope Records, he balances his emotions with intellect. Assistant Editor **Alison Lundgren** went backstage with Durst for the Q. and A. *Big Bizness* (before she got him into a Mansion party). To twist Shakespeare, the song's the thing. There's no better time to prove our point than in the list-o-rific year 2000. We asked **Charles M. Young** to poll musicians (from Brian Wilson to Slick Rick) for songs that put an extra spin on the earth's revolution. We stay in the deep end with the basso profundo pompatus of love, **Barry White.** The big man is back on the road, thanks to a boost from our favorite swizzle stick, Ally McBeal. In a *20 Questions* by **Julie Bain,** White hangs tough—and woe to the man who tries to date his daughters!

The truth is often the best advice. Political reporters **Rowland Evans** and **Robert Novak** rely on a simple formula for their success: harsh opinions backed by strong journalism (and up to 150 phone calls a day). Their show on CNN is one of the most substantive hours of badinage on TV. There's only one problem: They're crazy-ass conservatives. This month's interview by Contributing Editor **David Sheff** is like a bull session at the National Press Club (and it's great prep work for the upcoming elections).

Life in Las Vegas' fast lane often ends abruptly—even if you're worth $50 million. When **Ted Binion,** an heir to the Horseshoe Casino fortune, turned up dead in September 1998, his death was deemed an overdose. After all, he was jacked up on heroin and Xanax. Then his family investigated and raised questions about his live-in girlfriend (a former stripper), her boyfriend and a secret vault. *Love and Death in the Desert* by **Peter Alson** is a high-stakes murder mystery. Read it with one hand on your wallet, the other on your chips. **Daniel Torres** did the illustration.

One of the best ways to find a soundtrack to your life is to grab it off the web. But first you need software, then the sites and then, if you want to go mobile, more hardware. Thankfully, *I Want My MP3* by Associate Editor **Beth Tomkiw** makes it sound clear. When it comes to speedy Net transmissions, the rules are changing faster than old media companies can merge with new. In *Bring on the Bandwidth,* **Ted C. Fishman** explains new cable and phone technology, its impact on webcasts and e-tailing, and when it'll be coming.

When you find it, treat it gently. Tease it. Tweak it—just don't make like a pile driver. Let your fingers do the walking. *The Single Life* by **Yasmin Boland** is a pert but firm guide to the clitoris. To keep you hot and bothered, we review BMW's new X5, look at adventure races and take a trip to Florida in *Spring Break 2000* (photographed by **Gen Nishino**). We also have a special Playmate: **Brande Roderick.** You've seen her partying with Sandy, Mandy and Hef. We present Brande on her own, and you'll find her absolutely intoxicating.

VON UNWERTH

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YOUNG

LUNDGREN

BAIN

SHEFF

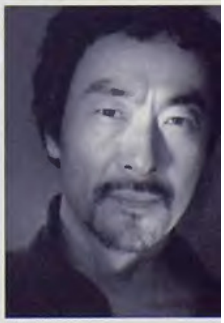
ALSON

TORRES

TOMKIW

FISHMAN

BOLAND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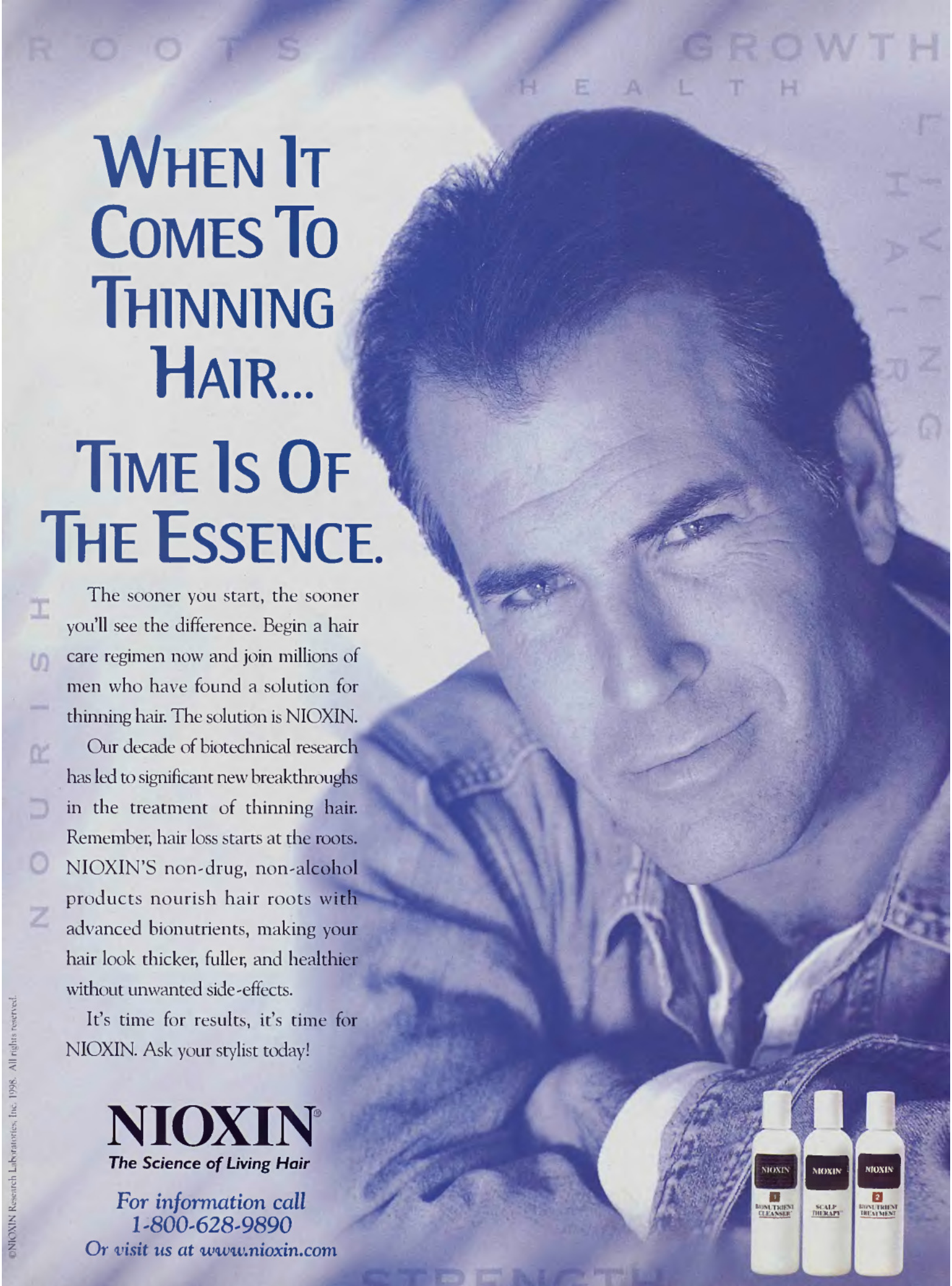

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Far from the glitz of the Strip, Binion's Horseshoe was a no-frills gambler's mecca. One of its owners, Ted Binion, hung out at titty bars with guys named Fat Herbie. His ex-stripper girlfriend and her boyfriend are now on trial for his murder. **BY PETER ALSON**

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94 SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD
Brian Wilson, Philip Glass, Ronnie Spector and Ghostface Killah, among others, name their favorite songs of the century and explain their choices. Did Happy Birthday beat out Supernaut? You'll be debating the picks for the next 100 years. **BY CHARLES M. YOUNG**

112 I WANT MY MP3
MP3 is almost as popular as sex on the Net. Learn about the latest software, the hottest portable MP3 players and the best websites for free downloads. **BY BETH TOMKIW**

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He wasn't always the gangster of love—in fact, at one time he was just a gangster. And a paper boy. He learned a lot along the way, though—like, watch what you say to a white woman in Alabama. **BY JULIE BAIN**

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Faster on-ramps—via cable, phone lines and satellite—will change the way we use the Net. Get ready for movie-quality webcasts, video chats and mind-boggling games. **BY TED C. FISHMAN**

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James Brown lived to see his own Hall of Fame induction—and he feels good. Our readers also picked all the big hits this year: Ricky Martin, Mariah Carey and Dixie Chicks. What can we say? PLAYBOY *readers are on top of things.*

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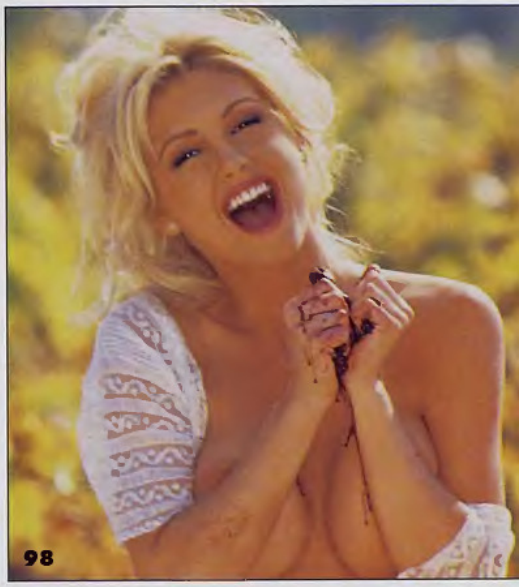

cover story

HOT MAMA: Reformed bad girl Bijou Phillips (daughter of the Mamas and the Papas' John Phillips) talks about her obsession with stripping ("I love going to strip clubs—the adrenaline rush you get is amazing"), worship of Madonna ("She's the Queen Elizabeth of the music kingdom") and her next album. You'll be happy looking at her pictures, too.

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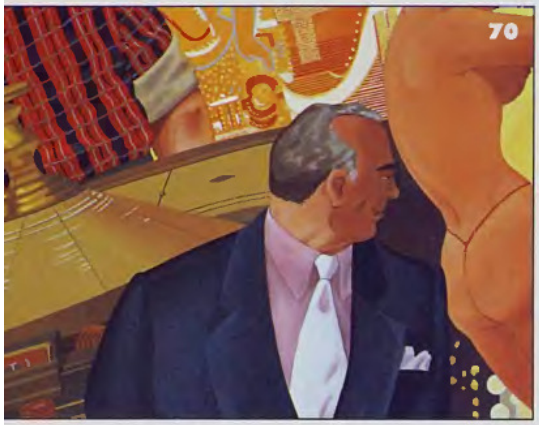

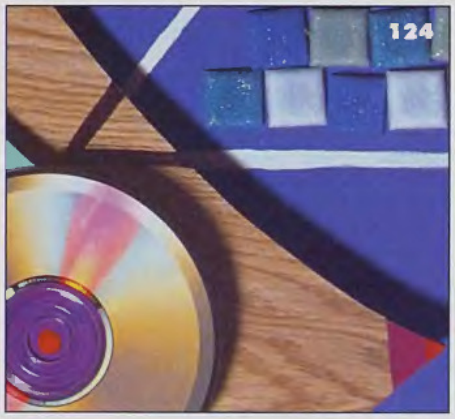

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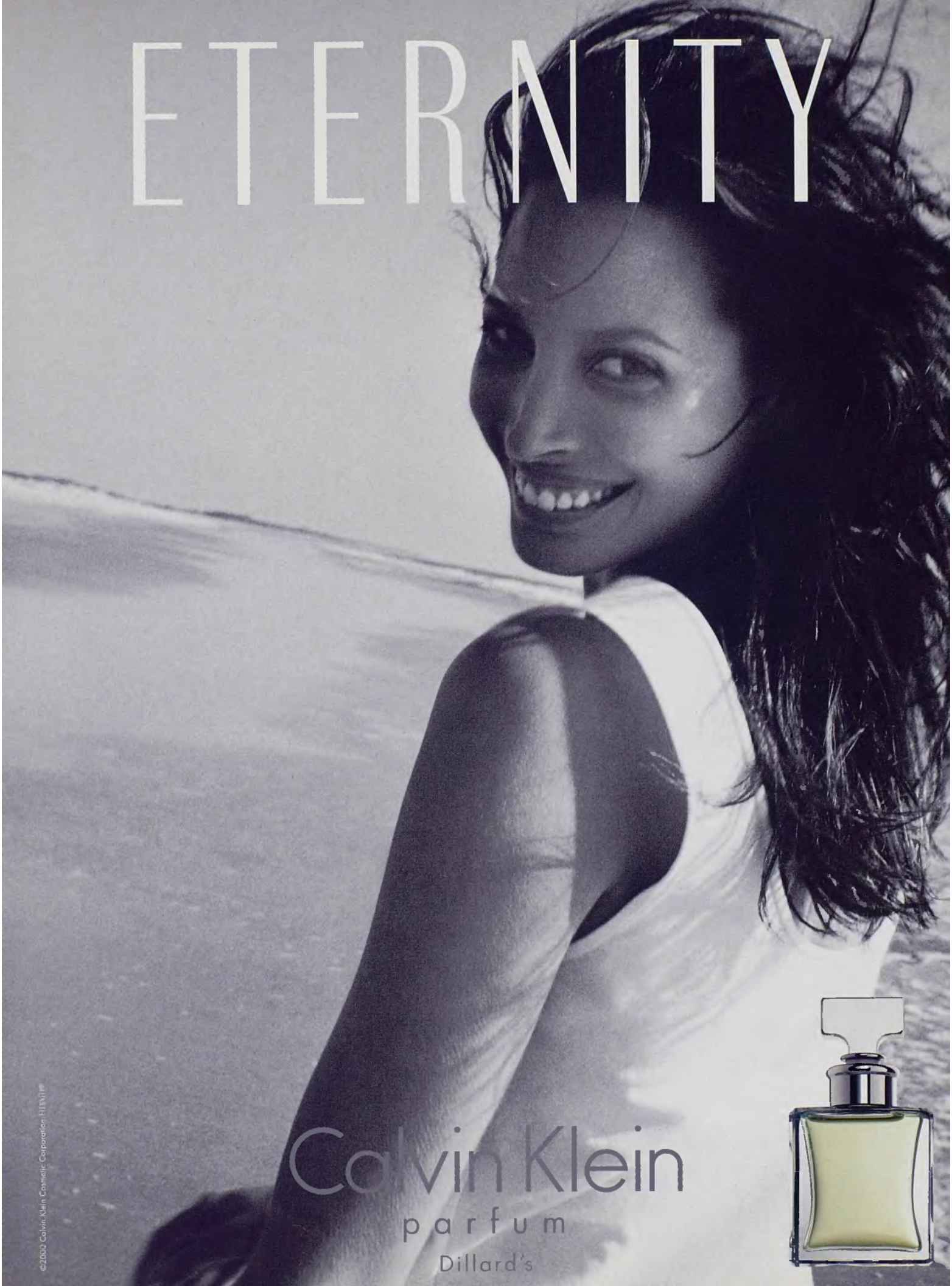
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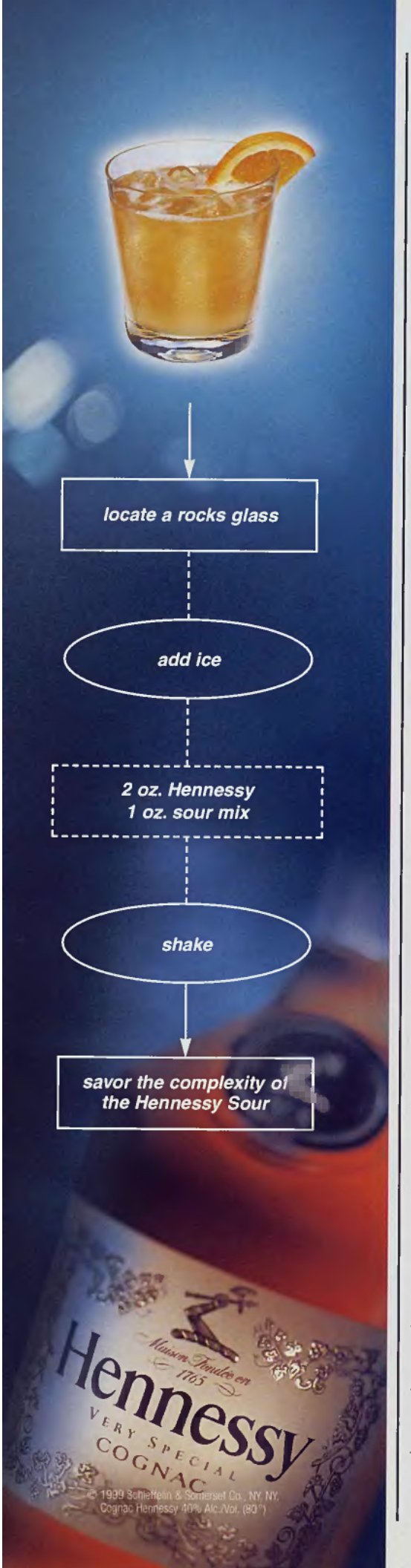

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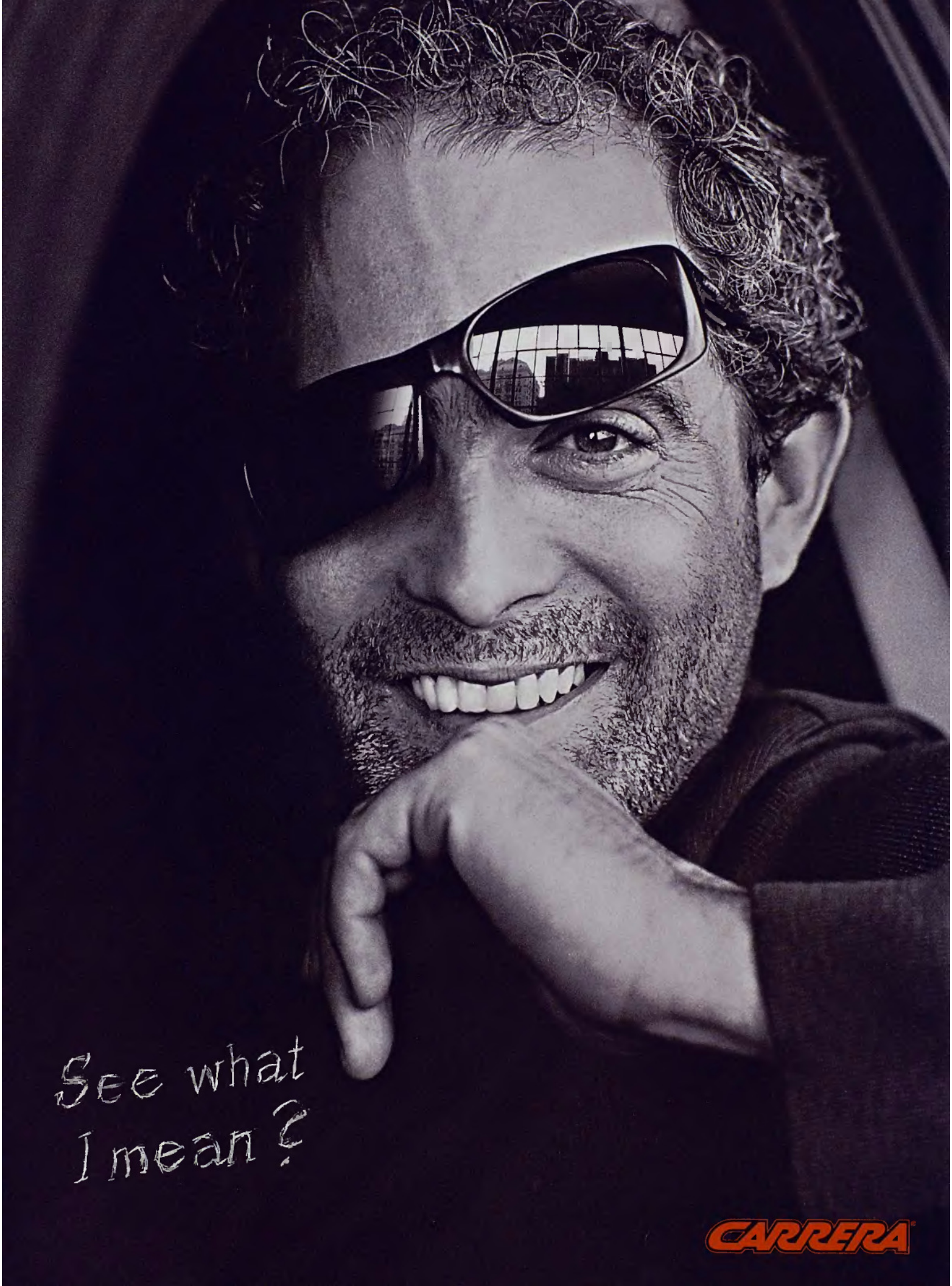
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

HEF MEETS HIS TV COUNTERPART

Hef and girlfriends Jessica Paisley and Brande Roderick shared a drink with actor Randall Batinkoff, who played you-know-who in the USA Network's TV docudrama *Hefner: Unauthorized*.

THE GIFT OF GAB

Hef stopped by *Larry King Live* for a friendly grilling. Everything was on the table—from *The Century of Sex* book to his current social life.

TWO FOR THE YEAR 2000

Hef takes the vivacious Peruvian Bernaola twins, Carol and Darlene, out for a night on the town to celebrate being chosen the first Playmates of the new millennium.

LORDS OF THE RING

It's a tradition: Fight Night at the Mansion brings out Hollywood's heavy hitters to watch the heavyweights. The Holyfield–Lewis match brought together Oscar winner Martin Landau, and fellow academy nominees Burt Young and Robert Forster with buddy Peter Brown to catch the action and hang with Hef.

FRIARS CLUB HONORS

Passing on the accolades: As last year's recipient, Hef presented the 1999 Lifetime Achievement Award to Mr. Las Vegas, Steve Wynn.

THE NIGHT WAS MAGIC, SAID HEATHER

Heather Kozar, Miss January 1998 and the 1999 Playmate of the Year, gets up close with Magic Johnson, the former Los Angeles Lakers basketball superstar, at the annual Johnnie Walker party at the Playboy Mansion. Magic's moves are all in the business arena now. Could Heather be asking for pointers?

HANGIN' WITH HEF

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Buckle up and keep your hands inside the car—you are about to go on another roller-coaster ride with Hef and his gang of four. (1) At home with Brande, Mandy and Sandy (Jessica shot the picture). (2) Hef took the girls to see the Radio City Rockettes at the Universal Amphitheater. (3) Angie Dickinson, Hef, Steve Wynn and his wife, Elaine, at the Friars Club. (4) Hef and the girls at Gulfstream Park in Florida to watch Hugh Hefner (the horse) run in the 1999 Breeders' Cup. (5) Brande and Sandy shake it at the Miami nightclub Chaos. (6) Playmates Kelly Monaco, Layla Roberts, actor Jeremy Piven and reveler Donna Anderson take a breather at Chaos. (7) Bunnies at Chaos. (8) Models at Playboy's Club Lingerie live webcast hosted by Heather Kozar. (9) Jaime Bergman (right) and fellow lingerie models strut their stuff. (10) Hef with Carol and Darlene Bernaola celebrating at the Playmate 2000 press party at Playboy Mansion West. (11) Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer gets a happy hug from the Bernaola twins.

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PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Thanks for your *Playboy Interview* with Hugh M. Hefner (January). I respect him not only for his accomplishments but also for the fact that he lives by his own rules.

Stephanie Shupe
Columbus, Ohio

I have found the Energizer Bunny. I can't catch him, but I now know where he lives.

Richard Jones
Meeker, Oklahoma

Hef has come a long way from nerdy geek to swinging senior citizen.

Lois Fisher Corcoran
Chicago, Illinois

I just want Hef to know that one can be a politically conservative Christian and still enjoy PLAYBOY.

William Barnes III
Cary, North Carolina

100 FABULOUS FEMMES

I'm so glad you included Playmate Terri Welles in the *Centerfolds of the Century* pictorial (January). In the eyes of this subscriber, she's the most beautiful woman ever to have been featured in your magazine.

Larry Bieker
Hoxie, Kansas

I enjoyed the *Centerfolds of the Century*, but without Mesina Miller, Miss September 1975, D. Keith Mano missed by a mile. I realize his was a tough job, so I'd like to volunteer to help him for the 50th anniversary issue in 2003.

Larry Beron
Metairie, Louisiana

I can't believe that Sandy Cagle didn't make this distinguished list of Playmates. She's been one of my favorites forever.

Larry Turgeon
Providence, Rhode Island

All of my favorites made it into your *Centerfolds* pictorial. I knew that Marilyn Monroe would be numero uno, but I had hoped to see Brandi Brandt higher on the list.

Brian Allen
Springboro, Ohio

I am shocked that PLAYBOY omitted Barbi Benton from the *Centerfolds* list. She's one of the most popular Playmates in the history of the magazine.

Greg Haber
Falls Church, Virginia

Yes, Barbi is one of the most popular women to ever appear in the magazine, but she was never a Playmate.

Janet Lupo's Centerfold belongs in the top ten. Her statuesque figure is classical, worthy of a Botticelli painting.

Jim Hartway
Varysburg, New York

I was blessed twice this holiday season—with a *Playboy Interview* for the ages, featuring my idol, Hugh Hefner, and with a photo of the fantasy woman of my youth, Patricia Farinelli.

Robert Mann
Bellmore, New York

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

Mini-Hef (January) reminds me of that old story about a wedding ceremony that took place at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus sideshow tent in 1940. The world's shortest man wed the world's tallest woman and when asked if there were any problems, she replied, "Well, when we're nose to nose, his toes are in it, and when we're toes to toes, his nose is in it."

Howard Shoemaker
Omaha, Nebraska

Your *Mini-Hef* pictorial was a terrible idea. Who wants to see this little guy in a PLAYBOY photo spread? Sure, he was a funny addition to the *Austin Powers*

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sequel, but that doesn't make him a sex symbol in my book.

Daniel Fields
Carrollton, Texas

NO RAY OF LIGHT

Ray Bradbury's *Cities on the Moon* (January) is about as visionary and forward-thinking as the Unabomber's manifesto. While arguably one of the greatest science fiction writers of our time, Bradbury has shown himself to be a technophobic snob who can't deal with the 20th century, much less the 21st.

Rex Rubenzer
West Bend, Wisconsin

PARTY LIKE IT'S 2000

I can't think of a better way to bring in the new millennium than with the January 2000 special-edition issue. If this is what the future holds, bring it on. I'm ready for it.

Steve Crawford
St. Louis, Missouri

The December issue was so good I didn't think you could top it, but January proved me wrong. Thanks, PLAYBOY, for raising the bar.

Paul Flores
Salt Lake City, Utah

The January issue can be summed up in one word—fabulous. I especially enjoyed the *Playboy Interview* with Hef, and the millennium cocktail recipes. If this is a sign of what's to come, I'd better get started on the puzzle challenge for my 100-year subscription.

Tiffany Petra
Iowa City, Iowa

CINEMATIC THREESOMES

I liked your bit on threesomes in January's *After Hours*, but how could you miss Daryl Hannah's in *Summer Lovers* with Lina, the French babe who completed the trio? I came close (though not close enough) to selling my wife on the whole idea when we rented a villa on Santorini, the Greek island where *Summer Lovers* was shot. But alas, there was no Lina.

James Clark
Toronto, Ontario

20 QUESTIONS

Rupert Everett (*20 Questions*, January) is a babe, and so is PLAYBOY for treating him like all the other sex symbols you toast.

Susan Wilson
New York, New York

MAKING A LIST AND CHECKING IT TWICE

Your *Lists of the Century* (January) is interesting, but I don't agree with your choice of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* under the heading of Best Literary Smut. I can't deny that the language was shocking for its day in 1934, but I wouldn't call a book a classic based on that alone.

Willie Holmes
Chicago, Illinois

The people who compiled *Lists of the Century* omitted two of the greatest songwriters of all time—John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

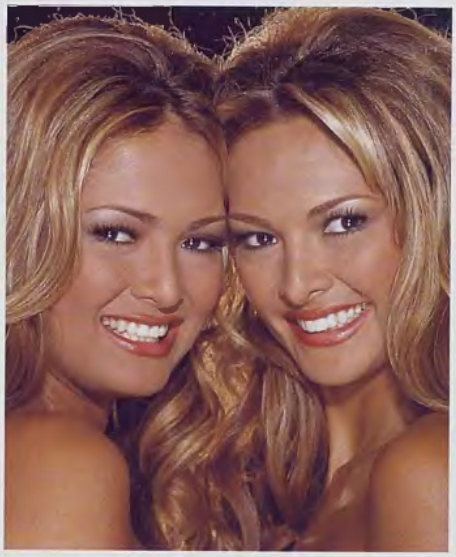
Bill Schaller
Corrales, New Mexico

TWIN PEAKS

I would like to congratulate everyone who participated in the search for Playmate 2000 (*Two for 2000*, January). It established a new way of finding incredible women who may be too shy to send in their photos. Thanks for giving me another reason to renew my subscription.

James Lukko
Hillside, New Jersey

What I would have given to have one of the Millennium Playmates wrap her



legs around me as she did to her sister on *Extra*. That pair of sexy sisters can take turns scissoring me to their hearts' content.

Dean Bennett
Portland, Oregon

When PLAYBOY announced it would tour the country in search of the Millennium Playmate, we knew she would turn out to be one special woman. Instead, we're presented with a gimmick—twins. Let this be a lesson to everyone's Y2K expectations.

Chuck Moore
Munster, Indiana

Congratulations on a great start for the new millennium. When I saw the beautiful Bernaola twins in December's *Playmate Search*, I knew I would see them again soon. Your decision to make them your Millennium Playmates was genius.

Joe Canger
New Brunswick, New Jersey

ZIPPITY DOO-DAH

I am glad PLAYBOY recognized one of the truly underrated inventions of this century, the zipper (*Unheralded Innovations of the 20th Century*, January). However, I'm disappointed that you misspelled my grandfather's name: Gideon Sundback (not Sandback). I guess the zipper is even more unheralded than you thought.

Scott Sundback
Saegertown, Pennsylvania

THERE'S NO SPACE LIKE HOME

The highlight of the January 2000 issue for me was the return of Syd Mead's visions to the pages of PLAYBOY. In my humble opinion, he is the greatest futurist and industrial designer since Leonardo da Vinci.

Michael Moon
Raleigh, North Carolina

SEMPER FIDELIS

I'm a marine in the Seventh Platoon First Reconnaissance Company. We spend a great deal of time in the field, but, thanks to PLAYBOY, we enjoy it more than our fellow marines. We never leave home without the most recent issue, and by the time we return, all 21 of us have it memorized. Thanks for countless hours of enjoyment. I only hope we can figure out what to do for the six months we'll spend on ship.

Zachary Peters
Camp Pendleton, California

May we suggest Playboy online?

VETTING THE JOKES

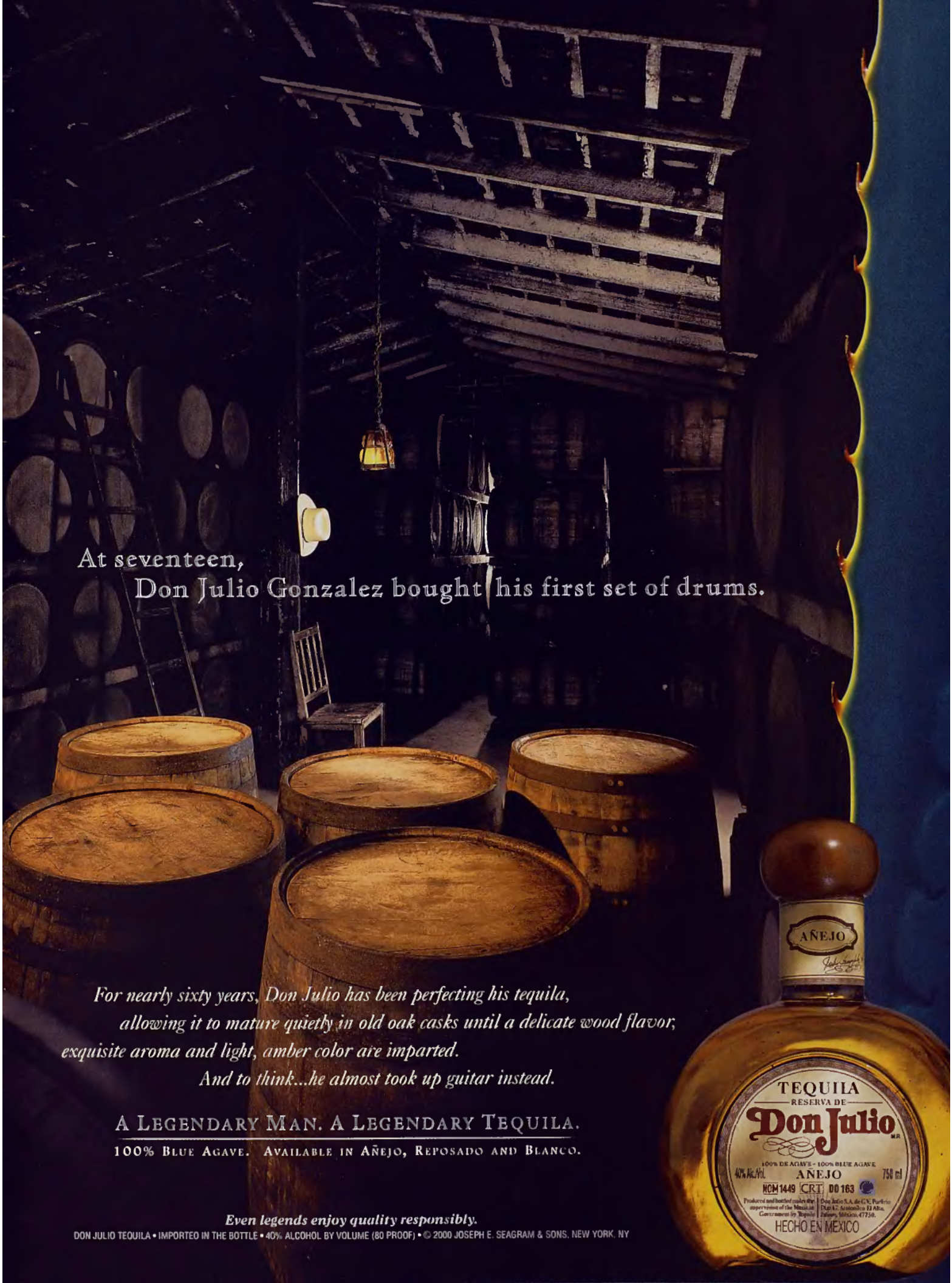
As a Vietnam veteran, I must register a strong protest to the joke in the January issue about vets (*Party Jokes*). I've been a reader for many years and have enjoyed PLAYBOY for many reasons—one of which is that you don't publish racial or ethnic humor. Please don't disappoint me again.

Martin Reynolds
Sevierville, Tennessee

IF IT DOESN'T FIT, DON'T FORCE IT

My stomach turned when I read Johnnie Cochran's smarmy, self-serving riff (*Justice in the 21st Century*, January). He has probably done more to set back the cause of racial justice in this country than anyone else in its history. With chilling cynicism, this so-called crusader persuaded a jury to put their minds on hold, hoodwinked them into acquitting a murderer and received a few million bucks, to boot. Now he wants us to repair the system. Give me a break. Without the system, Johnnie Cochran would be perceived not as a clever champion of the oppressed but as the slick talker that he is.

Gay Hendricks
Santa Barbara, California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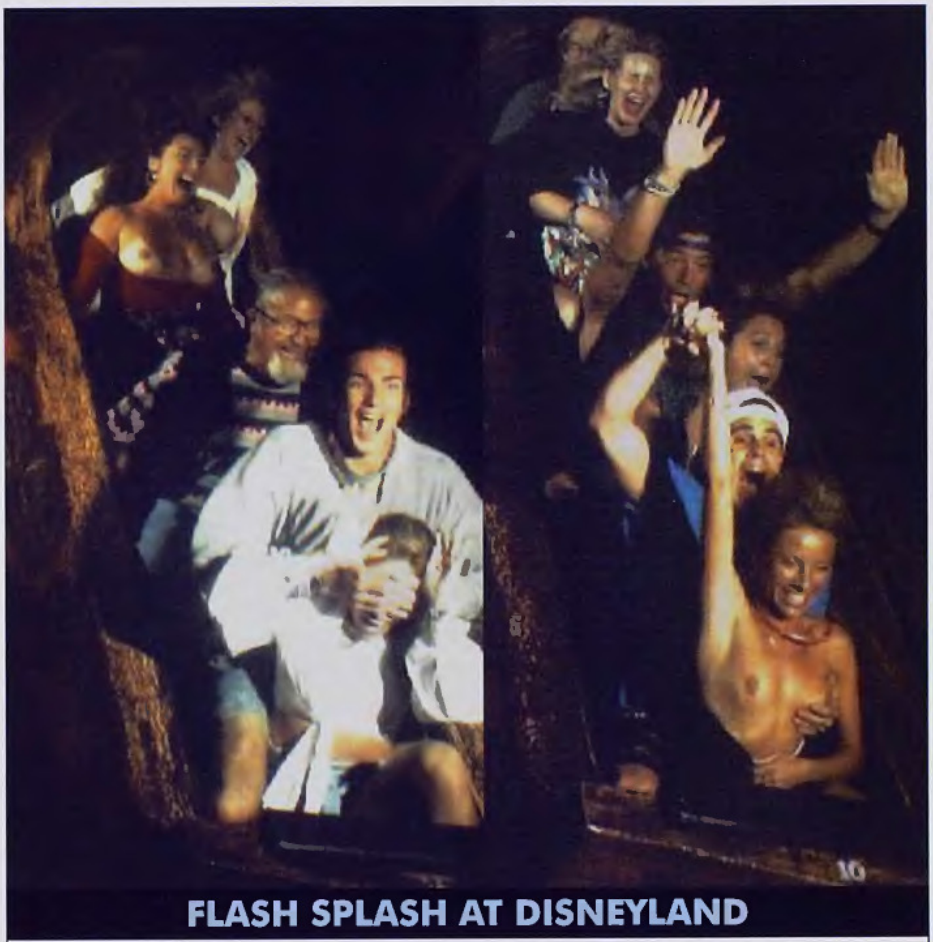
A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

BRIDE'S GROOMING

Who doesn't deserve a big, fat bonus? The publisher of *Bride's* gave each member of the magazine's staff a cute battery-powered gizmo as a token of appreciation. Adorned with the magazine's logo, the knobby pads buzz mightily when pushed. In a column about the publishing industry, *The New York Observer* dubbed them vibrators, but the magazine's flack disagreed. "It's a back massager," she told the paper. She said the gifts were meant to be rewards in recognition of "how hard the staff works. It's not a vibrator, not supposed to be a vibrator and not meant to be a vibrator. It's a back massager." Ah—there's nothing like a nervous *Bride's* explanation when it comes to sex toys.

DISCO BALLS

Thanks to an art house revival of John Holmes' cheesiest offering, *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin*, we now know what it's like to be on the business end of a web thrown by Spider-Man, or in the British navy facing the guns of Navarone. Yes, the porno flick was shot in 3D, a.k.a. SeXurround. *Disco Dolls* is a hit on the midnight movie circuit. During the past year alone, it has packed theaters in Denver, Chicago and New York. Think *Rocky Horror Picture Show*—and, for your own protection, wear a raincoat.



FLASH SPLASH AT DISNEYLAND

Roller coasters can make you scream or hurl. Some are so exciting they inspire riders to expose themselves—and that can be a heart-stopper for the rest of us. The folks here were caught making waves on Splash Mountain.

FAT BASTARDS

Women on college campuses have complained forever about the freshman 15—the belief that the average female frosh puts on 15 pounds during a typical beer-soaked and pizza-larded first year of college. Now Matt Berkowitz and Rob Gillman, two enterprising juniors at the University of Michigan, have raised a furor by selling 400 blue T-shirts that say: FRESHMAN GIRLS. GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE SKINNY. Outraged Wolverine women denounced the T-shirts during a protest rally on the Ann Arbor campus and donned solid-blue shirts in a display of solidarity. Fine. But it seems to us that a more potent rejoinder might have been T-shirts that say: MATT AND ROB AREN'T GETTING LAID FOR THE REST OF THEIR COLLEGE CAREERS.

CHEAP SCHOTT

When *The Cincinnati Enquirer* learned that the USA Network planned to make a TV biopic called *The Marge Schott Story*, the newspaper asked Redlegs loyalists to cast the title role. The various suggestions poured in, and though the number one choice was reasonable—Kathy Bates—we're delighted to report that Ernest Borgnine finished a strong second.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I think the pill altered female thinking. When you think that millions of women were taking daily hormones, you cannot deny it must have changed their personalities. I truly don't think feminism would have reached such absurd proportions if there were no pill. It must have had an effect."—ROMAN POLANSKI

MATT COLLINS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Nolan Ryan is the only baseball player to have had his number retired by three teams—number 30 with the Angels (Anaheim) and number 34 with the Houston Astros and Texas Rangers.

GENDER BIAS

Percentage of U.S. women who say mutual respect and trust are vital to a good marriage: 95. Percentage of men who agree: 90. Percentage of women who say that open communication is vital: 92. Percentage of men: 82. Percentage of women who say that sexual fidelity is vital: 85. Percentage of men who say it is vital: 74.

NIKE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT

Number of Nike commercials that Michael Jordan has appeared in: 40. Number that Spike Lee has appeared in: 27.

SAND ART

The three largest art markets in U.S.: (1) New York City, (2) San Francisco, (3) Santa Fe and Taos.

GETTING LAID, GETTING EATEN

Average number of eggs laid per hen annually: 247. Average number eaten per person annually: 255.

MONOPOLY MONEY

Amount of prize money that the winner of the quadrennial World Monopoly Game Championship receives: $15,140. Amount of play money supplied in a standard Monopoly game: $15,140.

EYE-MAC

Number of TV series during the fall 1999 season in which IBM computers were visible: 24. Number of series in which Apple computers were shown: 56.

COMPANY STORE

Amount spent on souvenirs and trinkets from the gift shop at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia by the cast and crew of *In the Company of Spies*, a CIA action flick being filmed there: $4000. Price of a souvenir CIA tape measure (stamped, incidentally, MADE IN CHINA): $5.

MIND OVER MODEM

In the U.S., percentage of Ph.Ds in psychology awarded to women: 67. Percentage of doctorates in computer sciences awarded to women: 16.

KILLER STAT

Nationwide, percentage of homicides in 1975 that were solved: 79. Percentage in 1997: 66.

DADDY NEAREST

In a series of DNA paternity tests conducted by Florida on deadbeat dads, percentage who turned out to not be the father: 36.

GALLUPING GHOSTS

Percentage of Americans who believed in ghosts in the Eighties: 25. Percentage who believe in ghosts now: 48. Percentage of Americans 65 and older who believe in ghosts: 22. Percentage of 18- to 24-year-olds: 63.

CIVICS LESSEN

Percentage of 1998 high school seniors considered by educators to be too ignorant of the political system to make reasonable, ballot choices: 74.

HIGH CRIMES AND MISS DETENTION

Number of women held in state and federal prisons in 1980: 12,300. Number of jailed women in 1997: 82,800.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

Also in the running: John Goodman, Dennis Franz, Ed Asner, Tommy Lasorda and Boris Yeltsin.

SILVER SPOONERS

Four Amish bad apples who had been jailed for vandalism were given early release from an Iowa county jail—apparently because the bearded miscreants were enjoying themselves too much. Jail administrators say that between electricity, TV and running water, the simple Simons were getting spoiled. Perhaps they were hoping to set up their own *Witness* protection program.

THE TIP SHEET

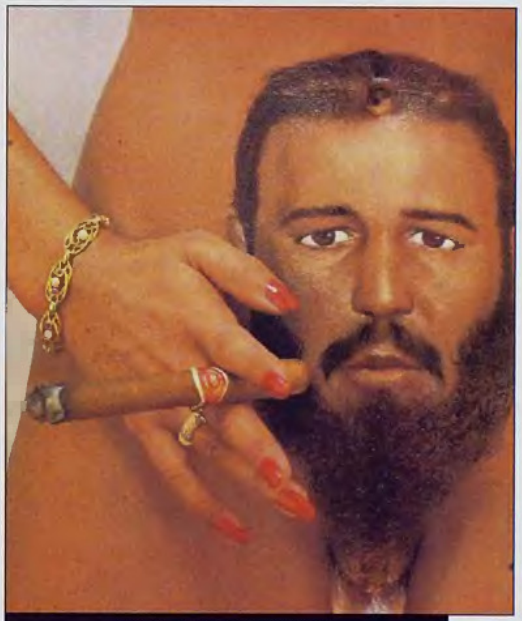
Single-theme conversion: The sort of all-over tattoos seen on sideshow freaks. There are currently five practitioners and counting. There's a leopard, a zebra, even a jigsaw puzzle (he calls himself the Enigma).

Urban myth of the month: Put an egg between two cell phones and in a few minutes, it will be hard-boiled.

Backroom backgammon: There is a handful of clubs in Manhattan with high-stakes backgammon games. Ted Turner is a fan.

Aimee Mann: Featured on the soundtrack of *Magnolia*, she's releasing a new album, sans major label.

Rotten Television: John Lydon, the quintessential social anarchist sod, has a



FURRY FIDEL

Now, here's a buena vista that could inspire its own social club. This phota, from the folks at rotten.com, shows the possibilities when intimate barbering meets art. We applaud the instinct and the execution as a way to attract President Clinton's attention and make him rethink his position on Cuba and its bearded leader.

perfectly pissed assessment of the music industry on his new VH1 series.

College marketing: High school students in Portland, Maine hired private consultants (at $50 an hour) to sell them to colleges.

Jews for the Preservation of Firearms Ownership: Deadly serious website (www.jpfo.org). We like the "Ask the Rabbi" feature.

Beyond the Mat: Behind-the-scenes documentary about the wrestling biz. Poignant. Really.

Sport Utility Mansions: Nouveau riche castles complete with hockey rinks, basketball and tennis courts, swimming pools and home theaters.

Poke: British slang for Viagra.

Family Value Meal Tour: The summer lineup we'd love to see: Red Red Meat, Korn, Limp Bizkit and Cake. Special appearance by Garbage (batting cleanup, of course).

RECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION

Call it penitence, 21st century style. Genuflex, a manufacturer of religious merchandise in Venice, Italy, has introduced a zingy new confessional that features black leather seats, lighting, heat and air-conditioning. The pleasure-seeking sinner also has a choice of clear glass or a hygienic filter between the priest and the penitent. Advertised as spacious with a walnut finish, it's so soundproof that, according to Genuflex director Paolo Lion, "You can scream to your heart's content. You could even kill the priest and no one would be any the wiser." Gee, Paolo, that ought to boost sales to the Vatican.

MICHELIN GUIDE MEN

Women don't just want men with good taste—they want men who taste good. The web publication gettingit.com has posted a list of foods that improve the flavor of a man's ejaculate. Acidic fruits such as oranges, kiwis and grapefruit top the list, as does unprocessed alcohol (one woman specifically recommends Corona with lime). On the other hand, meat can produce "a flat, dead flavor," and milk products impart a rancid taste. The worst offender, according to all polled, is asparagus. Another reason to carefully plan a meal with your honey? Foods that sweeten the taste of semen have a similar effect on vaginal secretions.

LINKIN' BEDROOMS

When it came time to pick a co-author for Hillary Clinton's book on entertaining, *An Invitation to the White House*, Hillary's handmaids chose Cheryl Merser. Turns out Merser's previous effort was *Honorable Intentions: The Manners of Courtships in the Eighties. Invitation to the White House* must be the sequel.

CRUISING FOR A BRUISING

We'd hate to sit down at the negotiating table with the chief executive of Star Cruises, the leading cruise line in the Asian market. His name? Colin Au Fook Yew. We have a feeling he never worked in the customer complaints department.

SEX PISTOL LICENSE

Politics in England can get downright Sid Vicious. The race is on for the first person to be elected as mayor of London. One interesting platform seeks to legalize pot, brothels, drinking in libraries, pubs that stay open 24 hours a day and a lottery with proceeds earmarked for the poor. The candidate is former Sex Pistols manager and haberdasher Malcolm McLaren. He says he'd open the brothels outside Parliament to help the members avoid the sort of sleazy sex scandals the British tabloids love. "Put them across from the Houses of Parliament," he said, "so when the bell comes for them to actually vote, they can rush across after having got laid." While this seems like a promising platform to us, the UK bookmakers are offering 5000-to-1 odds on his election.

GLITZKRIEG

Wolff Olins, a German corporate consulting firm specializing in image enhancement, was commissioned to suggest ways that the new Germany might present itself in a more upbeat, positive light. The recommendation most likely to stick? Putting Claudia Schiffer on postage stamps.

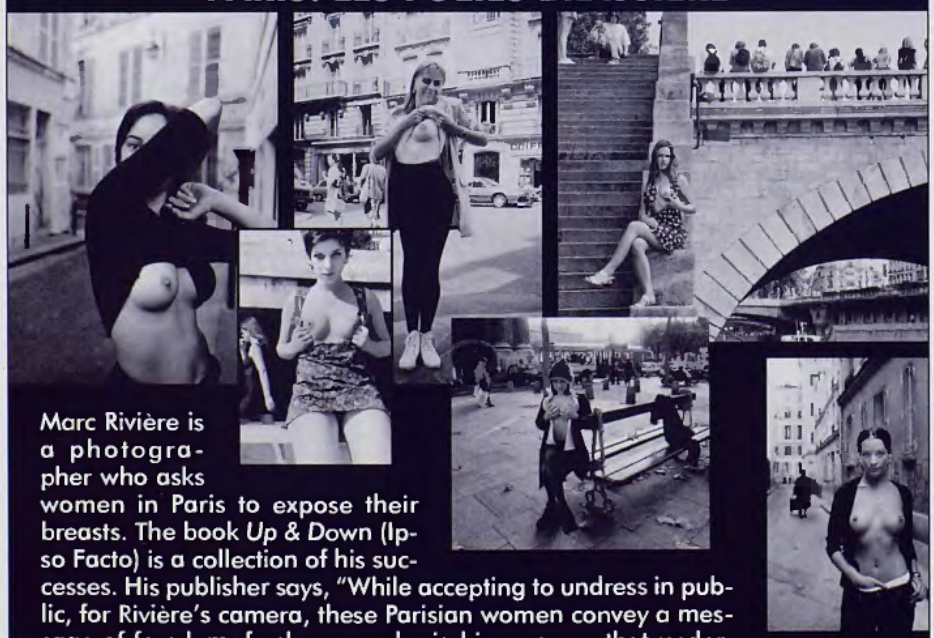
PORE LITTLE RICH GIRL

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, skin-care tycoon Christina Carlino is "in

A WINK AND A NOD

If you, too, like the nasty innocence of the girlie magazines of yore, you should consider giving Jenie Moore a call. And a commission. She is a New York artist and interior designer who paints wall-size covers such as the ones shown above. Her work is in a slew of galleries and at www.jenie.com. She likes juxtaposing the naive with the wanton. A current theme is Japanimation porn. "It's hilarious," Moore tells us.

PARIS: LES FOLIES BRASSIÈRE



Marc Rivière is a photographer who asks women in Paris to expose their breasts. The book *Up & Down* (Ipso Facto) is a collection of his successes. His publisher says, "While accepting to undress in public, for Rivière's camera, these Parisian women convey a message of freedom, freshness and mischievousness that underlines the feminine and voluptuous curves of the most beautiful city in the world." To which we add an enthusiastic "whatever."

NEW TV DRINKING GAMES

SHOW: ER

TRIGGER: When they shout "clear" and prepare to defibrillate a homeless guy.

DRINK: An ice-cold bottle of Zima. No gloss.

SHOW: SEX AND THE CITY

TRIGGER: Panties. Word, image of or hand in.

DRINK: A snifter of oyster shooters. Grey Goose vodka only; oysters may be fresh or smoked (Kim Cattrall).

SHOW: FRASIER

TRIGGER: Camera on Daphne or Eddie.

DRINK: A rob roy for Daphne; beer in a bowl for Eddie (no hands).

SHOW: BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER

TRIGGER: Whenever someone bares fangs.

DRINK: A bloody mary. If it's a hot starlet, switch to a prairie fire (half o shot of Tabasco and vodka).

SHOW: THE SOPRANOS

TRIGGER: The words fuck, fucking or fucker.

DRINK: A cement mixer: Take a shot of Bailey's then a shot of lime juice. Hold both in your mouth and shake your head back and forth until the mixture turns to sludge.

a new phase of her life—one that emphasizes inner, not outer, beauty." Keeping it Zen, Carlino has changed the names of the products in her skin-care line, Philosophy. She has since titled a moisturizer Hope in a Jar, while a sunblock is now Complete Me. Her new enzyme scrub is described as Deeply Superficial. Particularly suitable for anyone who dates Donald Trump.

NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOE BUSINESS

California Republican Elton Gallegy was so outraged when he learned of the existence of crush videos, he decided to put his foot down. His bill to the U.S. House of Representatives was designed to put an end to the loops in which women wearing spike heels crush small animals with their feet. The House approved the bill 372–42. Unfortunately for stompably small critters, the law is unlikely to survive a challenge. UCLA law professor Eugene Volokh points out that the bill would make it a crime to distribute documentaries that show bullfights. As an even more extreme example, he said *National Geographic* would no longer be allowed to publish photos showing poachers of endangered animals. Guess we'll have to take this one step at a time.

READ THEIR LIPS

Judged by what he reads to his children, Republican presidential hopeful George W. Bush has a sense of the surreal, while his brother Jeb has a taste for simple classics. When Pizza Hut surveyed U.S. governors and asked them to name their favorite children's book, George W. selected *James and the Giant Peach*. His brother favored *Goodnight Moon*. Jesse Ventura picked the Westerns of Louis L'Amour. George Pataki joined several in listing the political parable *The Little Engine That Could*. Five others may have revealed their reason for seeking political office by listing *Treasure Island*, while nine governors cited the works of Dr. Seuss—which makes it all the more surprising that most legislation is not couched in iambic pentameter.

FOLLOW THE MONEY

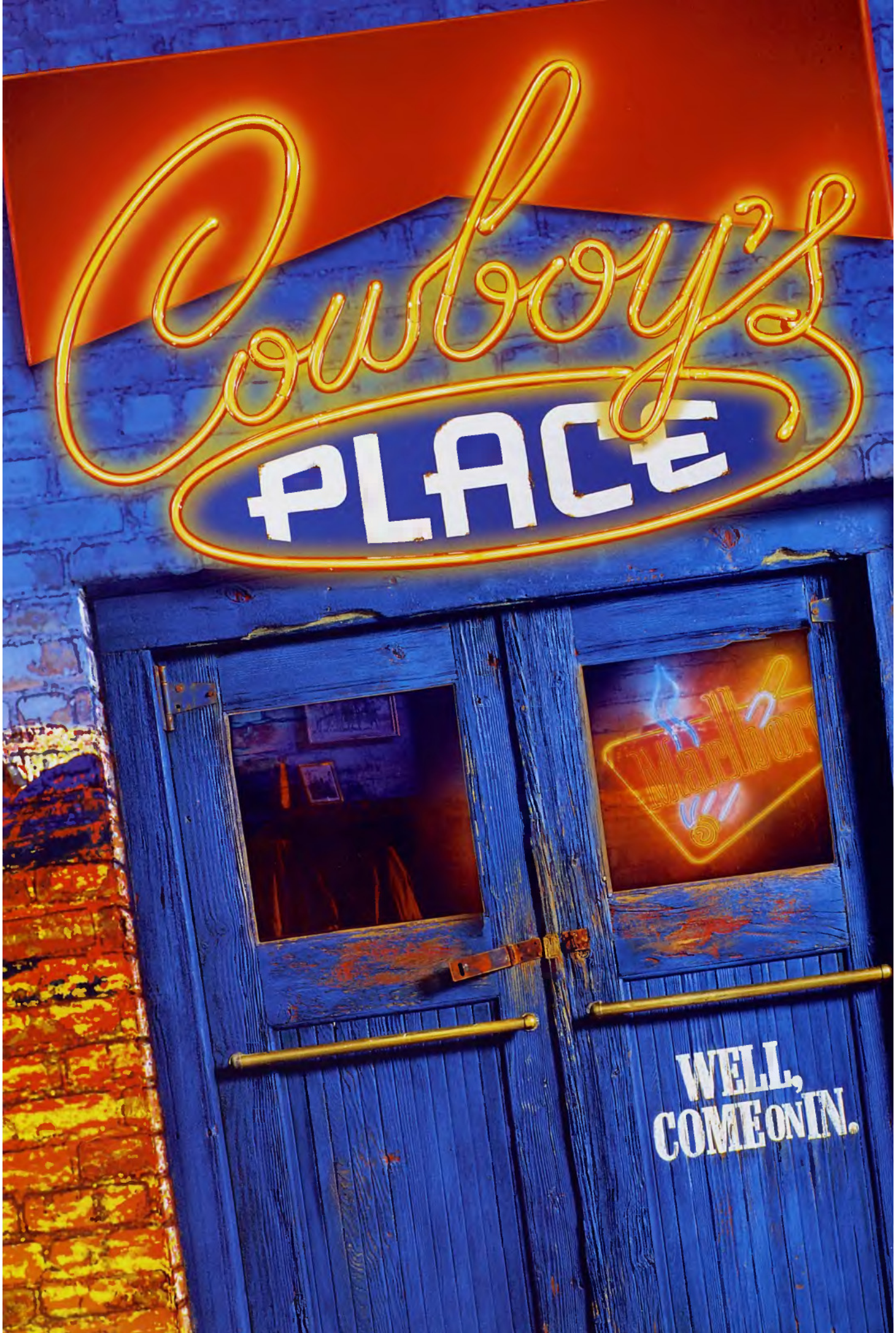
The Fed spends a lot of time talking about money in circulation, but Colleen Marsala is actually doing something about it. She writes www.wheresgeorge.com on all her money. Then she records the serial numbers of the bills on the website and waits to see if and when they show up. If you come across a bill that has the URL on it, log on to the site and record where you got it. Marsala says, "I've seen mine spent in bars and fast-food places. One was used to pay for a hooker." The creator of the site claims about 3.5 percent of the bills are tracked. The rest of the money ends up in the pockets of people who have lives.

CELEBRITY POOP

Even in San Francisco, the proprietor of the store Hat Generation knew it would take a special lady to buy and wear the head-turning *chapeau du commode*. A toilet seat hat worn round the neck, it's bedecked with an actual roll of tissue and a lifelike feces "accessory." The special lady, who ponied up the $38 and reminded the store to include the designer dung addition when shipping, turned out to be Debbie Reynolds. This may or may not explain a lot about Carrie Fisher.

BABE OF THE MONTH

British bombshell **Katie Richmond** kicks ass—literally. The 21-year-old has been an avid kickboxer since the age of 15. Although she insists she's "not a violent type," Richmond reportedly roughed up another model during the production of a Buster Bloodvessel music video. What the naughty knockout is guilty of is raising male temperatures all over the world with her frequent topless shots for Britain's *Daily Star*. Although we applaud her unapologetic desire to disrobe, a boyfriend once bailed on her because of it. So what does a guy need for a private match? "I like love handles on a man; they give you something to hold on to," she told the Brit tabloids. Keep kicking, Katie.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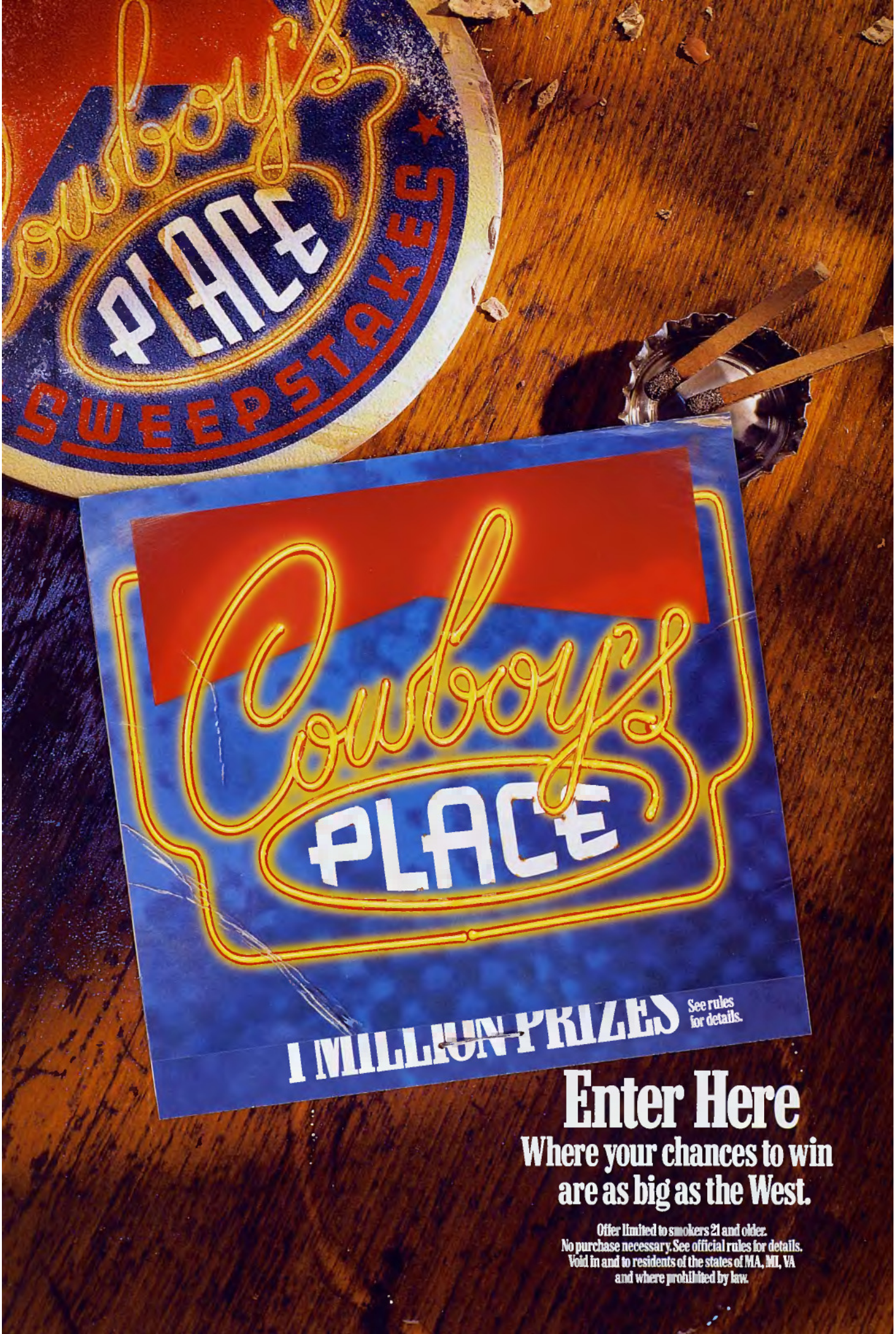

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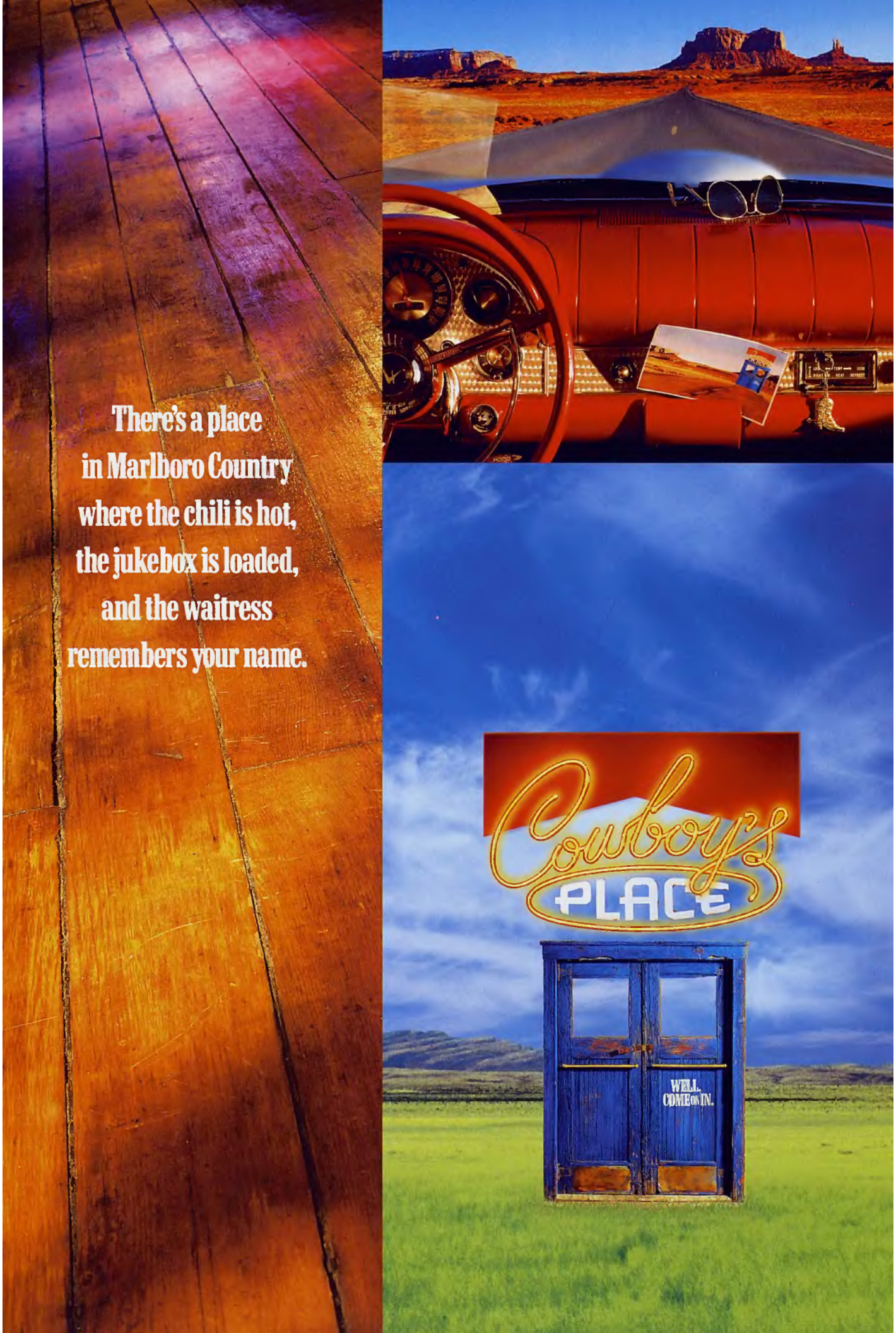
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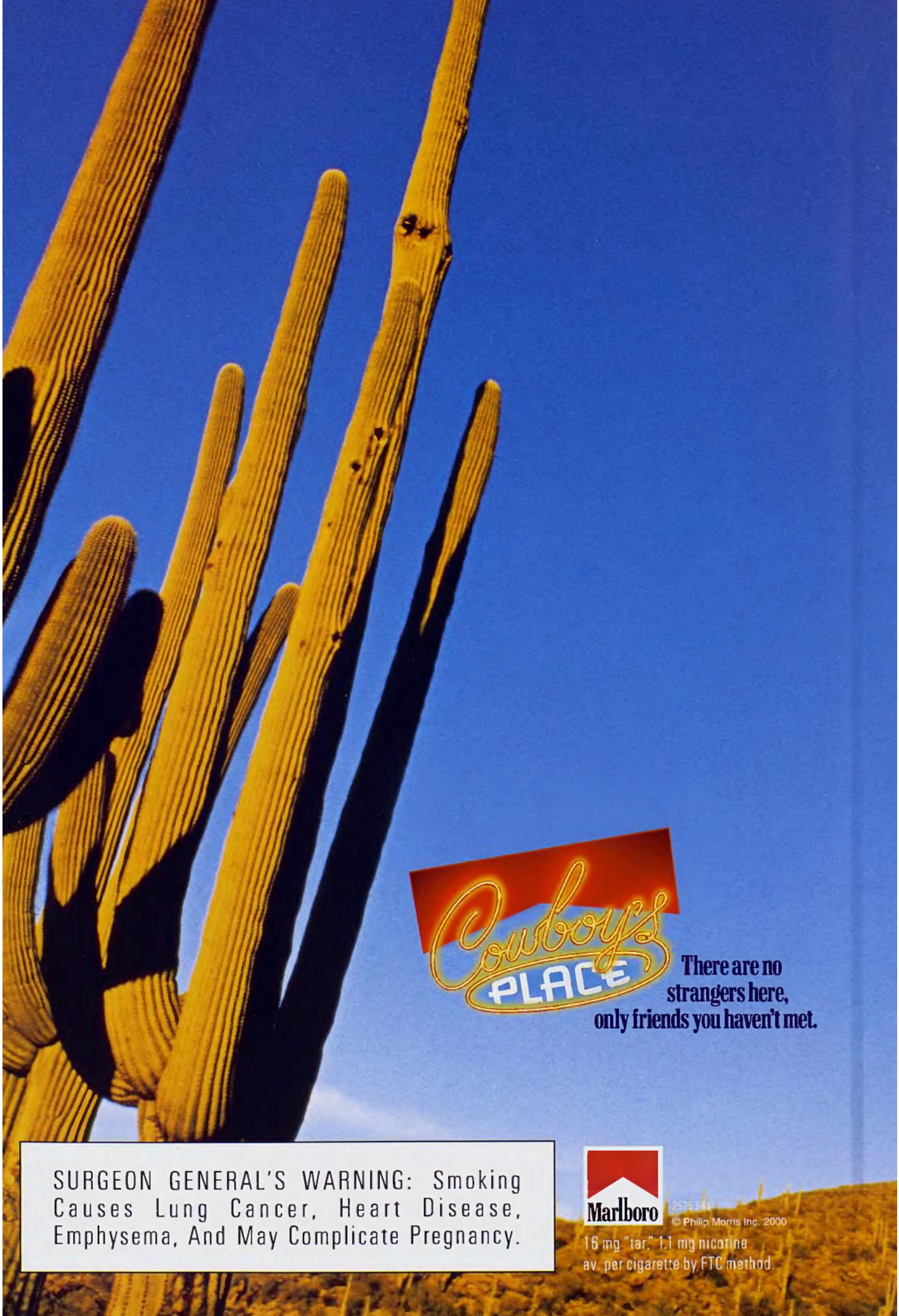

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music

RAP

TASTES CHANGE quickly and trends come and go. Second acts in hip-hop are hard to find. But Will Smith is having one hell of a second act. Of course, the fact that he's been successful on TV and in movies hasn't hurt his MC status. But Smith's return to the mike has been more than an exercise in synergy. Listen to ***Willennium*** (Columbia) and you'll hear an extremely confident rapper whose voice has deepened and whose boast rhymes are on point. When he says, "In *Rap Pages* they called me soft/Yeah, Microsoft," you have to admit his claim isn't all ego. For some MCs, talk of big cars and the lush life is just dreaming. For Smith it's reporting. Using great old-school samples (LTD's *Back in Love Again* on *Da Butta*, Diana Ross' *Love Hangover* on *Freakin' It*), Smith flows steady. *Willennium* is spiced with great cameos by Lil' Kim, Eve, Biz Markie and Slick Rick. But the gem is *Pump Me Up*, featuring the exquisite DJ skills of Smith's longtime partner, Jazzy Jeff. Jeff's cutting and scratching were often the highlights of the duo's legendary shows. *Willennium* showcases Jeff, acknowledging Smith's past while making fine 21st century music.

—NELSON GEORGE

In the Nineties rap celebrated its triumph as the most artistically interesting part of pop music. But what really triumphed was a gangsta sensibility like the one expressed on both ***Nastradamus*** (Columbia), the fourth album from Nas, and ***The Game*** (Motown), Chico DeBarge's second album since getting out of prison. Nas offers a predictable set of sounds and images, but he also comes up with *Project Windows*, a description of growing up in a project as the son of jazz musician Olu Dara. *Project Windows*, *Family* and *God Love Us* rose from a vision that's warm and tough, sometimes simultaneously. DeBarge acts out extremes. The title track opens with a beautiful Michael Jackson–style vocal that tells the story of a young ex-convict who leaves a warehouse job in favor of the higher rewards—financial and emotional—of dope-running. The melody is a version of *Thin Line Between Love and Hate*, the most brutal soul hit ever. Much of what's here is retrograde: *Give You What You Want* reflects someone who could stand to spend some time with the *Playboy Advisor*, but it's also an unusual tribute to the mutual pleasures of cunnilingus. All of the lyrics are blunt, but DeBarge makes them sound beautiful with his sinuous singing.

—DAVE MARSH

For nearly ten years, A Tribe Called Quest spoke for a hip-hop audience that was proud to be black and not ashamed to be middle class. Quest's musical signature was jazz-based beats. Bassist Ron Carter was all over 1991's *Low End Theory*. To a novice, ***The Anthology*** (Jive) is an ear-opening introduction to Quest's left-field songcraft and swinging verbal play. Quest's realism is about the homely detail rather than the gory story. Quest was a collective, but no one ever doubted Q-Tip was the star communard. His solo debut marks a major musical departure. ***Amplified*** (Arista) begins with an inhuman electrobeat. The self-confident hard funk throughout reflects the rapper's longtime presence on the New York scene. There's nothing offhand or modest here—stating his credentials or coming on to a honey, Q-Tip can compete with the big braggarts. But he's not shy about stating his principles: "I don't do bitch and I don't do tricks/I stay doing me while you stay laying bricks." *Amplified* is his bet that his style of intelligence can reach millions of rap fans that his crew couldn't.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

ALAN WITSCHONKE

It's a new *Willennium*.

Morphine saluted, Will, Nas and Q-Tip rap and Sheryl crows.

ROCK

Sheryl Crow has always been the Lilith Fair's hard-rocking tomboy. While her songwriter sisters dream of becoming the next Joni Mitchell or Kate Bush, Crow wants to be Chrissie Hynde—or Keith Richards' little sister. She holds her own on duets with Chrissie and Keith, among others, on her first live album, ***Sheryl Crow and Friends—Live From Central Park*** (A&M). Backed by her incredibly tight band, Crow runs through a joyous, supercharged set of her hits, from *All I Wanna Do* to *My Favorite Mistake*. Hearing her trade verses with Hynde on *If It Makes You Happy* or Sarah McLachlan on *The Difficult Kind*, you're reminded that Crow's vulnerable yet edgy narratives always culminate in soaring choruses. You may think she's crazy to let herself be overshadowed by Clapton, Richards and Stevie Nicks. But the girl's not crazy—she's gutsy. She gooses them into delivering exhilarating live versions of *White Room*, *Happy* and *Gold Dust Woman*. And, like the Central Park crowd, you quickly realize that Sheryl's songs belong in the same category as those classics.

Most boxed sets that are centered around a theme sound fragmented, at best a jumble of interesting tracks. ***Respect: A Century of Women in Music*** (Rhino) is a refreshing exception. Featuring artists ranging from Alberta Hunter to Tori Amos, this five-CD (114-song) compilation maintains an emotional flow. You have all the usual hits and classics, but it's the unorthodox tracks that really pull you in.

—VIC GARBARINI

Sometimes when a brilliant musician dies, I feel not only sad, but also guilty, in the sense of, "Man, I wish I'd pushed his career more when he was alive." Those were my thoughts when I learned that Mark Sandman, singer and bassist of Morphine, died last July of a heart attack onstage in Italy. In a time when most bands are neither original nor musical, Morphine was both. Fortunately, Sandman had completed a new studio album just before his death, called ***The Night*** (Dreamworks). It shows Morphine ambitiously expanding its minimalist approach without changing the essence of its uniquely sensual rock and roll. The extra instrumentation adds atmosphere and takes nothing away from the slow, sexy grind the band always established with its usual lineup of two-string slide bass, drums and saxophone. Sandman's lyrics combined extravagant imagery with traditional song formats, and he always knew when to sink the hook into your ear.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

R&B: From Doo-Wop to Hip-Hop (Columbia) is a great compilation. The 39 tracks travel from the Ravens' *My Baby's Gone* to Ginuwine's *Pony*, with performances by Aretha Franklin, Luther Vandross, Michael Jackson, Public Enemy, Babyface and the Fugees. Most of the trends in black pop music over five decades are presented by many of the most accomplished artists.

—NELSON GEORGE

fast tracks

A LITTLE BIT OF MICKEY DEPARTMENT: Disney had **Lou Bega** customize *Mambo Number 5*, replacing the names of his women with Minnie, Daisy, Pluto et al. At press time, the reason was still a mystery, but Bega's album has gone triple platinum—which may be reason enough.

REELING AND ROCKING: The film bio *Ballad of Ramblin' Jack*, shot by **Jack Elliot's** daughter, had its debut at Sundance. The movie includes performance footage as well as interviews with **Kris Kristofferson, Pete Seeger** and **Arlo Guthrie,** among others. . . . **Art Alexakis** has a role in *Committed*, starring **Heather Graham.** He plays a drug-addicted car thief. . . . **Master P's** No Limit Films has signed a multipicture deal with Trimark. Its next film, *Hot Boyz*, stars **Gary Busey** and **Silkk the Shocker.** . . . In her next movie, *Darker Saints*, **Courtney Love** plays an FBI forensic expert, if you can believe it. . . . **Jason Priestley's** documentary on **Barenaked Ladies** has been criticized for not being tough enough, but it was screened at the Slamdance Festival anyway. . . . *Duets*, the karaoke road movie scheduled to open this spring, has **Gwyneth Paltrow** singing the **Temps'** *Just My Imagination* with **Babyface.** How much fun is that?

NEWSBREAKS: *You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling* was BMI's most-played song of the past century. The **Righteous Brothers** hit was played more than 8 million times. . . . National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* will spend Monday evenings this year discussing the 20th century's most important songs, among which are *Blowin' in the Wind*, *Born to Run*, *(Sittin' on) The Dock of the Bay*, *Respect* and *Rapper's Delight*. . . . The **Jim Morrison** memorabilia online auction last winter included two original, signed film contracts from the only two movies the singer ever made. *Hwy* and *A Feast of Friends* have never been released. Also up for auction was the poster advertising the movies at a Vancouver filmfest. It doesn't take a genius to speculate that the movies will be available sometime in the future. . . . Music Business International predicts that by 2005, music sales on the Internet (CD orders and downloaded music) will reach ten percent of all sales. . . . **Everclear** will have two CDs out this year, *Songs From an American Movie*, which will be released separately in two volumes. . . . **Joe Jackson's** memoirs, *A Cure for Gravity: A Musical Pilgrimage*, follows him from his childhood to the release of his first album. He's also working on another symphony. . . . Look for **Laurie Anderson** to appear on the new **Lou Reed** album, out any day. . . . The two-day conference in Oakland, California on **Tupac Shakur** was so successful that organizers expect it to become an annual event. The Tupac One Nation Committee discussed the poetry in his lyrics and tried to address some of the problems Shakur rapped about in his music. . . . We know we told you that the live CD of *The Wall* was likely to lead to a **Pink Floyd** reunion, but **David Gilmour** said recently, "If you're thinking of reunions, don't hold your breath." . . . Get back: **Paul McCartney's** Cavern Club concert this past December claimed the largest Internet transmission ever, with an estimated 50 million hits. But the story we liked best was that of the desperate Beatles fans offering sex in exchange for tickets. **Bill Heckle,** who manages Liverpool's Cavern Club, said, "Women accosted me in the club, trying to bribe me with their bodies. Anybody who's got anything to swap is offering it for a ticket."

—BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Sheryl Crow *Live From Central Park*	8	9	8	7	8
Chico DeBarge *The Game*	6	5	5	8	6
Morphine *The Night*	6	8	8	8	9
Q-Tip *Amplified*	9	6	7	8	7
Will Smith *Willennium*	6	7	8	6	8

Anyone wishing to understand today's R&B should invest in the near-perfect compilation ***MTV: The First Thousand Years: R&B*** (Rhino). Standout contributors include Aaliyah, Jodeci, Brandy and Montell Jordan—none of whom has ever released a must-hear album.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

TECHNO

William Orbit, producer of Madonna's *Ray of Light* and various ambient projects, takes on the classics with ***Pieces in a Modern Style*** (Maverick). As a distant descendant of switched-on Bach, Orbit makes the old new again by using his computer. His freewheeling approach takes various themes of composers such as Beethoven, Vivaldi and Gorecki, among others, to the stratosphere. Traditionalists will certainly object, but anybody who wants to trance out will be thrilled.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

On ***Ad Finite***, Genaside II's inaugural U.S. release and first album for Tricky's Durban Poison label, the long-running English techno duo spares no sonic expense in updating Gil Scott-Heron's *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*. They make their soundscape with fake strings and real opera singers, and big beats and rough dancehall shouters.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

Women's voices are the current rage in country music, and right now there's no better one than that of Hazel Dickens. Formerly of the traditional bluegrass duet Hazel and Alice, the 64-year-old Dickens is the centerpiece of ***Heart of a Singer*** (Rounder). Dickens teams up with Ginny Hawker and Carol Elizabeth Jones to represent three generations of Appalachian singers. Her hard tenor is a tribute to her Baptist upbringing, but don't listen to the fiery Dickens composition *I Can't Find Your Love Anymore* with the lights off.

Sally Timms first heard country music when she was growing up in Leeds, listening to Radio Luxembourg. The sparks still resonate on ***Cowboy Sally's Twilight Laments for Lost Buckaroos*** (Bloodshot). Timms reworks Johnny Cash's *Cry, Cry, Cry* into a two-step. Her collaboration with Wilco's Jeff Tweedy on *When the Roses Bloom Again* is shaded in edgy bluegrass. She's probably best known as a member of the punk-rock collective the Mekons, but then she sings *Sweetheart Waltz* (co-written with Mekons member Jon Langford) in an ethereal whisper.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

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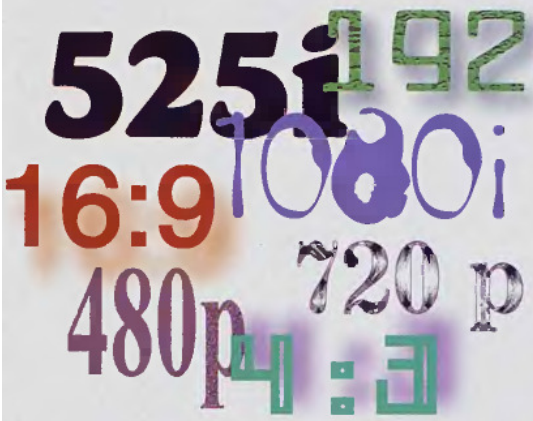
HDTV: BY THE NUMBERS

If you live in one of the 40-plus U.S. cities where local high definition digital television broadcasts are available, you may be ready to spring for a set. But be warned: Shopping for a DTV can be confusing. Ask a salesman to explain the nuances of the technology, and he'll start spouting numbers—1080i, 1920, 720p, 480p. So we'll make it simple. A high definition television produces a picture five times sharper than what you're used to, along with CD-quality sound. In geek-speak: A true HD image consists of either 1080 interlaced lines of resolution or 720 progressively scanned lines, which are composed of 1920 or 1280 picture elements (or pixels), respectively. These

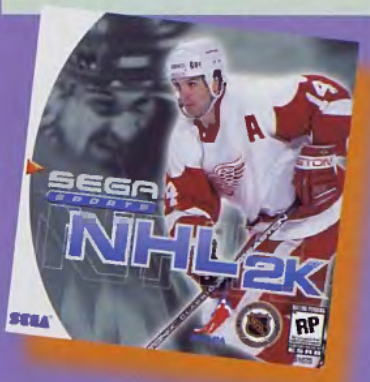


combinations of lines and pixels give an HDTV picture its three-dimensional quality. Sounds straightforward, but here's where the waters get muddy: The FCC has approved 18 digital broadcast transmission formats—some widescreen (with a 16:9 aspect ratio), some conventionally shaped (4:3). Because no DTV can produce all digital programming variations in their native forms, some signals will be altered (either up-converted or down-converted) to meet your set's specs. Currently, there are two ways to go when buying an HD television. Digital-ready sets, with prices starting at about $2500, can be used to showcase the superior quality of DVDs and direct broadcast satellite programming. Plug in an HD set-top tuner box (starting at $650) and these sets can receive all the HD variations. There are also digital televisions with HD tuners. The first integrated 16:9 direct-view models are hitting stores now, priced between $3500 and $5000. Our opinion? A widescreen digital-ready set is the smart way to go—for one reason. There have been reception problems with early HD tuners, so manufacturers are still tweaking the chip sets. A year from now, you'll be able to get a model that's not only enhanced but also considerably less expensive. In the meantime, you can enjoy digital and satellite movies to their full potential, including letterbox format if available. One piece of advice: Ask the salesman to specify the set's lines of resolution. Some digital-ready sets fall short of true high definition—look for either 1080 (interlaced) or 720 (progressively scanned). —JONATHAN TAKIFF

GETTING INTO THE GAME

It's not enough to knock out your video game opponents. Now developers are making it possible to flatten a recognizable face. Thanks to cheap computer scanners and accessories such as the Game Boy Camera, you can give characters your own mug (or the mug of that bully who whooped your ass repeatedly in high school). For PC gamers: EA Sports' NHL 2000 lets you paste a scanned photo of your face on the head of one of the hockey players. You can tweak your appearance (black eye, missing teeth?) and add your name to the back of your jersey. With a Game Boy Camera and Transfer Pack, you can also do face time in new Nintendo 64 games, including NBA 2000. And for the ultimate ego stroke, check out Reality Fusion's GameCam. This $130 package lets you get in on the action—visually and physically. A Logitech PC camera feeds your image into one of six games (including basketball and karate), giving a character your face and movements. Dribble or perform a kick, and your virtual Mini-Me does the same. —JASON BUHRMESTER

GAME OF THE MONTH



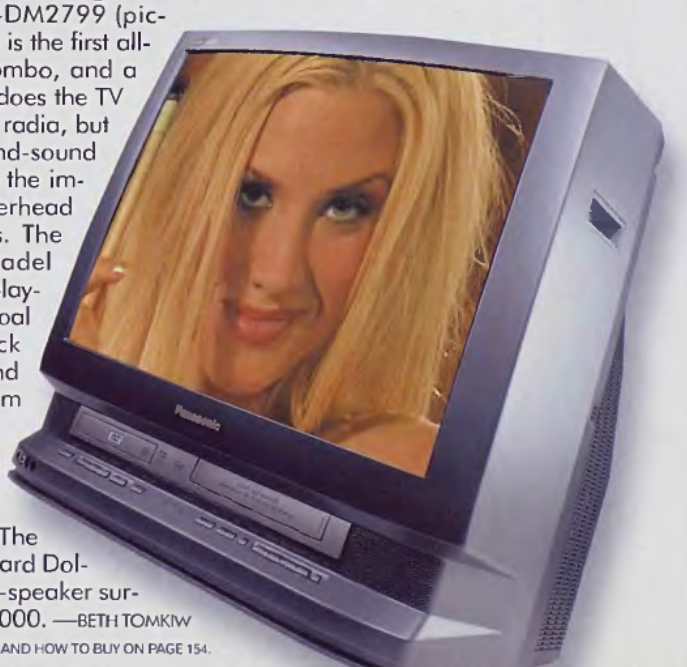
Sega Sports' **NHL 2K** for the Dreamcast is so good it hurts. It has all the requisite sports simulation features, including impressive offensive and defensive plays and the ability to choose among National Hockey League teams and players. But it's the amazing visuals, created using 700 motion-capture images, that earn this title champion status. The checks. The sticks. The elbows to the head. You can almost feel the impact—the 3D graphics are that realistic. Uniforms and rinks are also rendered in amazing detail and the instant replay function puts you right in the middle of the fisticuffs. Get this game, pronto.

—BOB RODGERS

WILD THINGS

Stacks of audio and video components are a hame-theater given. But if you want to watch movies—complete with rumbling audio—in the bedroom, there's a streamlined alternative: Panasonic's PV-DM2799 (pictured). This 27-inch television is the first all-in-one TV, VCR and DVD combo, and a bargain at $1000. Not only does the TV have an alarm clock and FM radio, but it also has simulated surround-sound technology, which can create the impression of bullets flying overhead from two onboard speakers. The VCR is a four-head hi-fi model with VCR Plus, and the DVD player can perform a variety of cool tricks, such as playing back audio in eight languages and letting you view movies from multiple camera angles.

• Another DVD first from Panasonic—the SC-DV150 mini stereo system with a five-disc DVD/CD changer. The sleek silver setup has an onboard Dolby Digital decoder, plus a five-speaker surround-sound system. Price: $1000. —BETH TOMKIW



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

FRENCH FILMMAKER Régis Wargnier's *Indochine* took a potentially fascinating setting—French Indochina before it became independent Vietnam—and did nothing with it. Wargnier has struck again with ***East–West*** (Sony Pictures Classics), which makes a turgid soap opera out of another recent chunk of history. In the wake of World War II, the USSR offered to repatriate longtime European exiles but then jailed or executed most of those who returned to their homeland. This film focuses on a young doctor (Oleg Menchikov) who is eager to start life anew in the land of his birth and learns all too quickly that the "new" Russia is impoverished, corrupt and rife with spies and paranoia. Catherine Deneuve has a brief, thankless role as a politically active French stage star. The one pleasure in wading through this heavy-handed film (in which titles such as *Two Years Later* and *Six Years Later* turn up with discouraging regularity) is watching the luminescent Sandrine Bonnaire, as the doctor's French wife. ¥½

•

What if the U.S. were pushed to the edge of nuclear brinkmanship, and fate decreed that a president without a public mandate had to play out this deadly game of chess in a remote Colorado diner? That's the premise of director Rod Lurie's ***Deterrence*** (Paramount Classics), a modern take on such Sixties nuclear paranoia classics as *Fail Safe*—but this one is set in the year 2008. Kevin Pollak might seem unlikely presidential material, but he's great in the part. Timothy Hutton is his cocky chief of staff and Sheryl Lee Ralph a cautious national security advisor. Circumstance forces these world leaders to seek refuge from a snowstorm in a roadside diner filled with working-class people who can't avoid overhearing, and participating in, the drama that unfolds. What sounds farfetched on paper plays remarkably well on film, as fledgling filmmaker Lurie (a longtime film critic and author) brings immediacy and credibility to a good old-fashioned yarn. ¥¥¥

Practicing presidential *Deterrence*.

The brass ring, nuclear brinkmanship, culture clashes.

•

The Last September (Trimark) is a melancholy film about a peculiar aristocracy known as the Anglo-Irish, who live in luxury and blissful insulation as the Irish rebellion rages around them in the second decade of the 20th century. One of the group, a nubile and naive woman (Keeley Hawes), is pursued by an earnest British soldier but is drawn instead to a childhood friend who is now a wanted man. Meanwhile, the heads of a traditional British household, Maggie Smith and Michael Gambon, and their house-guest Fiona Shaw, try their best to ignore the unpleasantness and go on with their lives. Acclaimed theater director Deborah Warner has laced this interesting but quiet drama with too many visual curlicues, setting her camera behind pieces of glass, colored balloons and other found objects for overly showy chiaroscuro effects. The result is a mixed bag, with good performances and atmosphere outweighing the slight story. ¥¥½

•

Boiler Room (New Line) anticipates and disarms a critic's reaction by referring to two of its resonant predecessors, *Wall Street* and *Glengarry Glen Ross*—even incorporating footage of the Oliver Stone film. But this saga of an innocent (Giovanni Ribisi) stumbling into the big bad

WHOSE FILM IS IT ANYWAY?

Second-guessing Alfred Hitchcock and Orson Welles is risky, to say the least. But when one is trying to reconstruct a vintage film to make it "the way the filmmaker originally intended," there are many pitfalls.

When Welles' *Othello* was reissued in 1992, it received TLC and came out looking great. But some Welles buffs were distressed that the music had been rerecorded and the sound effects reenacted. Welles scholar Jonathan Rosenbaum says, "What's unfortunate is that the esthetics of the original soundtrack went out the window. My opinion was that it wasn't broke, and it didn't need all that work. All you had to do was rerelease it."

Even the most meticulous of film restorers, Robert Harris and James Katz (whose latest endeavor is *Rear Window*), have made judgment calls. When they worked on Hitchcock's *Vertigo* and enhanced Bernard Herrmann's stereophonic score, they also decided to add subtle sound effects. What's commonly known today as the Foley process wasn't used in 1958, but Harris and Katz felt that the lack of ambient sounds would make the soundtrack seem hollow to modern audiences. But some viewers were distracted by hearing James Stewart place a newspaper on his car seat, however well done.

The late film historian William Everson became apoplectic when the venerable Museum of Modern Art Department of Film presented its restoration of D.W. Griffith's *Intolerance* a decade ago. Using documentation in its archives, plus single frames deposited in the Library of Congress copyright files in 1916, they were able to insert freeze-frames and title cards that illustrated scenes that had been cut after the film's first showing. While educational for serious film students, it threatened to destroy the all-important momentum of the picture for general audiences.

Rick Schmidlin, who did much the same for Erich von Stroheim's silent masterpiece *Greed*, is careful to label his four-hour version a "reconstruction," not a restoration. He also had the benefit of a detailed memo from Orson Welles when he reconstructed *Touch of Evil* in 1998.

But Harris and Katz faced their Waterloo when working on *Lawrence of Arabia* in the Eighties. Director David Lean, still very much alive, decided to trim a scene he'd never cared for. Harris explained that they wanted to show the film just as it had been seen at its premiere in 1962. Lean insisted he'd always wanted to make the cut but never had the chance. "After all," he added drily, "it is my film." —L.M.

This *Cider House* rules.

THE BEST OF 1999

***The Cider House Rules*:** Top of the list for great storytelling, impeccable craft and performances.

***Toy Story 2*:** Try to find a cleverer, funnier film this year—you won't.

***The Insider*:** Not since *All the President's Men* has a recent true-life story been turned into such an explosive thriller.

***The Straight Story*:** A simple, beautiful movie that proves less can be more—in the right hands.

***Election*:** Satire is the rarest of screen commodities, but films like this are worth waiting for.

***All About My Mother*:** Pedro Almodóvar's moving tribute to women is one of his richest works.

***The Sixth Sense*:** No extravagant editing, no hyperactive camera; just a mesmerizing story, beautifully realized.

***Being John Malkovich*:** A genuinely bizarre, gleefully outlandish black comedy.

***American Beauty*:** A provocative and original look at the American dream gone sour.

***Autumn Tale*:** A delicious adult comedy from Eric Rohmer.

THE WORST

***Payback*:** I'd prefer to have my two hours back.

***The Loss of Sexual Innocence*:** A loss of coherence for filmmaker Mike Figgis.

***Jawbreaker*:** That's not all that breaks in this mean-spirited teen-bitch movie.

***The Mummy*:** Where's the script?

***The Haunting*:** Where's the script? part two.

***Inspector Gadget*:** Lots of gadgets but not much fun.

***Wild, Wild West*:** Will Smith rules, but this movie drools.

***Dudley Do-Right*:** Brendan Fraser deserves better—and so do we.

***Stigmata*:** Patricia Arquette gives blood, but can't save this picture.

***The Astronaut's Wife*:** Rosemary's *other* baby—you know, the ugly one.

world of business is told from a contemporary point of view; our hero explains in his opening narration that he is of the generation that doesn't want to work for success but simply wants to have it happen. This puts him at odds with his combustible father (flawlessly played by Ron Rifkin), who happens to be a judge, both literally and figuratively. When Ribisi goes to work at a maverick brokerage house where investments seem too good to be true, he runs afoul of his dad, his customers and eventually his conscience. While some of *Boiler Room* is naive, its rough-and-tumble look at unscrupulous young studs who reach for the brass ring is credible and entertaining. Ben Affleck has a cameo that recalls Alec Baldwin's show-stopping scene in *Glengarry*. ¥¥¥

•

You know you're in trouble when a movie has you rooting for a violent, antisocial escaped convict—and you don't much care about the other characters in the picture. A highly charged blend of science fiction and horror, ***Pitch Black*** (USA Films) is a wildly uneven brew about a space transport that crash-lands on an unknown planet, where the surviving crew and passengers must work together to find a means of escape. At first they're worried only about the air they breathe and the chance of finding water. Then they must contend with the ex-con (a commanding Vin Diesel), who gets loose and may well be after them. Eventually they learn they must contend with a far deadlier menace—not to mention the threat of utter darkness. To give away more would spoil the fun for science fiction completists who insist on seeing the film. *Pitch Black* has some gripping scenes and eye-catching special effects, but they are overshadowed by formulaic plotting and dialogue. ¥¥

•

Sixty years have passed since Walt Disney brought forth *Fantasia*, and time has been kind to his Grand Experiment. ***Fantasia 2000*** (Disney), being shown in Imax engagements through the spring, suffers because the idea of marrying images to music is no longer new or fresh. What's more, Disney seems to have been so determined not to make a film that anyone would find stuffy, boring or (heaven forbid) highbrow that it has overcompensated. If anything, *Fantasia 2000* is too lightweight. My favorite sequences are the serious ones, such as *Pines of Rome* and the finale, Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite*, though *Rhapsody in Blue*, fashioned after Al Hirschfeld's drawing style, and *Pomp and Circumstance*, featuring Donald Duck as Noah's assistant, are fun. It's still a kick to see inventive images inspired by great music, but, for all the effort that went into it, the new *Fantasia* (with host segments that recall a TV special) lacks importance. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

Boiler Room (See review) Giovanni Ribisi is a college dropout who takes a job at a maverick brokerage house where the success rate seems too good to be true—and is. Ben Affleck has a showy cameo. ¥¥¥

Deterrence (See review) An update of the Sixties nuclear-paranoia thriller, with the president of the United States forced to play international brinkmanship while snowed in at a Colorado diner. Kevin Pollak and Timothy Hutton star. ¥¥¥

East–West (See review) Fodder for a good story comes out as soap opera, as a Russian doctor returns to his homeland after WWII, with his son and French wife in tow. ¥½

Fantasia 2000 (See review) This update of Walt Disney's 1940 classic is lightweight and mostly forgettable, though the music is great. ¥¥½

Girl, Interrupted (Listed only) Winona Ryder is ideal as Susanna Kaysen, who checked into a mental institution at the age of 17; Angelina Jolie is incandescent as the firebrand who livens up the ward. ¥¥¥

The Last September (See review) Mildly interesting period piece about the Anglo-Irish, who try to maintain a stiff upper lip as the Irish rebellion explodes around them. Michael Gambon and Maggie Smith star. ¥¥½

Magnolia (Listed only) Paul Thomas Anderson's three-hour excursion into unhappiness boasts great performances, but this emotionally taxing film would have been better shorter. Tom Cruise, Julianne Moore and Jason Robards head a top cast. ¥¥¥

Pitch Black (See review) A wildly uneven science fiction–horror outing that puts a motley group on a not-quite-deserted planet. ¥¥

Play It to the Bone (Listed only) Woody Harrelson, Antonio Banderas and Lolita Davidovich star in Ron Shelton's love-and-boxing triangle; it's amusing, and the climactic fight is a doozy, but it takes too long getting where it's going. ¥¥½

The Talented Mr. Ripley (Listed only) Two thirds of a really good movie, with Matt Damon as a young man who yearns—a bit too much—to be just like the devil-may-care Princeton grad he befriends in Italy. Gwyneth Paltrow and Jude Law also star. ¥¥½

Topsy-Turvy (Reviewed 2/00) Mike Leigh's tribute to Gilbert and Sullivan takes time to hit its stride, but when it does, it's glorious. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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CAMEL

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

SINCE 1913

video

GUEST SHOT

"My favorite movies of all time," says **Debra Messing** of NBC's *Will and Grace*, "are *Jaws*, *Tootsie*, *The Mission*, *E.T.*, *Alien*, *Godfather: Pert II* and Meryl Streep movies like *Sophie's Choice* and *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Some of my favorite comedies are the darker ones, like *Fargo*, *Husbands and Wives*, *Annie Hall* and *There's Something About Mary*, which is broad and extreme but has an edginess to it. I don't really go for Disney comedies. *Sense and Sensibility* is another of my favorites. I love to read Jane Austen, and to see the film adaptations of her novels with really tremendous actresses is wonderful, because I can study how they work." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO VOYEURS

Watching people watching other people—exactly who is the voyeur here?

Coming Apart (1969): Newly out on video, this experimental feature about sex and the single psychiatrist (Rip Torn) played briefly in theaters 31 years ago. The camera never moves as Torn secretly films himself seducing a series of women (Sally Kirkland and Viveca Lindfors, among others), but what he sees is his own madness. Great title.

Peeping Tom (1960): This Michael Powell stomach-churning horror romp—about creepy Karlheinz Böhm's penchant for filming women in the throes of death—has one of the ghastliest endings ever.

What Do You Say to a Naked Lady? (1970): The original video voyeur, Allen Funt, uses his famous candid camera to capture reactions to unexpected nudity.

The Truman Show (1998): An entire life captured on TV. Who does this Truman think he is, Geraldo?

Dream With the Fishes (1997): This road movie pairs a voyeur with suicidal tendencies (David Arquette) with a drug addict who has a terminal disease (Brad Hunt). Uplifting? Nah, but a great nude bowling scene.

Confessions of a Window Cleaner (1974): Robin Askwith learns the ins and outs of a squeegee in this oh-so-devilish comment on free love.

Rear Window (1954): Did James Stewart see a murder from his apartment window, or was it all in his mind? He should have been watching *Sports Center* like the rest of us.

The Adjuster (1991): A snip-happy movie censor secretly enjoys watching other people have sex, while her insurance adjuster husband inserts himself into other people's lives. Frustratingly provocative director Atom Egoyan has a message there . . . somewhere.

Sliver (1993): So you think those security cameras in your building are for safety? Not at this address: They're for watching Sharon Stone take a shower.

Pam and Tommy Lee: Stolen Honeymoon (1998): This one lets you be the voyeur. How do you like it? As Tommy might put it, "Rockin', baby!" —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

It Happened Here (Image, $30) is a 1966 British import that posited a post–WWII London ruled by the Nazis. Told in semi-documentary style, the film (a project begun by filmmakers Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo while in their teens) explores the occupation through an earnest Irish woman's eyes. She becomes a nurse, collaborating with the Germans in order to eat, only to become increasingly aware of both Nazi atrocities and the noble resistance. Recently restored with about seven minutes of footage cut from the original English release, this far-from-perfect film provocatively depicts a British ambivalence that runs counter to the stiff-upper-lip clichés we're fond of romanticizing. Bond fans, check out Pierce Brosnan in the title role of ***Grey Owl***, a biographical film that barely opened in Canadian theaters and is now in stores as a Special Edition DVD from Columbia TriStar ($25). Brosnan portrays Archibald (Belaney) Grey Owl, an Englishman who moves to Canada, goes native and eventually becomes a seminal lecturer on the environment. The DVD has accompanying commentary from director Richard Attenborough and producer Jake Eberts, as well as making-of and behind-the-scenes featurettes. But we still don't know why the movie fails to get to the heart of a peculiar man who ranked among the century's more charismatic frauds. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

Home Vision Cinema is on a noble mission—to release Brigitte Bardot's film work in all its kittenish glory. The series includes *And God Created Woman*, *The Night Heaven Fell*, *Plucking the Daisy* and *Une Parisienne*. Joining those are *Spirits of the Dead* (Louis Malle directs her in one of the three short films based on Edgar Allan Poe stories) and her last film, *Don Juan*. BB, as she was called, redefined French beauty and put the Riviera on the glamour map. Watching these films, you'll know why.

video mood meter

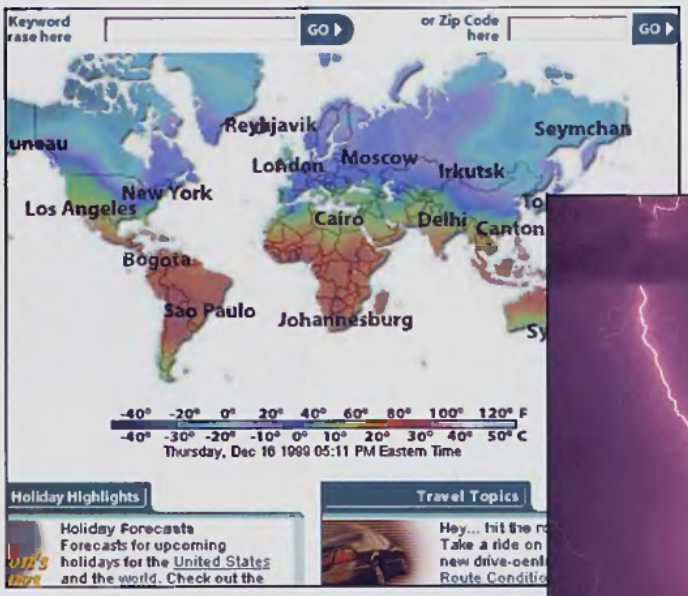
MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Three Kings*** (Major Clooney leads a plundering raid into post–Gulf War Iraq; it's *Kelly's Heroes* to a Nineties beat), ***The Limey*** (Brit thug Terence Stamp hunts his daughter's killer in LA; tight, visceral work by director Steven Soderbergh).
DRAMA	***Boys Don't Cry*** (rural smoothy meets a brutal end when it's revealed he's a she; Hilary Swank sublimely bends her gender), ***Jakob the Liar*** (Warsaw ghetto wit Robin Williams fosters hope with bogus propaganda; life is a little more beautiful).
COMEDY	***Mumford*** (fake shrink Loren Dean wraps a sleepy town round his finger; Lawrence Kasdan's clever shot at therapy), ***Happy, Texas*** (escaped cons masquerade as gay little-girl-pageant producers; uneven, but more peaks than valleys).
DATE MOVIE	***Guinevere*** (boho Stephen Rea initiates sweet Sarah Polley; Audrey Wells puts feminine spin on the older-man thing), ***Romance*** (Parisian schoolteacher Caroline Ducey seeks heat and finds plenty; unrated version adds 14 minutes).
SLEEPER	***For Love of the Game*** (Tiger Costner pitches a beaut while his love life passes before his eyes; just foul, but it looks playable on TV), ***Dog Park*** (canine-focused urbanites sniff about blindly for love; pet shrink Mark McKinney is a howl).

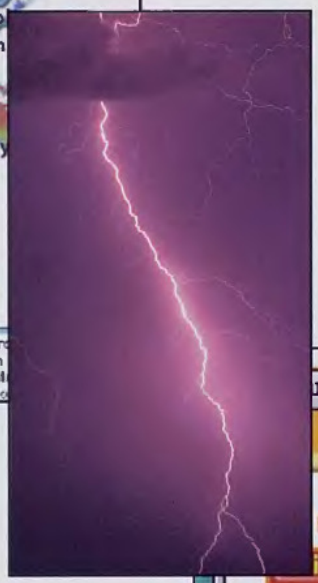
living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

VIRTUAL WEATHER VANE

Before packing your clubs, skis or suntan lotion, check out weather forecasts around the world at **intellicast.com.** With special sections geared for different outdoor activities, you can access the latest radar and satellite imagery, and zoom in on the area you're interested in. Using the site's Golfcast section, you can quickly find the best golf conditions on a color-coded U.S. map. Other specialty sections include Sailcast, Drivecast and Skicast. The weirdest feature on the site is the "mood" map, which relates weather conditions to disposition. As I write this, the entire Midwest is glowing in positive vibes, while a spot in West Virginia is shrouded by "negative" weather. Must be some bad acid rain there.





RETROVISION

Have cable modems become available in your area? If so, and you enjoy old movies and TV shows, you're in for a treat. **Liketelevision.com** plays dozens of shows from the black-and-white era of television, e.g., *The Lone Ranger*, *The Three Stooges* and *One Step Beyond*. It also plays old movies, such as Orson Welles' *The Trial* and a Western featuring an all-midget cast called *The Terror of Tiny Town*. If you don't have a high-speed connection to the Net, you can still watch the shows, but be prepared to wait a long time.

ONLINE BARGAIN HUNTING

Don't buy anything online without first checking for a discount code. The best place to find codes is on **amazing-bargains.com.** It lists all the virtual coupons you can use to knock off a chunk from your bill. When I checked, Amazing-Bargains had codes to take $10 off any order of $20 at CDNow.com, and $20 off any $50 order at DVDExpress.com. You can even find links to free samples of medicine and toiletries. I've had trouble logging on to amazing-bargains.com lately, because the site has become so popular that the servers are overwhelmed, but they promise to have their system upgraded by the time you read this. Another discount site worth checking out is **dealcatcher.com.** If you are looking for book deals, visit **bestbookbuys.com.**

DESKTOP MANUFACTURING

If you don't think you need a color printer, think again. They're inexpensive (a decent one will run about $100), and can do a lot more than make greeting cards. At **Printdogs.com** you can buy a variety of specialty papers and other color inkjet products. I'm amazed at how nice my digital pictures turn out using glossy photograph paper. Printdogs also sells T-shirt transfer paper, decal paper, printable mousepads (that will go through a color inkjet printer without jamming it), fabric paper, glow-in-the-dark paper, shrinking paper and CD labels. My computer system has become a factory. Too bad Printdogs doesn't sell blank Federal Reserve notes, or my system could be a mint, too.

LISTEN.COM

My preferred music site is **listen.com**—it's like Yahoo for music files. Slickly designed and easy to use, the tens of thousands of artists on the site are arranged in a hand-picked directory of more than 600 categories. The short descriptions of each band or artist's "sound" is on target, and keep you from wasting time listening to samples that don't fit your bill. I zoomed in on the "Space-Age Bachelor Pad" listings, and discovered a couple of great bands. First I downloaded free MP3 songs offered by the Fur Ones, an eclectic postmodern bossa nova combo, and was so impressed I ended up buying their CD from Amazon.com. Then I listened to a RealAudio clip of a San Francisco band, Frenchy, and clicked the link to buy the downloadable album from emusic.com.

ON THE BUS

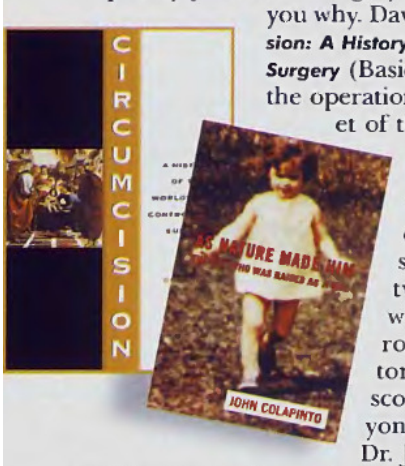
Most people don't like talking to strangers on a bus. But Clarke Robinson, a photographer from San Francisco, enjoys interviewing and taking photographs of fellow bus passengers, which he posts on his beautifully designed website, In Transit (**geocities.com/~intransit1/home/home_frm.html**). Clarke's short conversations with bank employees, temporary workers, chefs, homeless people and nursing students are a refreshing break from celebrity Q. and A.s.

You may contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.

books

SNIPS AND SNAILS AND PUPPY DOG TAILS

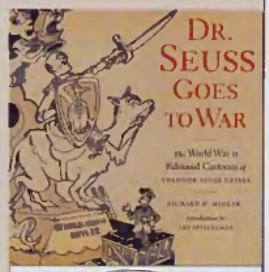
The ancient Egyptians practiced circumcision as an initiation rite; the Hebrews, as a purification ritual. Nineteenth-century doctors wielded the blade to cure masturbation. It's the most frequently performed surgery in the U.S., but no one can tell you why. David Gollaher, author of ***Circumcision: A History of the World's Most Controversial Surgery*** (Basic Books), skillfully argues that the operation violates the most sacred tenet of the Hippocratic oath: First, do no harm. But doctors seem all too willing to play God with your genitals. In 1966, Canadians Ron and Janet Thiessen took their eight-month-old twin boys to the hospital for what they thought would be routine circumcisions. The doctor botched the first operation, scorching the boy's genitals beyond repair. Taking the advice of Dr. John Money, a pioneer in gender identity studies and sexual reassignment at Johns Hopkins University, the parents decided to castrate the child and raise him as a girl. Dr. Money claimed the sex change was a success, and that Bruce/Brenda was happy wearing dresses and playing with dolls. For years, feminists used this case to argue that sexual identity is the product of nurture, not nature—that anatomy is not destiny. As John Colapinto, author of ***As Nature Made Him: The Boy Who Was Raised as a Girl*** (Harper-Collins), tells us, Bruce/Brenda was not a square peg so easily whittled. He was terrified of his visits with Money, resisted the final operation and fought with therapists who tried to mold him into a female. When told of the accident that launched the fiasco, Bruce/Brenda resumed a male identity. A riveting account of medical arrogance and misguided science.



—JAMES R. PETERSEN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Nearly two decades before he wrote *The Cat in the Hat*, Theodor Seuss Geisel was a political cartoonist for the New York newspaper *PM*. ***Dr. Seuss Goes to War*** (New Press) is a collection of Geisel's recently discovered work from World War II. Readers will recognize his curious fauna and distinctive wordplay, but Geisel's subject matter—war and American patriotism—proves the most fascinating feature of this volume. Also known for his imaginative humor, Charles Bragg playfully skewers the self-important in ***The Works! A Retrospective*** (Pomegranate). His favorite targets are, naturally, lawyers and politicians, but anthropomorphic animals, famous artists and intricately rendered clerics also figure in this delightful collection of his paintings, drawings and sculptures. Nothing escapes Bragg's sharply satiric eye. —JOSHUA GREEN



EARS TO YOU

Eager for an earful of top fiction and provocative fact? Audio publishers have what you need, beginning with E.L. Doctorow's ambitious ***City of God*** (Random House Audio). When a brass cross is lifted from a Manhattan Episcopal Church altar and deposited on a synagogue's roof, a writer investigates and uncovers a host of disturbing implications. Reader John Rubinstein has his work cut out for him, with the novel shifting among prelates, theologians, scientists, war vets, actors, singers, Holocaust survivors and *NY Times* reporters. Even more populated is ***A People's History of the United States: Highlights from the 20th Century*** (Harper Audio), Howard Zinn's bedrock chronicle of this country's past hundred years as observed by many of the oppressed and disenfranchised. Zinn, a historian, eloquently introduces and closes this special version, with actor Matt Damon giving earnest voice to descriptions of segregation, war, labor union struggles and judicial inequities. Justice may be better served in fiction: John Grisham's ***The Brethren*** (BDD Audio) is about three former judges who wile away their minimum security prison sentences by practicing unlicensed law and concocting scams. When one of the scams ensnares a victim on the outside, annoying his dangerous friends, the larcenous "brethren" discover the slammer is not the safest place to be. Narrator Frank Muller is an old hand at interpreting Grisham's Southern protagonists. In ***The Attorney*** (Simon and Schuster Audioworks), another specialist in legal mayhem, Steve Martini, puts his series hero Paul Madriani in the middle of a nasty child custody battle that devolves into murder. Chris Meloni (*Law and Order: Special Victims Unit*) narrates. Brilliance has released an audio version of Alex Garland's ***The Beach,*** timed for the debut of the film version starring Leonardo DiCaprio. It's about a young man who sets off to discover an Eden-like paradise. The good news is that paradise exists. The bad news is that it may be overrated. —DICK LOCHTE

MMM, MMM GOOD:
If you've ever flipped through a book looking for the juicy stuff, J.H. Blair's ***The Good Parts*** (Berkeley) belongs on your nightstand. William Styron, Philip Roth, Toni Morrison and Joyce Carol Oates are among 50 contemporary American writers whose erotic excerpts are featured here. They break taboos, quicken the pulse and make you sweat. All that in one sex-filled volume. Hint: Start on page 63. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

HOW MEN ★BONDED★ BACK BEFORE THEY KNEW THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO.

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Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

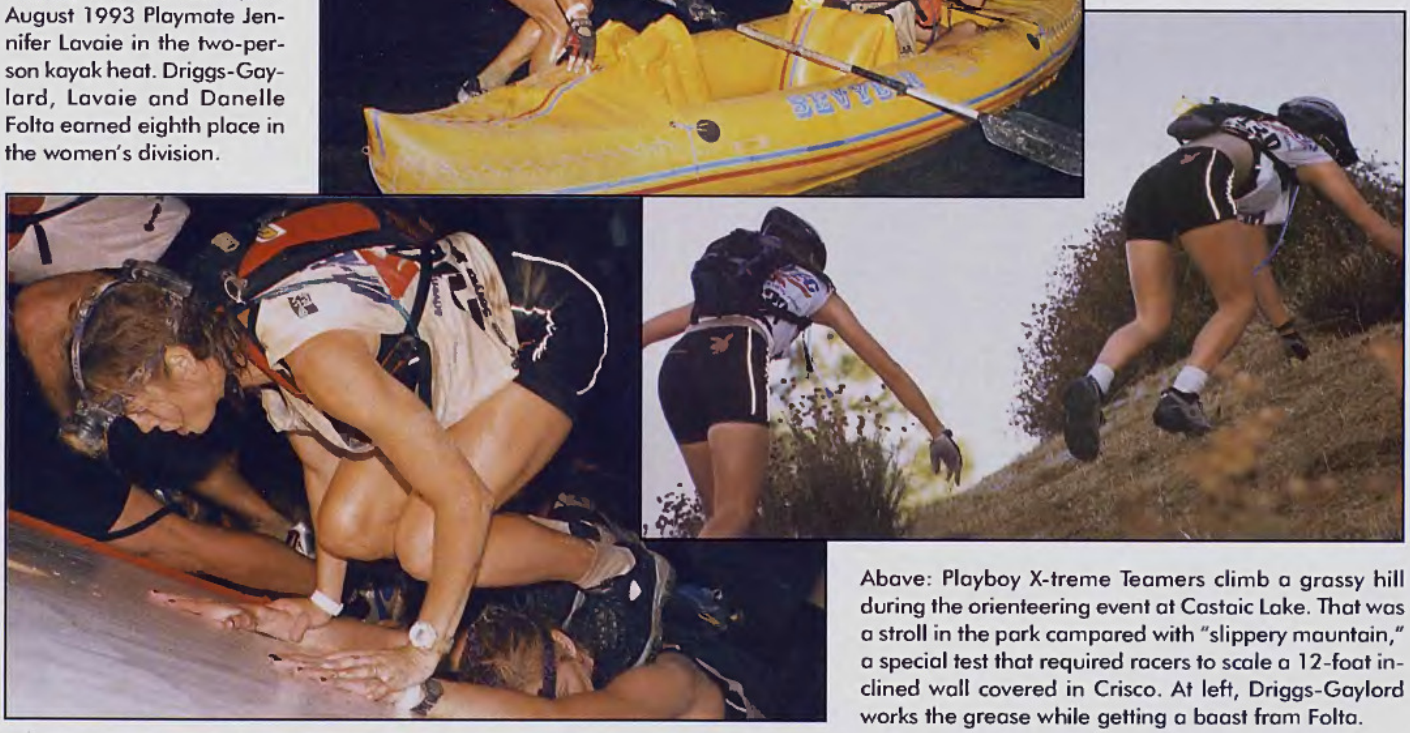
Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 Placed in the National Register of Historic Places • Visit us at http://www.jackdaniels.com

THE RUSH OF ADVENTURE RACING

Picture yourself belly-crawling under cargo nets in a purple haze as camouflaged marines lob smoke grenades. Or forming a human ladder in an attempt to scale a 12-foot wall covered in shortening. Or dodging rattlesnakes and Gila monsters on a seven-mile run through the Arizona desert. These activities, and other equally bizarre ones, amount to just another day at the races—the adventure races. Multisport adventure racing, a spin-off of the Eco-Challenge, is a down-and-dirty alternative to a 10K run—and it's hot. "The growth of adventure racing is phenomenal," says Michael Epstein, executive producer of the ten-city Hi-Tec Adventure Racing Series. The 1998 New York Hi-Tec race drew more than 150 teams. Last year the event sold out with 300 teams.

The appeal? Besides letting you get close to mother nature, the events offer the chance to briefly become one of the last cowboys. Duncan Smith, founder of the Presidio Adventure Racing Academy in San Francisco, explains: "In life today, there are few opportunities in which you're boiled down to your very core and wits and asked to call upon your deepest reserves. Adventure racing does that."

The Castaic Lake Recreation Area was the final stop in the 1999 Hi-Tec Adventure Racing Series. Held on October 30, the event drew nearly 300 teams. At right: March 1990 Playmate Deborah Driggs-Gaylord of the Playboy X-treme Team joins August 1993 Playmate Jennifer Lavaie in the two-person kayak heat. Driggs-Gaylard, Lavaie and Danelle Folta earned eighth place in the women's division.



Above: Playboy X-treme Teamers climb a grassy hill during the orienteering event at Castaic Lake. That was a stroll in the park compared with "slippery mountain," a special test that required racers to scale a 12-foot inclined wall covered in Crisco. At left, Driggs-Gaylord works the grease while getting a boost from Folta.

TAPPING YOUR RESERVES

Several organizations sponsor one- and two-day adventure races. Most combine trail running (six to ten miles), mountain biking (ten to 15 miles) and kayaking (one to two miles). Some also throw more grueling events into the mix, such as rock climbing, rappelling and caving.

There are only a couple of rules: You have to supply your own water and nourishment (there are no race workers handing out bottled water or bananas here), and you have to cross the finish line with all of your teammates.

Typically, teams in the Hi-Tec series are made up of three athletes who compete in one of five divisions: coed, corporate, male, female or masters (men and/or women whose ages total at least 120). To qualify you simply have to come up with the cash to cover the entry fee, usually $200 to $300 per person. That means you can form a team with a couple of buddies or co-workers. (If your company is hungry for publicity, tell your boss the events are covered on Fox Sports Net and other cable channels. He might foot the bill.)

April 1995 Playmate Danelle Folta, who heads Playboy's adventure-racing X-Treme Team, says there are two smart approaches to forming a team. Choose a group of athletes who all excel at one event—for a shot at winning, say, the mountain biking heat—or choose team members who have individual strengths in each of the main events. For example, if one teammate is an excellent runner, another works a mean paddle and the third blazes on a mountain bike, then each of you can take a turn as the motivator. "It's all about getting it together," Danelle says.

The ability to get it together pays off during the "special test" legs of each race. These events, designed to challenge endurance, mental skills and camaraderie, are usually disclosed moments before the starting shot. In the name of teamwork, competitors may have to carry heavy sandbags 100 yards through thigh-high water, dive over a wooden cable spool strung between trees or instruct a blindfolded teammate to assemble a jigsaw puzzle. "People have to overcome obstacles as a unit, whether they're trying to win or just want to have fun and finish," says race organizer Epstein.

What about cash and prizes? In the Hi-Tech Racing Series, only the winning coed team takes home the green stuff—between $1000 and $2500, depending on the race. The rest of the division champions get ribbons or trophies. Obviously, this is not a big-money sport. *(continued on page 148)*

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

WHAT GOOD IS A BEAUTIFUL BODY

WITHOUT THE SOUL TO MOVE IT?

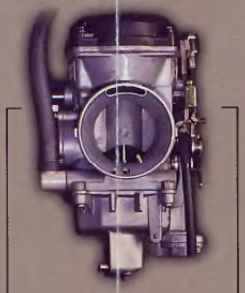
KAWASAKI VULCAN™ 2000

Soul. You can't see it, you can't hear it, but you can feel it. It's in the subtle upturn of a fender, it's in each twist of the throttle, it's in every gauge and every cable. Every Vulcan™ motorcycle has a soul. It's literally engineered

D R I F

The Kawasaki V-Twin engine first fired to life in the Vulcan™ 1500 back in 1987. Today it's evolved into the heart and soul of a truly impressive line-up, shaping the world of cruising as we know it.

On a purely mechanical level it is inspiring. A simple, lightweight, single overhead cam design features two massive pistons complemented by a distinctive, four-valve head design, providing maximum valve area for optimal flow and mammoth power and torque. Refreshingly quick off the line, a precise five-speed transmission with a broad torque curve serves up smooth, strong acceleration throughout the rev range.



With some models, Kawasaki offers a carburetor for a more visceral power experience.

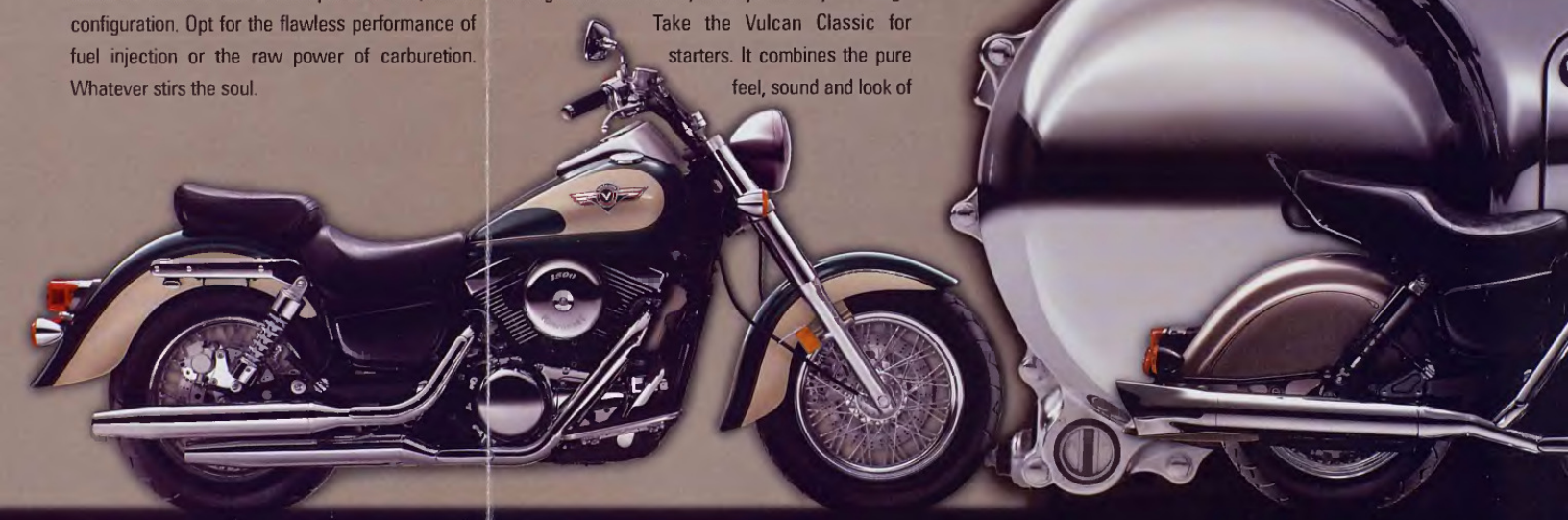
But perhaps what best defines the Vulcan V-Twin is choice. Various displacements, configurations and options make the Vulcan a blank canvas. Choose from a gutsy 90 cubic inch, 1470cc version tuned for massive low-end torque or a lithe, 805cc configuration. Opt for the flawless performance of fuel injection or the raw power of carburetion. Whatever stirs the soul.

Should you choose fuel injection, the Vulcan V-Twin is as technologically advanced as it is simply brawny. Kawasaki's Digital Fuel Injection (DFI) technology and Electronic Control Unit (ECU) act as a sophisticated brain, monitoring a host of tiny sensors to adjust both ignition timing and the amount of fuel injected into the cylinders. Keeping the engine running consistently and smoothly across the powerband. And you'll hit the road in a hurry with quicker starting and warm-up.

Of course, if you prefer that unmistakable raw rumble that comes with a carburetor, the Vulcan V-Twin is more than happy to oblige. Exclusive to Kawasaki, K-TRIC (Kawasaki Throttle Responsive Ignition Control) senses throttle position and matches ignition timing to engine load for improved engine response and maximum rumble per mile.

And we've taken all this engine technology and configured it in a variety of ways to suit your liking.

Take the Vulcan Classic for starters. It combines the pure feel, sound and look of

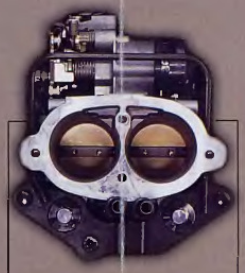


C L A S S I C

D R I

©1999 Kawasaki Motors Corp., U.S.A. Always wear a helmet, eye protection and proper apparel. Never ride under the influence of drugs

a 1950s cruiser with the technology and reliability Kawasaki has come to be known for. Available as a carbureted 800, 1500 and, new for 2000, a fuel injected 1500, Classic is much more than just a name, it's a badge of honor. The new 1500 Classic Fi powerplant comes cradled in an all-new frame for an unheard of level of stability and handling. And as if you needed more choices, the Classic is a perfect starting point for customization considering the mind-blowing array of accessories available in our Fire and Steel™ catalog.



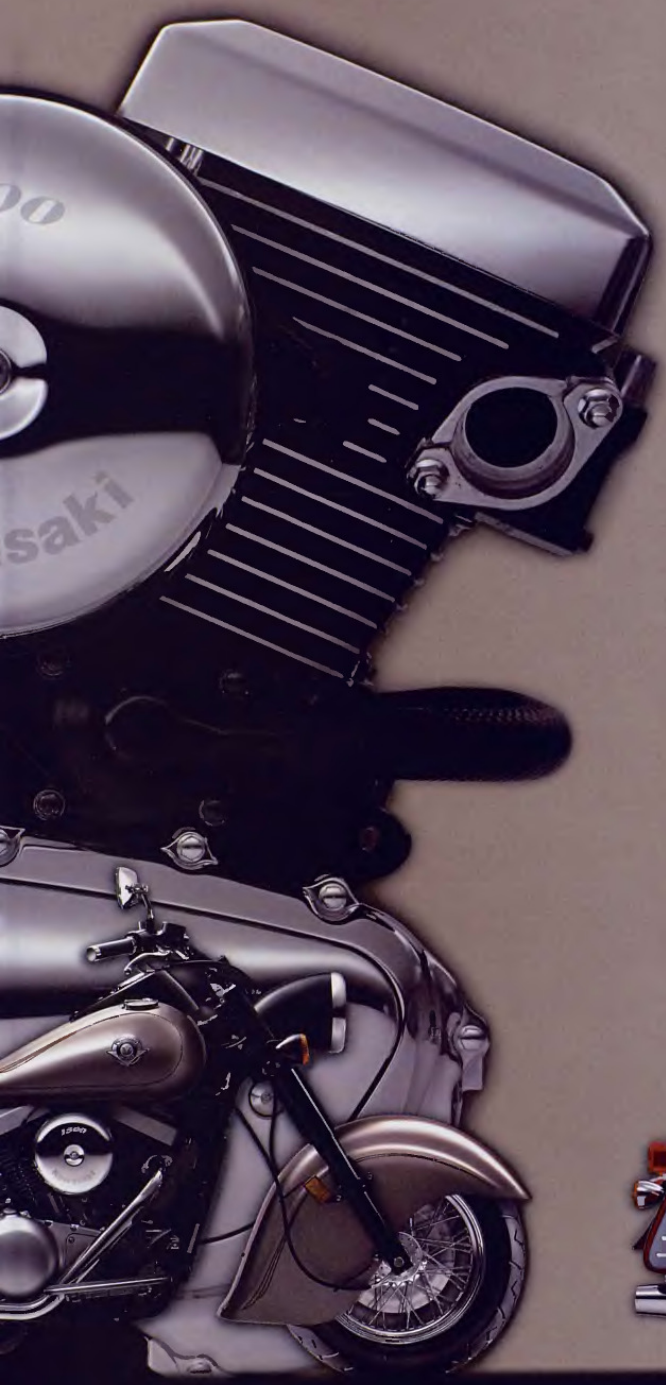
New digital fuel injection offers smooth acceleration with more power and torque throughout the rev-range.

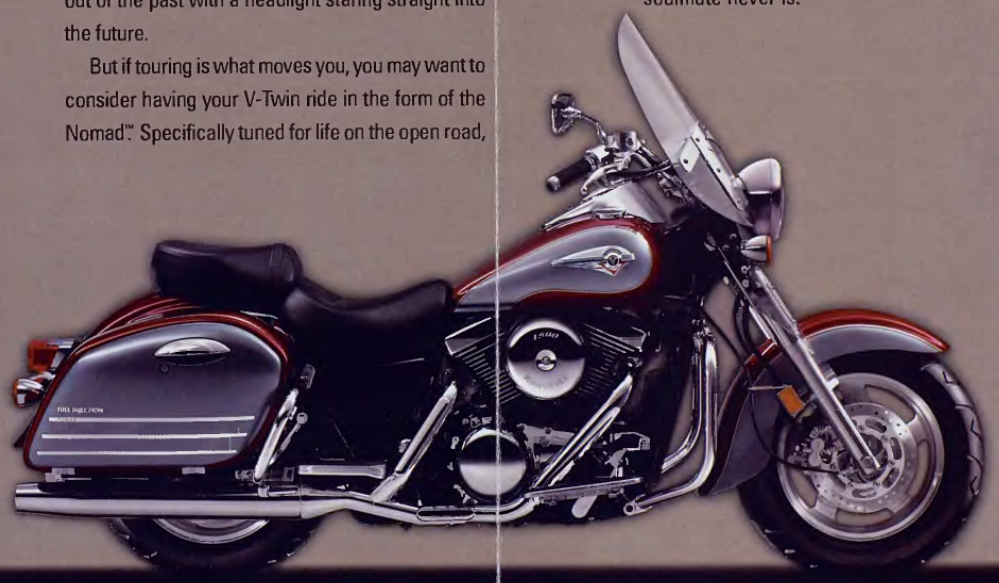
For vintage 1940s styling with skirted fenders, chromeplated fishtail exhaust pipe, blacked-out hardware and sand cast engine finish, check out the Vulcan Drifter™. A lot more than just a pretty face, it too comes in either a thundering 1500cc version with digital fuel injection or as a brand new carbureted 800. A machine right out of the past with a headlight staring straight into the future.

But if touring is what moves you, you may want to consider having your V-Twin ride in the form of the Nomad™. Specifically tuned for life on the open road, the Nomad is available with either digital fuel injection or as a carbureted model if you like your beast slightly untamed.

The new 1500 Nomad Fi comes standard with a new cartridge fork, offering more consistent and progressive compression and rebound damping for a more comfortable glide. And it's tour-ready with a large, adjustable windshield, hard saddlebags, passenger footboards and a wide, cushy saddle. Also new for 2000 is a redesigned, electronic, anti-glare speedometer for improved readability. Up front, a new multi-plane headlight provides a brighter, more directed beam.

The passion, commitment and spirit of the Kawasaki V-Twin is at the core of each and every Vulcan. Choosing which one is right for you won't be easy, but then finding a soulmate never is.





T E R™

N O M A D™

or alcohol. Adhere to the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual. Specifications subject to change. Availability may be limited.

into each and every machine. But the true soul of the Vulcan, its powerful, pounding heart, lies deep within the meticulously crafted, widely acclaimed and honestly revered work of passion and engineering that is the Vulcan V-Twin powerplant.

T E R™

NO TWO SOULS ALIKE.

Kawasaki Fire and Steel™ accessories.

Kawasaki offers one of the most extensive, most carefully designed lines of custom-made accessories for you to choose from. Saddlebags, leather tank panels, paint options, chrome covers, windshields—whatever you can dream up probably already exists and is precision-fitted to work on your Vulcan™ motorcycle. So go chrome, go retro, just go for it. Because man cannot live on torque alone.

Kawasaki

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By ASA BABER

STEVE BOSWICK

THE SECRET KINGDOM

I WAS COOL but concerned. The small plane I was piloting ran into heavy weather over the Himalayas last month, so I played it safe and landed in the valley below me. As I stepped out of the aircraft, I was surrounded by smiling people in saffron-colored robes, and an old man approached me. "Greetings," he said. "I am the Dalai Rama. Welcome to Tribet."

"Did you say you're the Dalai Lama and I've landed in Tibet?" I asked.

"No," the old man said, smiling. "I am the Dalai *Rama* and this is *Tribet*."

"I must be really lost," I moaned.

He laughed. "You have landed in the only secret kingdom left on earth, my son. We have remained undiscovered for centuries. You are our first foreign visitor—and, we hope, our last."

I looked around at the palm trees and rice paddies and orange groves and poppy fields. "Your secret is safe with me," I said. "I might even come back here for a vacation someday."

"But why leave us?" the Dalai Rama asked. "Stay here and live well."

I patted him on the back. "I've got places to go and people to see, old man. I can't dilly-dally with a Dalai for too long. I'm a 21st century guy."

The Dalai Rama nodded. "I understand you are busy," he said, "but let me show you around our kingdom."

"Roger that," I said.

I stayed in Tribet for two days, and I'd never seen such a tranquil place. From the elephants in the forest to the peacocks on the lawns to the monkeys in the streets, it was idyllic. The men were handsome, the women were beautiful, the children were happy and no one seemed to get upset about anything. Naturally, I wondered how they did it.

"What's the gimmick, Dalai?" I asked. "Is everybody around here stoned or something?"

"There are no gimmicks," he said.

"There's gotta be," I argued. "What's the trick."

"No tricks. We simply raise our children well."

"I'll say," I nodded.

"And we pay special attention to our boys in their youngest years."

"You sure fawn over those little bastards," I said. "You treat them as good as your girls, don't you?"

"We believe that is the key to a harmonious society. Boys should be as protected and nurtured as girls when they are young. Do you not do the same thing in your country?"

"Not exactly," I admitted.

"How do you raise your boys?"

"By hook and by crook, I guess you could say," I replied, grimacing. "They are sort of invisible creatures to us as babies. We don't fuss much over them. Hell, we even knock them around a little. Then we put them into schools with teachers who don't always like them and administrators who want to discipline them. We make them sit for hours every day in boring classes, and then we drug them if they get too antsy. We never really listen to their complaints, and we tell them to shut up and get to work so they can earn a living soon. If they give us too much grief, we put them in jail or in the military. I wouldn't call us a boy-friendly society, exactly, and some of our boys resent it."

"Goodness," the Dalai said, wincing. "That seems counterproductive."

"That's the way the cookie crumbles in our part of the world," I shrugged.

He stared at me as if I were crazy. "But you befriend them and encourage them, don't you?" he asked. "Young boys are like tuning forks who will act out all the vibrations—good and bad—that they absorb from their world. You must be careful with them or they might turn sour."

"Some people think about boys like that," I said, "but not many."

He cleared his throat. "The Tribetan word for boys is *bong-bong*, which means testosterone-inspired mischief-makers who have too much energy to be tied down and who need a lot of love and attention, especially when they are young, or they will rebel violently, like wild elephants locked for too long in a cattle pen."

"You can say all that with the word *bong-bong*?" I smiled.

The Dalai Rama ignored my remark. "Every day, the men of Tribet meet and talk about their boyhood years. They force themselves to remember what it was like being a boy, what pressures they faced, who helped them and who did not. After that, they study a list of all the boys in the community and make sure that each man mentors at least one boy on a daily basis. We call these sessions *bong-bong hours*, and we consider them the key to a peaceful society."

"That sounds like a big-time commitment for a bunch of boys," I said. "Don't you have a stock market to invest in or an IPO to run?"

The Dalai was not pleased. "What do you do for your fatherless boys?" he inquired.

"That depends," I said. "If parents divorce when the kids are young, the mother usually gets the children and the father has to pay to see his children. 'No money, no kids.' That's the general rule."

"Which man takes care of that boy if his father doesn't pay or if the father dies or disappears forever?"

"We don't have a system for that."

"No *bong-bong hours*?"

"No *bong-bong hours*," I responded.

"But if you don't have *bong-bong hours*, and if nobody cares about them, don't some boys go mad from the isolation? They need contact with adult males so they can learn how to be men. That is the most critical factor in their lives. If they are abused or ignored by the men around them, who can predict what they will do? They might even kill themselves or one another. Your society would turn violent, and all hell would break loose."

"That happens sometimes," I sighed. My watch told me it was time to go and I stood up.

The Dalai Rama covered my watch with his hands. "Forget the time or there will be no time."

"Easy there," I cautioned him.

"In your country, do you tell boys it is a good thing to be a boy?"

"Not really," I said. "The message boys normally get is that being a boy is like being an animal—a pig, say—and that they need to clean up their act from the get-go."

"My friend, you must establish *bong-bong hours* in your country as soon as you return," he murmured. "If you don't, your young men will grow increasingly desperate. You might not even survive as a nation."

I looked at my watch again. "When I get back, I'll try to remember your advice, Dalai," I said. Then I climbed into my plane and waved goodbye and took off like a bat heading toward hell.

"OH MY GOD, WHERE DID YOU LEARN THAT?"

BY YASMIN BOLAND

WHAT YOU'RE about to read is a hands-on guide to the clitoris. My goal is to give you some hints that will improve sex for your lover. That should make sex better for you too because the more turned on she gets, the more she'll let go.

The clitoris is the key to a woman's sexual response because it is packed with nerve endings. That small bit of nether-region flesh has about the same number of nerve endings as your penis. So you know how intense that spot must be.

Let's start with the obvious first question: Where is it? Even women agree that it can be hard to find, and harder to explain. But if you know what you're after, you can always get there the way most women do—with the tips of your fingers.

The best way to find it is to reach down from above. Think about the way a woman masturbates with her fingers. Try to emulate that. Reach down with your hand over her pubic hair. Use the flat part of your fingertips to gently make contact under her pubic mound. Think about connecting your fingertips to the clitoris, not penetrating to find it.

Dr. Rosie King, author of *Good Loving, Great Sex*, recommends this approach: "Gently place your middle finger (with your palm over her pubic hair) at the entrance to your girlfriend's vagina. Place it right at and on the entrance, so that your fingers are slightly buried between her lips. Now, staying at the same depth, slowly trace a straight line up through her lips, in a northerly direction.

"Slide it up slowly until you come to the place where her inner lips meet in an upside-down V shape, half an inch or an inch above her vagina. Flatten your finger there, over the place where her lips meet, to about half an inch above that." Your finger is now on her sexual pulse.

Once you're in the right spot, be gentle. Keep the pressure superlight. When you can tell that your technique is working, you can increase pressure slightly, but never press hard.

Which brings us to the most difficult fact for guys to learn about the clitoris: Too much direct stimulation will turn a girl off. "Men like to have their penises caressed nonstop, so they naturally assume it's the same for women, but it isn't," explains Dr. King. "And once she's been rubbed numb, sensation won't return for an hour or two."

So vary your foreplay. Don't pay too much attention to the clitoris. "You really shouldn't touch a woman's clitoris until she's squirming and squeezing her thighs together and arching her back," says King. "The clitoris likes to be teased."

"Use a back-and-forth technique," suggests King. "That's back and forth between the clitoris and the vagina or the clitoris and the body or the vagina and the body." Mix it up.

Try not to forget that some women like a wet touch, with your finger lubricated from her vagina or your saliva, and some like a dry touch. Some like ultradelicate, some like a firmer hand. Don't assume that there's just one way that works for all women (just as you wouldn't want her to think that of you). If you're serious about being a good lover, talk with her about what she likes. Or pay close attention to her responses. Never assume that what worked for your ex will work for your current lover.

Aside from the basic one-finger method, here are two simple techniques:

(1) **The Two-Finger Method:** "There's one trick that makes a guy into a ten or an 11," a friend told me. "When he uses two fingers, one on either side of the clitoris and presses them up and down like playing the piano, but missing the middle note, one side at a time."

(2) **The Sandwich:** The clitoris is so sensitive it doesn't need or want direct stimulation. Some women masturbate by sandwiching their clitoris between their labia, then moving the mound around in a circular motion.

What about oral sex? A woman friend once told me, "I like oral sex because it works every time. It's simple and reliable and I always come. All men have to do is connect with the clitoris. Start a relationship with it, in fact."

If you're an especially apt student of oral sex techniques, try these from King:

(1) "While licking, kissing, sucking and/or rolling, insert one or two fingers in her vagina and make a 'come hither' motion up and down the front wall of her vagina." Watch her writhe.

(2) While licking, kissing, sucking, etc., also gently stimulate her clitoris from above with your thumb or finger.

If you want to proceed to the master class, stimulate her clitoris with your fingers while your penis is inside her. If you get it right, her passion meter will reach new heights. Just be careful (one last time) not to press too hard.

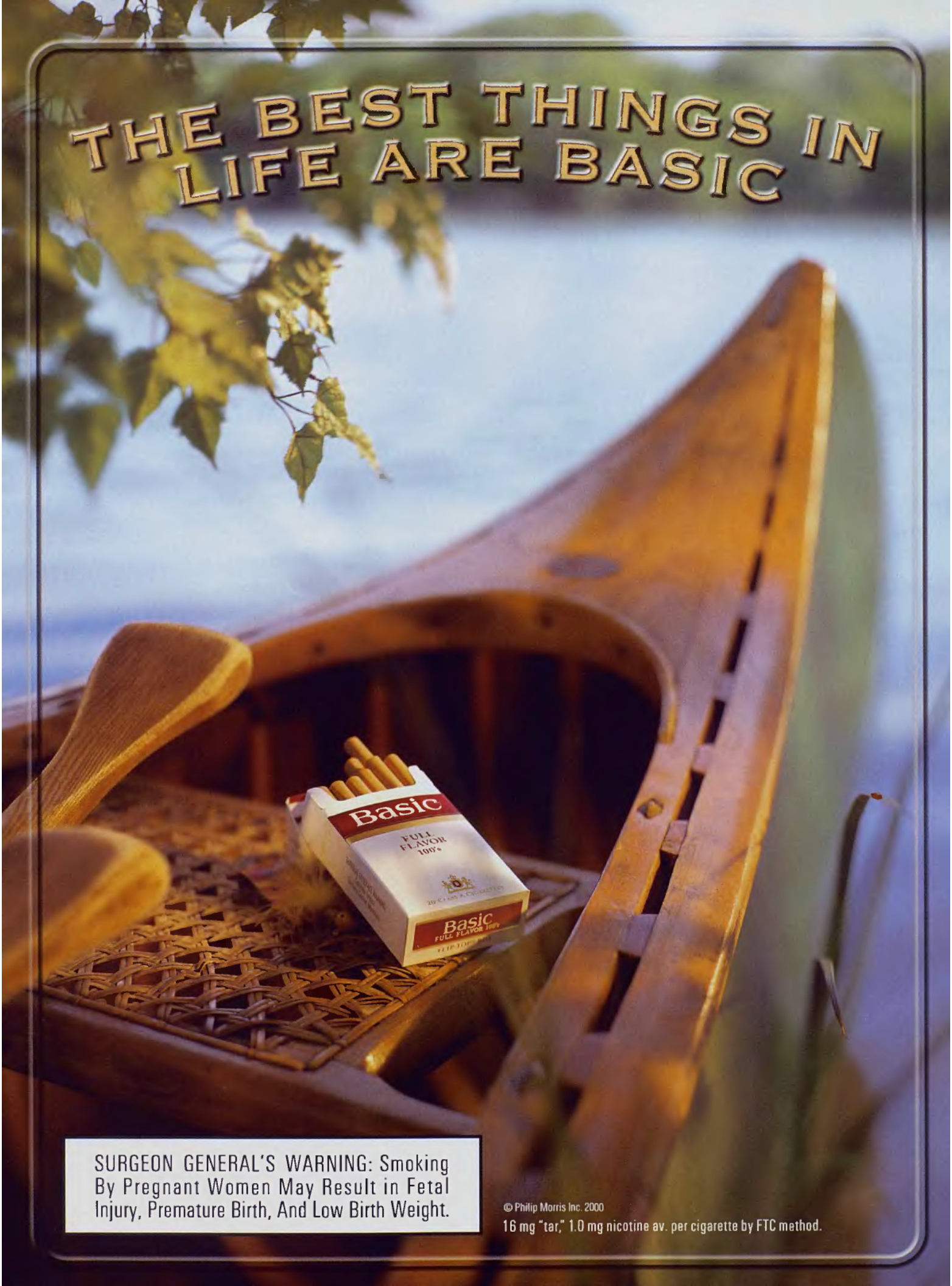
If you aren't able to thrust and stimulate her clitoris at the same time, here are three positions that do it for you:

(1) Put a pillow under her ass to raise it when you're on top. Her clitoris is more likely to be stimulated during intercourse and she is more likely to come.

(2) Most women masturbate lying down with their legs straight. Encourage her to put her legs together when you're on top. This can be sweet for you as well.

(3) Women on top often find that they get the clitoral stimulation they need to orgasm. When they're on top, women come more easily through motion they can control than from your thrusting.

"Technique is OK," says King, "but the biggest erogenous zone is between the ears, not the legs."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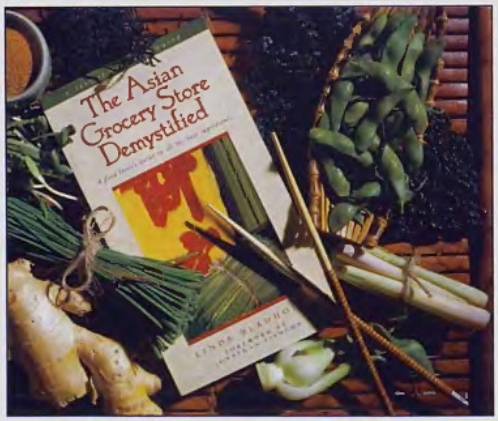
Whistling in the Wind

Whistling Straits is the best golf course you've never heord of. That's going to change now that the Straits has been invited to host the PGA Championship. It's also rumored to be the choice for golf's highest honor, the U.S. Open, and we think it's deserving. Straits is the best Irish-style links course in this country, with two miles of sondy Lake Michigan shoreline, constont winds and an amazing ottention to detail. From the fescue grass and pot bunkers to the coddies and clubhouse pub, it could be in Ireland. But it's near Milwaukee and Chicago ot one of the Midwest's top golf resorts, the American Club. The ninth (above) ond eighteenth holes return to the clubhouse, and the seventh (inset)—the par-3 Shipwreck—typifies Pete Dye's brilliant design. With five tees, high-hondicappers will have fun, but the best players will struggle from the tips. Eighteen holes cost $176, plus a $44 caddie fee.

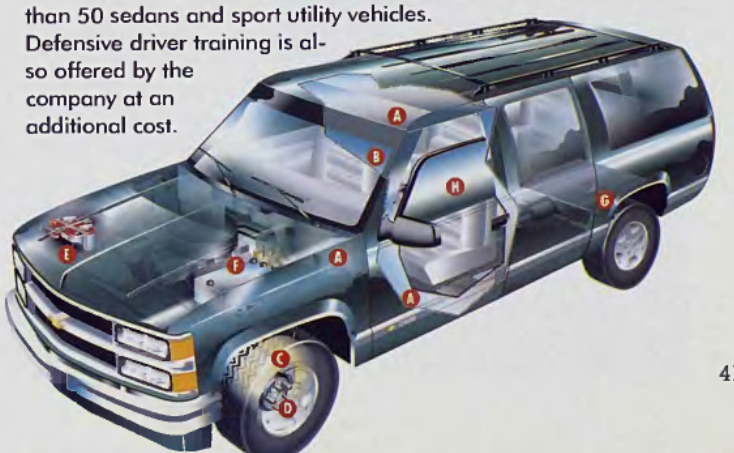
The Asian Connection

Don't know bagoong *padas* from *petis-udang*? Pick up a copy of *The Asian Grocery Store Demystified* and discover that the former is Filipino fermented anchovy sauce, ond the lotter is a slightly sweet shrimp paste. Within *Demystified*'s 20 chapters you'll find information on pickled items and preserves, snocks and sweets, healing and herb teos, utensils and cooking techniques—plus a slew of recipes. Author Linda Bladholm's text is easy to understond, and she includes onecdotes of her own shopping adventures in the Orient, where she lived for yeors. The $14.95 price ond softcover format moke it a book that you won't mind splattering with *angelica dang gui* when you're preparing spiced pork-bone tea soup for six. *Demystified* is the first in o series of toke-along guides that the publisher, Renaissance Books, says will put "sovvy chefs in control of their menu destiny." What's next in the series? India.



Suburban Security

O'Garo-Hess & Eisenhardt has provided mobile security for every U.S. president since Horry Truman, as well as dozens of international heads of state and other dignitaries. If you wont to beef up your Chevrolet Suburban to withstand just obout everything but a nuclear bomb, here's what the company offers. (A) Fully ormored perimeter, firewall, floor ond roof. (B) Multiloyered gloss with a polycarbonote inner layer. (C) Run-flot tire inserts, including the spare. (D) Upgroded tires, suspension and brakes. (E) Bullet-resistont battery. (F) Computer vehicle armor system. (G) Explosion-proof fuel tank. (H) Operable front power windows. The pockoge will set you back $75,000 (not including the cost of the Suburban). Other protection levels are ovailable, including light armoring that will resist hondgun fire ($45,000). The company can equip more than 50 sedans and sport utility vehicles. Defensive driver training is also offered by the company at an additional cost.



MANTRACK

Absente for Your Thoughts

The French banned absinthe in 1915, claiming the wormwood-flavored liqueur caused hallucinations, convulsions, insanity and death. We'll drink to that decision—but we'll do it with Absente, a wormwood-free licorice-flavored import that isn't a one-way ticket to the booby hatch. To enjoy Absente the way Manet, Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec enjoyed absinthe, you need a seven-ounce glass and a slatted absinthe spoon. Pour a shot of Absente into the glass, balance the spoon on the rim, place a sugar cube on the spoon and slowly add five ounces of cold water over the cube to dissolve it. Absente, like absinthe, turns an opalescent green. (Absinthe is said to be the only liquor that glows in the dark.) A 750 ml bottle of 110-proof Absente costs about $35, ideally packaged with a limited-edition glass and spoon. If not, check crillonimporters.com for information on how to obtain the items.

How to Love Your Glove

In springtime, a young man's fancy turns to baseball. If you've been out of the ballpark for a while and buy a new glove, you'll need to spend time breaking it in. This is a satisfying ritual that will remind you of your boyhood. Anything leather gets better with use. In time a leather mitt will conform to your hand, making it easier to catch a ball, fish it out and throw it. Follow the blueprint here. Use a high-quality leather oil and work it into the palm of the glove before you form it around the ball and secure it with rubber bands. Putting it under your mattress is optional. Be sure to interrupt this process and use the glove for pick-up games. The more you play with it, oil it and flex it, the more pliant it will become.

HOW TO BREAK IN A BASEBALL GLOVE
1 RUB IN LOTS OF OIL.
2 PUT HAND IN GLOVE AND FOLD ALONG CREASE.
3 FOLD GLOVE AROUND BALL. CLOSE WITH RUBBER BANDS. PUT UNDER MATTRESS.
4 REPEAT DAILY FOR A WEEK.
RUBBER BAND

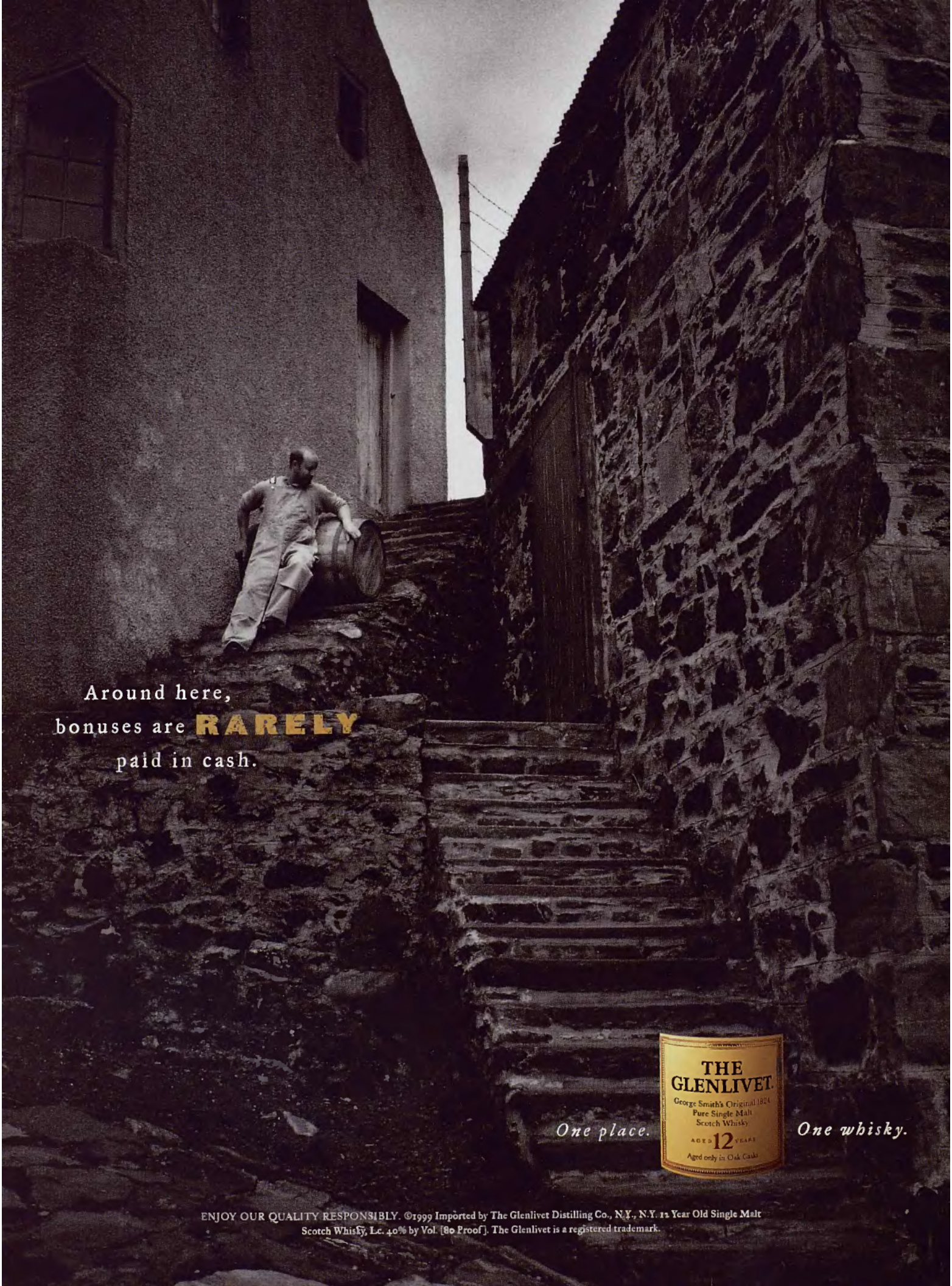
Clothesline: Kelsey Grammer

The star of NBC's *Frasier* (pictured here with his wife, Camille Donatacci, a former Playboy Newsstand Specials cover girl) says he's sort of preppy at heart. In fact, his friends used to call him a preppy-gone-to-seed. "I have an arch disregard for clothing. I'm a sneakers-and-jeans type of guy with the occasional Brooks Brothers pullover sweater thrown in. I do like to shop at Brooks Brothers. It's the kind of place that has the uniform you need without the danger of overstyling." Grammer also disclosed he has a designer who makes certain apparel for occasions such as business meetings, dinner parties and awards shows. The designer's name? "Richard Tyler. He's been very nice to Camille and me. I wore his creation at the Emmys and she wore a Richard Tyler gown at the People's Choice Awards." Kelsey, you look fine, but we're all eyes for Camille.

Guys Are Talking About . . .

Dinner theater at the movies. San Francisco's Foreign Cinema (2534 Mission St.) serves fine French food with its foreign films. While you dine on game, Jean Renoir's *Rules of the Game* could be playing on the outdoor screen. The dining room seats 120. Call 415-648-7600 for a menu of movies and to make reservations. • *E-mail anonymity.* Blind Gift.com is an online gift-giving service that enables you to send a gift to someone you've met on the web without revealing your name or address. That way "Hat to Trot" won't drop by after she's received your gift of food, wine, chocolates or other goodies—unless you want her to. • *Tire smarts.* SmarTire, a tire-monitoring system that works via wireless technology originally developed for run-flat tires, lets you know both aurally and visually when air pressure drops below a certain PSI. Now the technology can be applied to non-run-flat tires offered by Goodyear, Bridgestone/Firestone and Michelin, among others. The price: about $300 (not including installation). The system includes four rim-mounted sensors and a display module you can clip to your sun visor. • *Speech improvement.* New York Speech Improvement Services, Manhattan-based "speech therapists to the stars," claims to have improved the speaking voices of Robert De Niro, Leonardo DiCaprio and dozens of other celebrities, eliminating regional and foreign accents, lisps and nasal pronunciations. The service also trains actors who want to acquire a foreign or regional accent. • *Gourmet ice cream.* Jeremy's Microbatch includes such new flavors as Revenge of Chocolate Overload and Eve's Sinful Cider. Fat city.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.



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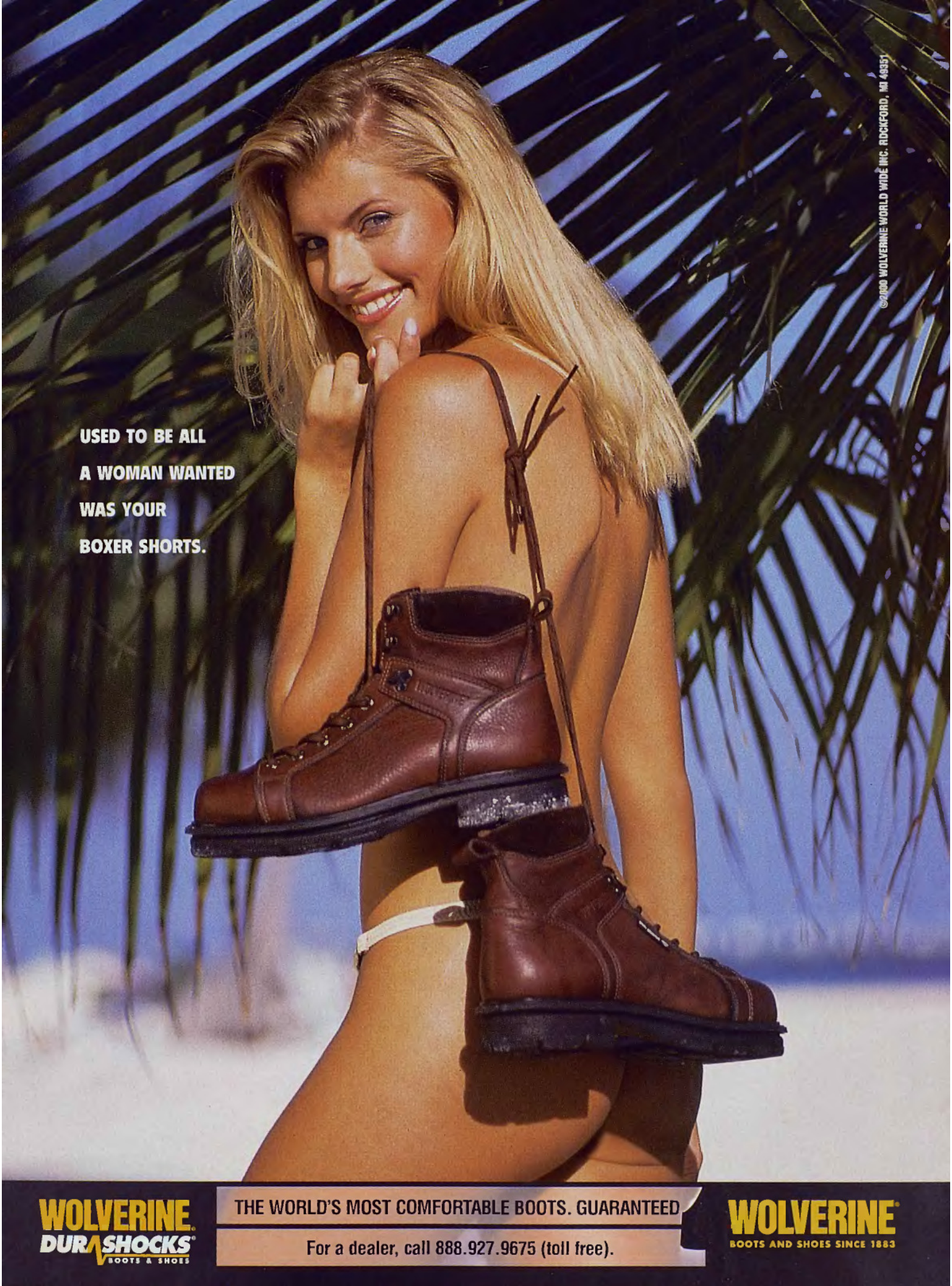
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The Playboy Advisor

Many people who write to the Advisor about sex seem to expect their partners to know what they like in bed without being told. I've discovered an effective form of nonverbal communication that might be helpful. The other night, as my wife was giving me head, she reached up and put her fingers in my mouth. I asked her to mimic what I was doing to her index finger, and she agreed. When I licked the side of her finger, she licked the side of my erection. When I opened my mouth and blew gently on the tip of her finger, she opened her mouth and blew gently on the tip of my erection. You get the idea. It was absorbing because my wife had to focus on what she was doing to stay in sync with me, and I was in control of my pleasure. She says she has learned a lot about what makes me feel good, and we didn't have to exchange a word. The next time we'll change places and see how good I am at following directions.—J.S., Torrance, California

That's a great technique. If you gag yourself, will your wife deep throat you? When it's your turn to go down on her, extend your hand and make a victory sign.

I have a question about international waters, sex, drugs and rock and roll. How far out does a person have to sail to avoid U.S. laws against marijuana, gambling, prostitution and underage drinking?—R.R., Miami, Florida

Planning a big weekend? Technically, you can't sail far enough. That's because, while there are international waters, there are no international boats. Each vessel is under the jurisdiction of the country with which it's registered, regardless of its location. That's why the U.S. Coast Guard can board American vessels anywhere in the world if it suspects lawbreaking, and it can do so without a warrant. If you claim your ship flies no flag, the Coast Guard can still board—control of a stateless vessel is assumed by whichever nation stops it. Practically, of course, you stand less chance of being caught if you sail beyond the more heavily patrolled U.S. Customs zone, which ends 24 miles out. The ocean is a big place.

What will it take for pipe smoking to rise to the level of cool that cigar chomping enjoys? I'm a 33-year-old pipe smoker and often get comments from people who don't think I fit the stuffy professor image. Pipes are easy to keep, cheaper to smoke and great to show off on a nice rack. A quality pipe can last forever. Better still, I've never heard a woman complain about the smell of the smoke. Back in the good old days, pipes were considered an item of maturity and sophistication. I still think of it as the classiest form of smoking—check out Hef in those old pictures. Will it take a celebrity endorsement to start the trend? The cigar craze was fueled in no small measure by people like Jack Nicholson, Pierce Brosnan and Sharon Stone showing off their stogies. I say we send a pipe to Ricky Martin and hope for the best.—W.M., Dallas, Texas

Better we send it to Jennifer Lopez. Pipes are underappreciated, but their stock may be rising. Richard Carleton Hacker, author of The Ultimate Pipe Book, is confident pipes can again be as popular as they were in the Thirties and Sixties. He's noticed more pipe smokers at the Grand Havana Room in Beverly Hills (notably, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Tom Selleck) and suspects newcomers enjoy them for the same reasons you do. Will pipes ever be as cool as cigars? "They already are," says Steve Masticola of pipes.org. "Cool people are the ones who know what they like." Darn pipe smokers. They have an answer for everything.

I'm probably the only mortal in the world who doesn't understand it, but what's all the fuss about monogamy? I've been married twice and had numerous failed relationships, but never an affair. Both wives cheated on me, and every girlfriend as well, and I didn't care. The way I see it, I was after companionship, not legal title to someone's crotch, and I got what I wanted. Of course, nothing lasted, since all the women were searching for my replacement. Suppose everything had worked out. What difference does it make if the woman wants extramarital nookie if the man gets access to companionship? I don't understand why some people walk away from what presumably is an important friendship. My own love life has been a wash, and I am happy to say I have arrived at a place where I can declare it to be at an end. I am free to enjoy the best years of my life without the games, gold diggers, nutcases and closet lesbians. I still have to put up with women at the gym, but I get rid of them by giving them the finger or muttering "bitch" under my breath. I am not an unbeliever where love is concerned, just a well-satisfied dropout. I have read about this fidelity issue in Ann Landers' column and now in yours. I'm more interested in what you have to say.—S.S., Garland, Texas

Any experienced swinger can tell you that a committed relationship doesn't have to be sexually exclusive. That's because at its core, infidelity isn't about sex. It's about deception. When you lie to a friend, you betray the friendship, sometimes beyond repair. You're a curious fellow to have given up on women, and a foolish one to assume they all deserve your scorn. Despite your song and dance about being a satisfied loner, we suspect you haven't stopped looking for companionship—you just took the path of least resistance, which is to avoid risk (and heartache) by playing the asshole. Don't give up so easily. There are plenty of women who share your outlook. The way we see it, relationships are like mutual funds: You can't predict future gains based on past performance.

My car has driver- and passenger-side air bags. A friend told me that one of the biggest problems with air bags going off—either accidentally or to save your precious body parts—is the noise. It's supposed to be deafening, at least temporarily. I have two questions: (1) Is it true? (2) If you always keep a window at least partially open while you're driving, will that allow some of the sound to escape and diminish the possibility of hearing loss?—P.R., Columbia, South Carolina

There have been only a few documented cases in which drivers have suffered hearing loss because of the noise of an inflating air bag. But the problem may be underreported. The sound of an inflating air bag measures between 150 and 170 decibels, comparable to the roar of a jet engine or a shotgun blast. The level varies (though not by much) with factors such as the size of the car and air bag, the number of occupants and whether the windows are open. Writing in the British Medical Journal, a head and neck surgeon, an audiologist and a vehicle safety researcher expressed concern that hearing loss caused by air bags may become more

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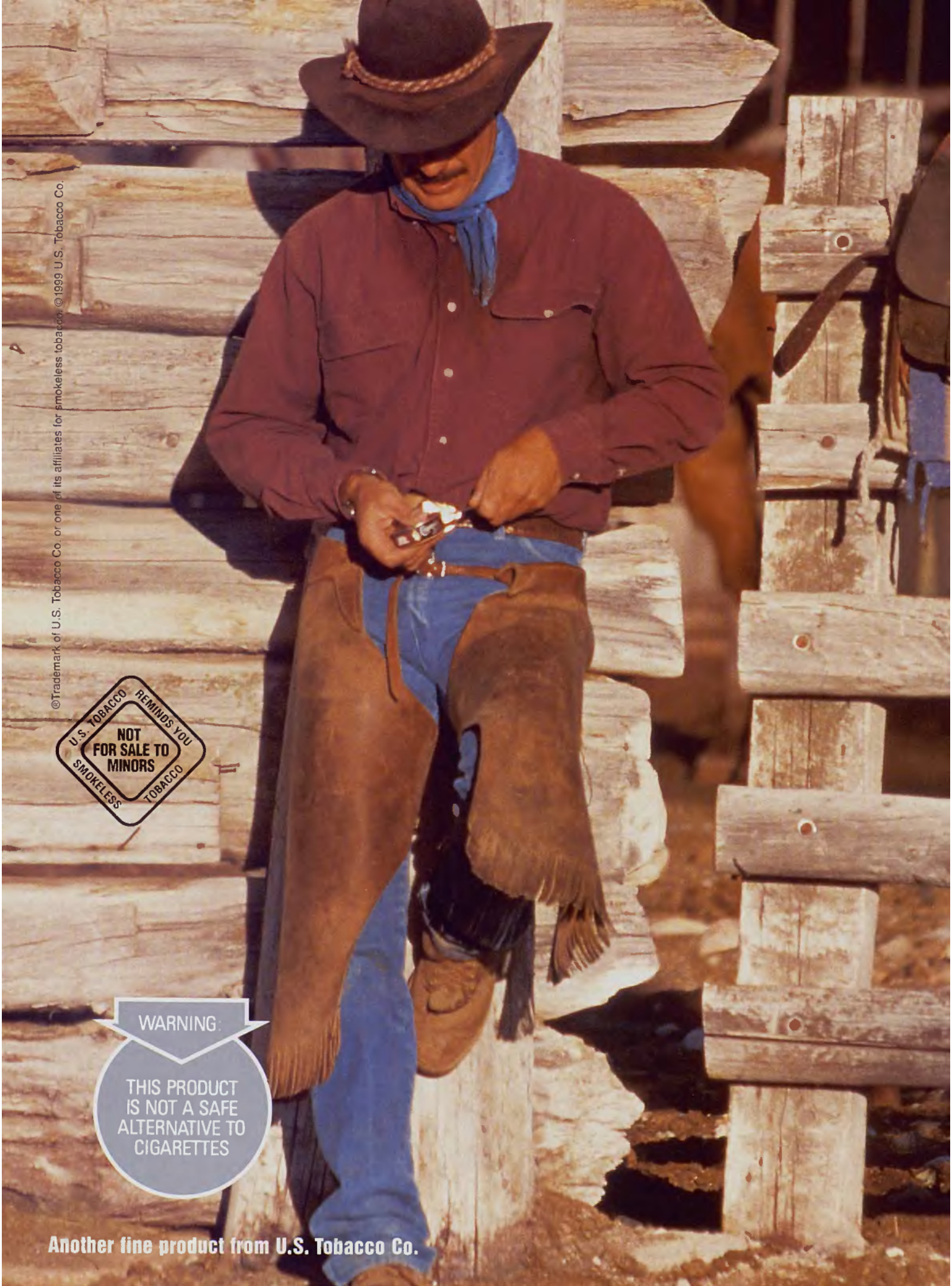
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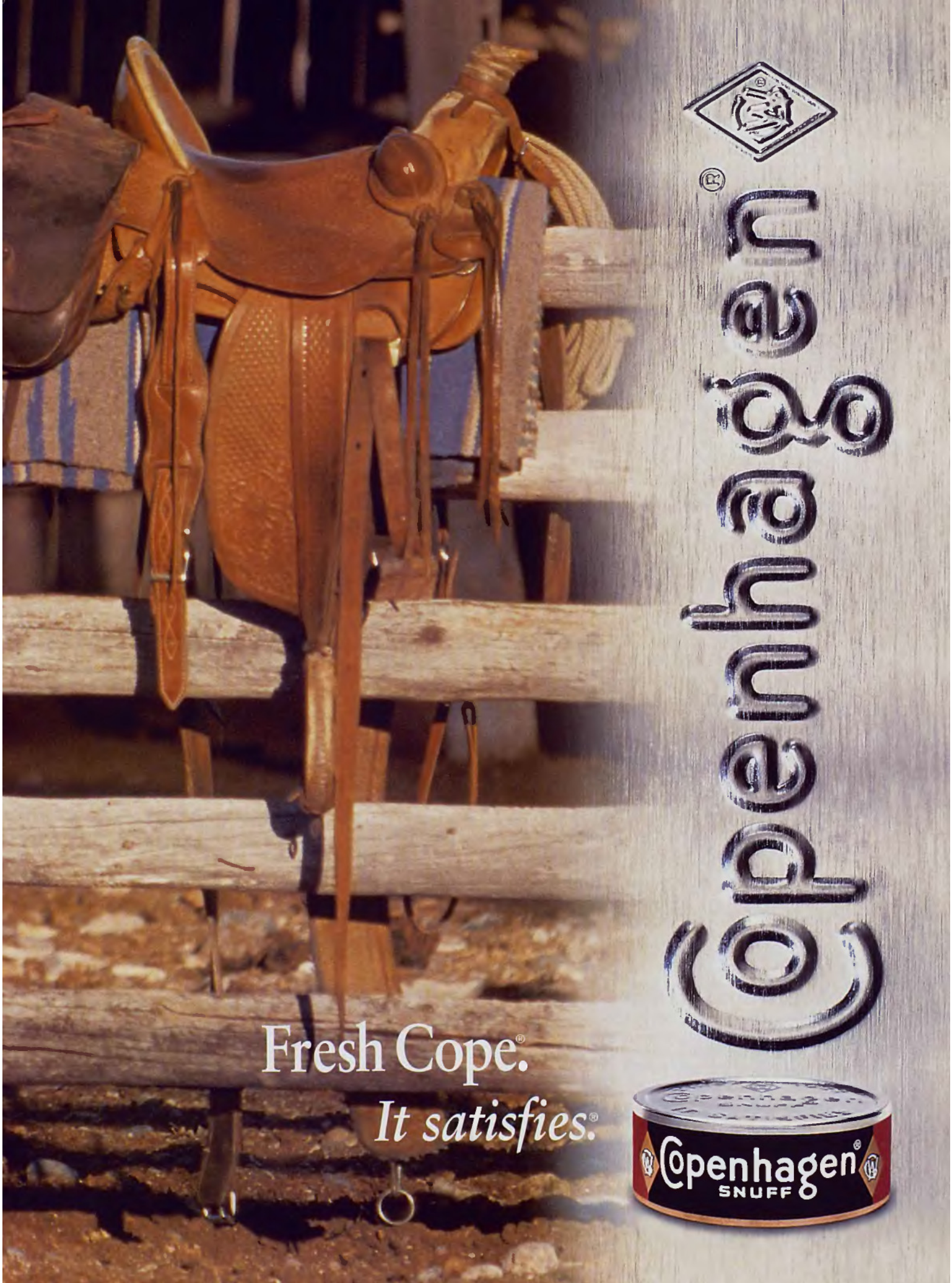
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prevalent because of the introduction of standard side bags. "The lack of space means that these air bags inflate quickly and close to the ear," they warn. It's illegal to disable air bags, although the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration allows people with hearing loss to petition for exceptions. You can find more information online at www.nhtsa.dot.gov/airbags.

My husband and I have been together for 15 years, and our sex life is becoming routine, to say the least. Do you have suggestions as to how we can spice things up? I'm willing to do my part.—M.J., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How about a little role-playing? Nurse and patient. Policeman and prostitute. Female president and intern. Sex is a playground; let's play. For his book The Secrets of Sexual Play, Graham Masterton interviewed a woman who had the right idea. She found it difficult to act out fantasies until she began approaching them as cutups. "I had this fantasy about dressing up like a cat and licking and sucking my boyfriend's cock," she explained. "I don't quite know where it came from; maybe from the musical Cats. While my boyfriend was watching TV, I came in naked, on all fours. I had on fluffy fur gloves, a ribbon tied in a bow on my head and eyeliner whiskers. I put on a silly, purring voice and said, 'Pussy wants her milk.' My boyfriend couldn't believe his eyes. We both began laughing. I unbuckled his pants and took out his cock. It was only half hard, but I gave it a lick and rubbed it with my furry glove, then licked and sucked it again. He was still laughing, but it became a different kind of laughter—laughter because it was funny, and I was play-acting, but also joyous laughter." You bet it was.

My understanding is that you should never shake a gin martini because you can bruise the gin. Yet all the bartenders want to shake my martini. When I ask for it to be stirred, invariably I hear, "Ah, like James Bond." But he drank vodka martinis, which need to be shaken. Am I wrong?—L.M., Austin, Texas

You can't bruise gin. The difference between shaken and stirred is that shaken will be colder and cloudier. The preferred method is whichever method you prefer, though a recent study found that shaken martinis have "superior antioxidant activity" to stirred. Bond's standard was three measures of Gordon's, one of grain vodka and half a measure of Kina Lillet, shaken until ice cold, and served in a deep champagne goblet with a large, thin slice of lemon peel.

Hawaii has gorgeous women. I vacationed there and came home with great contacts. I'm single with no mortgage, no kids and no debt. I have a six-figure income in a high-tech industry, but I'm thinking about taking a year or two off and moving to Hawaii to search for the woman of my dreams. I would most likely find a job that would cover only my living expenses. Should I go for it or stay put and pursue early retirement?—R.L., Dallas, Texas

Should you go? Sure. Why pursue early retirement when you can enjoy it on an installment plan? But given the speed of change in your industry, we wouldn't drop out for more than a year.

I have had a hard time finding a classical CD that will make a romantic dinner with my girlfriend that much more special. Can you suggest a few?—R.M., Greensburg, Pennsylvania

We wonder if Mozart, as he composed his piano sonatas and string trios, thought to himself, I hope these help someone get laid. Regardless, they have, repeatedly. Other suggestions: Music in 12 Parts by Philip Glass, Gymnopédies or Gnossiennes by Erik Satie, or anything by Arvo Pärt, Giovanni Pergolesi or Carlo Gesualdo.

Thank you for your response in December to the husband who complained that his wife didn't want sex at the drop of a hat following the birth of their son. I'm a housewife with two children under three years old. My day starts at five A.M. and ends after 11 P.M. It seems to me that men in general, after kids, forget about the importance of foreplay. When I initiate sex, it's great. My husband enjoys the various types of foreplay I provide: massages, kissing or rubbing gently while he lies naked beneath the sheets. When he initiates, it's left tit, right tit, pussy, come. What the hell is that? I try not to be a bitch, but if that's all I'm getting, sleep becomes a priority. Without intimacy, sex becomes another of my daily chores. I'm not asking for romance and roses every night—I live in the real world—but once in a while would be nice.—P.T., Norfolk, Virginia

We're always glad to hear from women who tell it like it is. Now tell your husbands. This issue challenges even couples who don't have children, so guys—pay heed. Arrive before your penis, and lead with your fingertips, not your palms. Also, clean the house, pick up after yourself and do your share of diaper wrangling. Sex is not an isolated act, like eating a meal together. It's a process. If you think of it that way—a ten-minute massage counts as foreplay even if you don't have intercourse until the next day—you may feel like you're missing less. Also, flowers cost about 40 bucks. A bargain.

Over the past year at various family gatherings, I have noticed my wife and my brother-in-law engaging in a form of behavior that I call "tag." That is, she will bump into him purposely when she walks by, then he will rub her back or make some other form of contact. These incidents continue throughout the event, usually when they think no one is looking. When I first confronted my wife about this, she claimed she didn't know what I was talking about. Later she reversed herself and said it meant nothing and that it's just the way he is. Am I overreaching? She's trying to convince me I am some kind of paranoid idiot. Even if it is innocent, is this proper behavior? We're not talking about friendly hugs. In the workplace, it's known as "testing the waters."—D.B., Columbus, Ohio

It sounds suspicious. If it's innocent, perhaps your wife simply finds it reassuring that another man considers her attractive. If it's not innocent, you'll have other evidence soon enough. Or your sister will. In the meantime, can your marriage continue without trust? That's a crucial issue that needs to be addressed. You're it.

How do I get a golf handicap? I can tell people what my average score is, but I would like one to be on record from year to year for when I play in leagues or tournaments.—D.W., Cincinnati, Ohio

A handicap must be established through a golf club that operates under guidelines established by the USGA. That isn't as difficult as it sounds: A club can be any group of at least ten golfers who play together often. The system is based on peer review: Partners make sure everyone's scorecard reflects reality (the club's handicap committee handles disputes). To establish a handicap, you need to play at least five rounds. Once you've played more, your handicap will be calculated based on the ten best of your most recent 20 rounds and adjusted every two to four weeks during your playing season. You also adjust your handicap at each course, based on its difficulty. In addition, there are calculations to account for every kind of anomaly you might encounter while playing a round that affects your handicap, such as bad weather that postpones the final holes. And don't forget Equitable Stroke Control and slope ratings. It's a math major's delight. You'll find all the details—there are 17 chapters and six appendixes—in the USGA handicap system manual, available online at usga.org/handicap or by phoning 800-336-4446. The maximum handicap index for men, by the way, is 36.4, from which you can only improve.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

HOLY DRUG WAR, BATMAN!

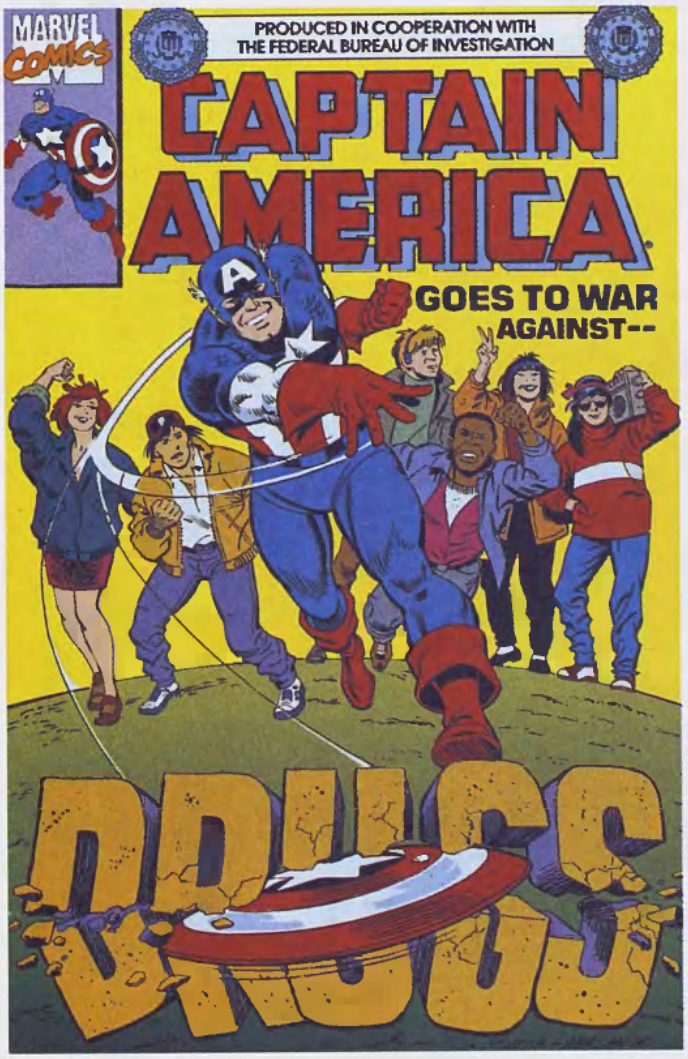
recruiting america's superheroes for a comic battle

By JOSHUA GREEN

In 1998 President Clinton introduced a five-year, $1 billion program aimed at keeping kids off drugs. The program sought to coordinate the efforts of local police, federal agents, advertising executives, school administrators, teachers and parents. It allowed White House officials to insert antidrug rhetoric into TV shows. With that much manpower, you'd think drug czar Barry McCaffrey would feel confident he had everything necessary to end drug abuse. Apparently not. He needed another weapon, one larger than the powers of Washington and schools and the police combined. So who did McCaffrey enlist in the fight against the ultimate evil? Spider-Man.

The webbed wonder leaped at the challenge, and the government provided Marvel Comics with $2.5 million to create a four-part comic-book story aimed at teaching kids to "recognize and resist drug images in the media." The Fast Lane series debuted in Marvel Comics this past fall, and in magazines such as *Boys' Life*, *Girls' Life*, *Contact Kids*, *React* and *Scholastic Classroom*. McCaffrey and Marvel hoped that their comic crusade would reach 65 percent of the nation's schoolchildren.

What it will teach them is another matter. Subtlety is not a common trait among superheroes, who settle disputes with fists and fury while speaking in high moral tones. In the first Fast Lane episode, Spider-Man uses the superpower he gained from a radioactive spider bite to battle a large green monster named Mysterio. But truer evil lurks nearby. Astute readers quickly discover that the real villain is a surly movie star, Zane Whelan, who wears a T-shirt emblazoned with a large pot leaf. Whelan's dangerous anti-authoritarianism appeals mightily to his impressionable young fans. A newspaper intern soon takes Whelan's cue and begins experimenting with marijuana. His reefer madness leads to several brushes with death (he crashes a van, falls from atop a crane and teeters rebelliously at one edge of the Brooklyn Bridge). At the last minute, Spidey rescues the boy and exposes the dangerous "truth" about marijuana: Smoking pot can get you killed.



This 1990 Captain America comic book taught kids that aliens supply drugs and that baseball bats are the best treatment for users.

The Fast Lane series wasn't Spider-Man's first foray into the drug war. In 1971, at the behest of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Marvel Comics published a similar Spider-Man series to warn kids about drugs. The controversial subject matter forced Marvel to remove the industry's Comics Code Authority seal of approval. The code—a rating system introduced in 1954 following a moral crusade to clean up comics—tells parents which comics are free of malicious subject matter and forbids any mention of drug use.

In the 1971 series, Spider-Man first encounters drugs when an obviously stoned hippie announces that he can "fly like a bird" and launches himself off a building. Spider-Man swoops down

to save him, using the opportunity to declare drugs "one fight you can't win." After storing his costume and reverting to the mild-mannered Peter Parker, he discovers his roommate Harry Osborn popping pills to deal with a girlfriend's rejection and to make himself feel "zingy." Three pages later, Harry takes an overdose and barely survives. Spider-Man springs into action, tracks down his roommate's dope suppliers and beats them senseless. As the story concludes, a newspaper editor is rushing to get news of Harry's overdose into the next edition. In this Seventies-era fantasy, Harry avoids both arrest and a prison sentence. Spider-Man is a good guy to know.

Later that year, the Green Arrow also tackled the drug issue. To emphasize his devotion to the cause, he one-ups Spider-Man by announcing on the cover that narcotics are "more deadly than the atom bomb." In the comic's opening scene the straight-arrow hero catches his protégé, Speedy, shooting heroin. He administers a beating and then throws him out of the house. While the Green Arrow goes in search of the dealer, a friend happens upon Speedy's stash. He immediately dies of an overdose, prompting the Green Arrow to track down the dealer and beat him mercilessly.

In 1971 the Green Lantern (left) raised comic-book hysteria to new levels. Drugs turned superheroes like Batman (above) into raving lunatics. Spider-Man (above left), who has been fighting drugs for decades, still saves troubled teenagers.

Once the two have been reunited, Speedy proudly tells the Green Arrow that he has kicked his heroin habit cold turkey (see?—it was just a moral failing). Then, in a plot twist, he delivers a surprisingly insightful analysis of the situation: "Drugs are a symptom, and you, like the rest of society, attack the symptom, not the disease."

As the drug war intensified, its portrayal in comic books became more distorted. In 1990, the FBI teamed with Marvel to produce a special issue, *Captain America Goes to War Against Drugs*. Captain America (who, incidentally, gained his power through a failed government drug experiment) opens the story by destroying an alien spaceship equipped with a drug lab and run by suspiciously Colombian-looking thugs, who are systematically beaten and shot.

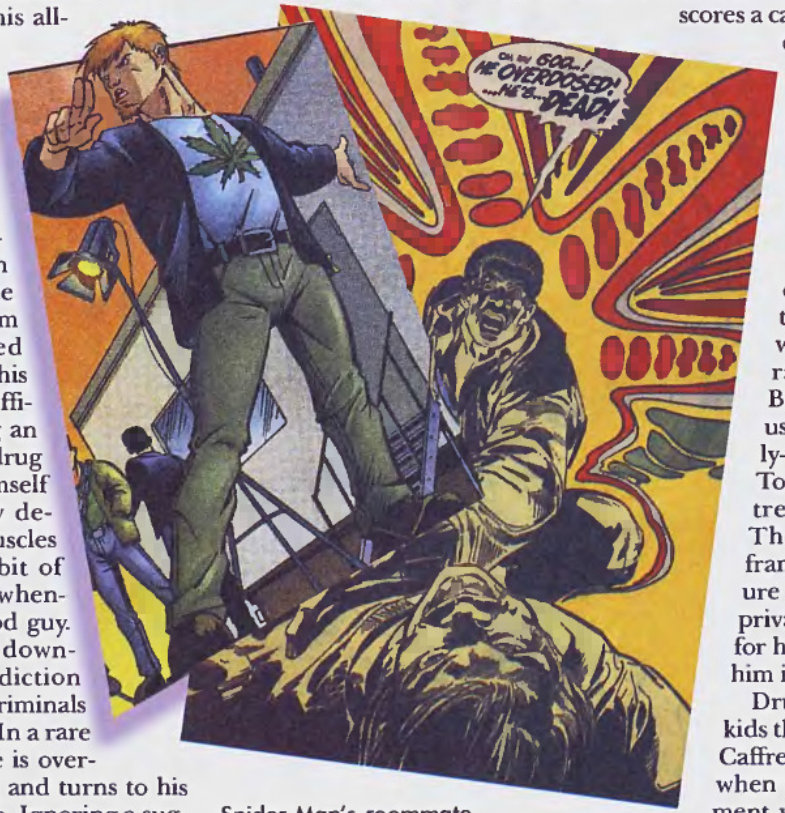
Drug dealers are not the only targets of violence in drug-war comics.

BUT, PETER PARKER IS THE VERY LAST THING ON HARRY OSBORN'S MIND--
I--NEVER FELT THIS WAY--BEFORE.
IT'S LIKE--I'M DROWNING--FALLING--DYING INSIDE! NOTHING SEEMS REAL--NOTHING HANGS TOGETHER---
THE PILLS! IT--MUST BE--THE PILLS---
THEY'RE DRIVING ME--OUT OF MY MIND!

Witness the fate of the story's central character, a high school baseball phenom who takes drugs to alleviate the pressure of the big game. His approach doesn't work. He promptly beans a batter with a fastball and flees. While Captain America delivers a sermon on drugs, the opposing team tracks down the offending pitcher and beats him to a bloody pulp with baseball bats. Chastened by this all-American ass-kicking, the pitcher vows never again to mess with drugs.

But even superheroes are not immune to the ravages of drug abuse, as Batman demonstrated in a 1991 series. When he fails to save a girl from drowning, the caped crusader decides that his superstrength is insufficient and starts using an unspecified designer drug in order to make himself stronger. He quickly develops enormous muscles and a menacing habit of cackling maniacally whenever evil befalls a good guy. Batman begins the downward spiral into addiction and soon is freeing criminals in exchange for pills. In a rare moment of clarity, he is overcome by self-loathing and turns to his butler, Alfred, for help. Ignoring a suggestion that he seek medical attention, Batman has Alfred lock him in the Bat Cave for a month to break his addiction in true superhero fashion—alone, like a man. He emerges victorious, then beats up his supplier and an army of addicts.

Like most antidrug propaganda, these comics preach the domino theory that every vice leads to disease, madness and death. The unfortunate character in the Daredevil series, published in 1987, is Karen Page, the superhero's girlfriend. When she develops a drug habit, her life deteriorates in a string of moral lapses. Karen betrays her boyfriend's secret identity for a fix, then winds up making porno movies to support her habit. Her woeful tale ends when she discovers she's HIV-positive. Rather than have her die from AIDS, which might seem anticlimactic, the creators of this story have Karen meet a violent end at the hands of Bullseye, Daredevil's nemesis. Nothing underscores a cautionary tale like a drug user dying in a hail of bullets.



Spider-Man's roommate (top) loses it in a 1971 drug war comic. A user meets a grim fate (above right) in a scene from Green Lantern. Drug-glorifying celebrities like "Zane Whelan" (above left, from Spider-Man) pose the latest threat.

This sort of comic exaggeration doesn't teach kids anything useful about the risks of drugs, or explain why people take them, or distinguish relatively benign drugs such as marijuana from narcotics. Invariably, comics portray drug users as threats to the public safety, who, like any worthy villain, rain death and destruction. Because they are bad guys, users are dealt with accordingly—violence solves everything. Tough love isn't support and treatment: It's a baseball bat. The problem of addiction is framed as a shameful moral failure to be dealt with alone and in private. What kid is going to ask for help with drugs if Batman tells him it's for pussies?

Drug-fighting superheroes sell kids the same myths that Barry McCaffrey peddles to grown-ups. But when kids see their peers experiment with drugs and avoid a gory, comic-book fate, they'll ignore what little wisdom may be hidden in these action-packed allegories. And if their ignorance catches up with them, Spider-Man won't be there to save the day.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

what's the difference?

By DAVID BYRD

In the dawn of a February morning in 1976, Jesse Tafero, his girlfriend Sonia Jacobs and her two children were asleep in a Camaro at a Florida rest stop. Walter Rhodes was with them. Two police officers approached the car on a routine check. One of the officers, Phillip Black, spotted a handgun on the front seat, confiscated it and returned to his police car to run a background check. Rhodes said Tafero shot Black four times, then shot his partner, Donald Irwin, through the eye. Both police officers died. Tafero was convicted of two counts of first-degree murder.

His execution, on May 4, 1990, was something to behold. Describing the scene, *Time* magazine reported: "To the horror of spectators, fire and smoke shot out from the headpiece strapped to Tafero's skull. He nodded and gurgled for four minutes as his face was covered and ashes fell from his head to his shoulders." And according to a reporter for *The Orlando Sentinel*, "For four eternal minutes, Tafero continued to breathe and slowly nod his head as his executioners repeatedly turned the current on and off. Each time they turned the switch on, flames shot out and smoke rose from underneath the black mask covering the condemned man's face." The medical examiner noted that Tafero died six or seven minutes after the execution began.

In 1980 Cuban officials forcibly sent Pedro Medina, a 19-year-old inmate from a Cuban mental asylum, on the infamous Mariel boat lift to the United States. He moved in with his half-sister in Orlando, next door to Dorothy James, a 51-year-old schoolteacher. James made an effort to befriend Medina. In 1982 Medina was charged with entering James' apartment and murdering her. The Florida Supreme Court stated: "Medina stabbed the victim with a knife, inflicting a total of ten wounds, six to the left front of the victim's chest, one to the neck, one to the abdomen and two to the left wrist." The medical examiner estimated that it took Dorothy James ten to 30 minutes to die and that she experienced considerable pain.

Medina was convicted of first-degree murder and the state of Florida placed him in the electric chair on March 25, 1997. Here's an official account of what happened next: "When the electrical current was activated, within seconds, smoke emanated from under the right side of Medina's headpiece, followed by a four- to five-inch yellow-orange flame, which lasted four to five seconds and then disappeared. After the flame went out, more smoke emanated from under the headpiece to the extent that the death chamber was filled with smoke." As the prison doctor examined Medina, his chest was seen to move two or three times in a two- to four-minute period, and several witnesses thought Medina was trying to breathe. The state pathologist testified that he found a third-degree "burn ring" on Medina's head, and a first-degree burn on the face caused by scalding steam. According to court records, "Medina's head was charred and his face scalded."

Allen Lee "Tiny" Davis was convicted and sentenced to death for the 1982 murders of a pregnant mother and her five- and ten-year-old daughters. The Florida Supreme Court stated that "the mother had been beaten over the head and face with a pistol to almost beyond recognition, one child was tied up and then shot twice, and the second child was shot once in the back and then beaten, all of which occurred in the mother's bedroom and the short hallway to that bedroom." Allen Davis was executed in Florida's electric chair on July 8, 1999. Prison officials strapped the 350-pound Davis into the wooden chair with a wide leather weight-lifter's belt across his mouth and face to secure him to the chair. The assistant warden said that Davis' face began to turn red after they strapped him in, and four witnesses to the execution said that they heard muffled screams, yells or moans—as if Davis were trying to get the guards' attention. Before and during the electrocution, a "dinner-plate-sized" pool of blood flowed from Davis' nose, over the belt strap, and spilled down his chest. "It is reasonable to conclude—as the state's pathologist did—that Davis was being smothered before he was electrocuted," one Florida Supreme Court justice said. Admittedly, the crimes described here were heinous and disturbing. But instead of three separate acts of savage and senseless brutality, Florida now had six—thanks to its electric chair.

Last year, a Florida death row inmate asked the U.S. Supreme Court to determine whether the electric chair is "cruel and unusual" punishment, as prohibited by the Eighth Amendment. The court declined. Florida had rewritten the law, allowing its prisoners to die by the chair or by lethal injection. Some choice.

IMMODEST PROPOSAL

don't kill the elderly, auction them off

By TED C. FISHMAN

What's the scariest aspect of the new century? A special millennial issue of *Time* magazine suggested the answer when it asked, "Can I Live to Be 125?" At about the same time, *Scientific American* speculated that people someday may routinely be able to regenerate lost body parts, undergo radical transplants (of the head, for instance) and dramatically lengthen their life spans. Far-fetched? No, Americans are on a roll. The average life span in 1900 was 47, in 1998 it was 76. The population over 85 is growing faster than any other age segment in America, and by the year 2040 there will be 16 million people past that age. We may indeed reach the stage where, to paraphrase Bob Dylan, we are forever old. This is not good news.

Nothing in life is more expensive than old age, and the elderly are the ones least able to afford it. They are pauperized by retirement, widowhood and crooks. Forty percent of people over 65 have yearly incomes of less than $10,000. And the old have no realistic hope of ever making more money. Eighty percent of the population over 65 suffers from a chronic disease. Two thirds of those over 85 are too sick to get along alone. Almost half of all people over 85 suffer from some form of dementia. The old, as far as they are able, will demand care; the younger generation will demand that someone else provide it.

Without taking into account life-prolonging breakthroughs, our political and economic system is already nearing the breaking point because of the increase in the number of elderly citizens. "Between 2010 and 2030, the size of the 65-plus population will grow by more than 75 percent, while the population paying payroll taxes will rise less than five percent," writes gerontologist Ken Dychtwald in his book *Age Power*. By 2013, when baby boomers begin their official old age, the annual surplus collected for Social Security will go into debit. According to the General Accounting Office, the Old-Age, Survivors and Disability Insurance trust fund will be depleted by 2029.

When Social Security began, the ratio of paying taxpayers to recipients was 40 to one; now it is 3.3 to one, and by 2040 it may be as low as 1.6 to one. Dychtwald predicts the tax increases that would have to be levied on today's 20-somethings to fund the boomers' retirement would double

the Social Security tax rate to 22 percent. Add the rest of Medicare, and the proportion of the average paycheck going to support the elderly may be over 40 percent. All the money people earn from January through May will be used to pay for Granny—but, more important, for someone else's granny.

Social Security destroyed a social system that survived for thousands of years, one built on family values: Each takes care of its own. There was a symmetry—you and your dozen or so siblings repaid your parents for the first ten years of your life by supporting them in the final ten or so of theirs. Now, increased longevity makes that an out-of-balance ripoff, agreed to when you were too young to understand the consequences. Rebellion is in the air. There are some who think creating a right to die is an example of too little, too late. The elderly, they say, have an obligation to meet their maker.

Too extreme? I propose the designated granny system, the federal family. Upon retirement, Uncle Sam would assign each elderly American to three younger wage earners, who would pay for his or her care. This step would eliminate a lot of bureaucracy. What better way to reverse years of dispassionate social welfare than to actually have the people who pay for a senior citizen's care manage it? Instead of paying into the big pool, the team could use the 40 percent of their income going for housing, medicine and government administrative costs to build extra rooms on the house, or even quarters out back.

This could bring some fun into getting old. Just around retirement age, the elderly would enjoy the same kind of expectant excitement felt by college applicants and men in a draft lottery as they wait to find out to whom they have been assigned. If they get a couple of families making $100,000 a year, their take would shame most pension plans. And there's always the chance they might get paired with, say, a young Internet billionaire, which could mean houses all over Florida, each with a full staff of nurses and a complete library of *Murder, She Wrote*, *Golden Girls* and *Matlock* videos.

The national retirement lottery might also reap unexpected rewards for the young wage earner: Imagine if your government-assigned granny had a house in Sun City or Aspen. You would, of course, be entitled to a share of Granny's estate, if not the complete bundle.

Or, we could take the government's hands out of our collective pockets and restore family values. To each his own.

READER

YOUR MILLENNIUM FIX

James R. Petersen is hardly the first idiot to suggest that we don't need laws or lawyers—or, at least, in Petersen's opinion, no more law than a sixth grader could understand ("My Millennium Fix," *The Playboy Forum*, January).

To make a profoundly obvious point, I suppose the author wants no building codes or would simply prefer that construction workers wrote them, and that he would likewise do without safety laws when flying in an airplane or riding in an elevator. Does he really want sixth graders writing regulations for financial transactions, welfare, parental support laws or civil rights violations?

It seems he would prefer to let juries decide everything, ignoring the fact that juries and lynch mobs have come up with some pretty questionable decisions. Petersen just blames the lawyers who appear before them. You can practically read his mind: Without the damned lawyers, they would surely have come to the correct decision! Sure they would, pal.

Even the most primitive society needs a code of conduct. Laws and regulations provide that, and without them society would devolve into chaos. Petersen ignores the fact that society needs people to enforce these regulations—even if he doesn't always agree with them. The same people who bemoan lawyers are the first to holler for a new law when they see somebody else getting away with something.

Petersen should be reminded that Abe Lincoln, though he didn't attend law school, still had to study to be admitted to the bar. Correct me if I'm mistaken, but in order to write the Bill of Rights and the Constitution—two documents Petersen is wildly passionate about—you need to be familiar with the likes of Hobbes and Locke. Know any sixth graders who fit that bill?

If Petersen wants a taste of equitable law as practiced by sixth graders, I suggest he read *Lord of the Flies*.

David Marohl
West Bend, Wisconsin

FOR THE RECORD

DOCTORS' ORDERS

"During this time of year, do not walk or jog in your neighborhood or anywhere else on a regular schedule. Consider wearing body armor, including at home. Do not put on or take off your body armor in public, including parking lots and public bathrooms."

—A safety bulletin distributed by the Society of Obstetricians and Gynecologists of Canada to its members in anticipation of Remembrance Day, the Canadian version of Veterans Day. In the past five years, five abortion providers have been shot on or near the holiday, which takes place on November 11.

My favorite of Petersen's ideas is to abolish law schools. However, I take issue with his demand that we recognize *Roe vs. Wade* as the law of the land. The Constitution states that "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States." No lawmaking power is given to the judicial branch. *Roe vs. Wade* is not the law of the land—it's not even law at all. What it is, as justice Byron White stated, is a judicial usurpation.

Jack Davis
Altamonte Springs, Florida

Give prisoners and ex-cons the right to vote? Is Petersen crazy? They knew the penalty when they committed the crime. We already have enough idiots who vote for the loudest politician. Voting is a privilege, not a right, and the opportunity to vote should be granted only to honest, tax-paying citizens. As far as the minority question goes—it is immaterial. If more minorities commit crimes, or get caught doing so, they deserve their punishment. The effect on their community voting strength is of no concern to law-abiding citizens.

Kurt Grinbergs
Deer Park, Texas

Petersen proposes that we give prisoners and ex-cons the vote. Why would we entrust anyone who fails to uphold society's standards with one of our most sacred rights? Criminals have proved, as convicted felons, that they don't honor our country's laws. Why let them participate?

Downsizing airport security is another puzzling idea. This will allow more than just buildings and buses to be blown up. Instead, pay security better wages and give them better training. That is the key.

And, finally, SWAT teams were created because criminals have weapons that Petersen doesn't want police to have. He may not like Daryl Gates and SWAT teams, but let him ponder his "fix" while he's caught in the middle of a hostage situation. I'd like Petersen to divulge the statistics for nonviolent resolutions to such situations when SWAT teams are used. It's telling that he only states the *increase* of deadly force. Shame on PLAYBOY for using deceptive numbers to prop up an absurd proposal.

Justin Firestine
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I applaud Petersen for championing a prisoner's right to vote. Law-and-order types would do well to remember that participants in the Boston Tea Party were lawbreakers themselves, but that didn't stop them from founding our country. The lesson then, as now, is that taxing citizens and subjecting

RESPONSE

them to laws without allowing them a say in the matter is un-American. Bear in mind also that many prisoners know firsthand the injustices and hypocrisy that elected officials are able to hide from an ignorant public. Who is going to vote them out of office, if not us?

Robert Rimmer
Florida State Prison
Starke, Florida

Is James Petersen from another planet, or are he and his family all convicts? Here's a millennium fix: People who want to abolish the death penalty ought to chip in and pay for criminals' life sentences.

F.W. Ulmer
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Where does Petersen get off announcing that insurance plans should cover contraceptives, Viagra and sex toys? Insurance companies shouldn't be required to cover anything. Instead, there should be no limit on what they can offer—that way you can pay as you go. The more a plan covers, the higher the cost. Who's going to pick up the tab for Petersen's vibrator? Not me. Contraceptives are routine expenses, not random disasters that need coverage by an insurance company.

David Argall
La Puente, California

WHO CHANGED SEX?

In reply to James Petersen's "Who Changed Sex?" (*The Playboy Forum*, December), why did he go to number 38 (Merrill Youngs) when he could have kept me and a lot of Vietnam veterans happy by stopping at number 32 (Hedy Lamarr)? Just when I thought Petersen's *The Century of Sex* book and article had a lot of merit, he had to mention Jane Fonda (number 33) alongside Brigitte Bardot. Bardot, as far as I'm aware, didn't travel to North Vietnam to appear in pictures with an enemy of the United States. Petersen has no business praising Fonda. He owes America and Bardot an apology.

Ed Whitson
Yuba City, California

RELIGION 101

Robert S. Wieder's tongue-in-cheek view in "Remedial Religion 101" (*The Playboy Forum*, January) is no more one-sided than the Kansas Board of Education's. As a Christian (although I prefer the term believer—"Christian" has become synonymous with "wimp") I have no difficulty believing in creationism or evolution. Christians (and Wieder) would benefit from learning more about both schools of thought. The Bible neither supports nor denies evolution any more than science proves or disproves creation.

A careful look at Darwin's writing reveals that he never denied the existence of a supreme being. Instead he marveled at the wonders of creation.

To all those who believe either theory I say, "Stop the dogma." We would all do well to finish our homework.

Doug Poler
Lake Oswego, Oregon

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Each year, London's *Literary Review* grants its Bad Sex Awards to the novel with the worst description of sex. Here are the 1999 finalists:

"She pulled off my trousers and fondled my limp lingam till it was ready for action. She sat astride my middle, spread her ample frame over me and directed my phallus into her. She kissed me hungrily and noisily on my nose, lips and neck, leaving her saliva on me, while she heaved and thumped me with her huge buttocks. 'I haven't had sex for six months. I am famished,' she said. 'Fill me up with all you have, you miserable kafir.'"—KHUSHWANT SINGH, *The Company of Women*

"She clawed at my underpants with her varnished nails until my cock sprang free, a springy mustard-pot surprise, and she pulled at it with no pretense at finesse."—DAVID HUGGINS, *Luxury Amnesia*

"He mounts me and slides in like a greased speculum, but without all that teeming emotion. I'm like a bloody modern theater designed for disabled groupies: Access All Areas."—JULIE BURCHILL, *Married Alive*

And finally, the winner:

"Dicky felt something slide up the leg of his Pierre Cardin swimming trunks; something hard and rubbery, something textured, something prehensile and purposeful, something not unlike a novelty condom with a dirty mind. He thrashed, but his legs and arms were twined and pinioned, and a suckered arm roughly pulled off his shorts. His little floppy willy was stroked, his bollocks were puckered in a lustful embrace; more arms encircled his chest, sucking his nipples. His clenched buttocks were firmly spread and he felt the blind eye winking like a shy anemone. It was tenderly insinuated by a stiff probe, which grew to the width of a man's arm. Fourteen inches of pulsing Greek hors d'oeuvre was served up his jaksi and began to rhythmically give him the shafting of his life."—A.A. GILL, *Starcrossed*

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

AS IS—SORT OF

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—*Four years ago, state troopers stopped a Volkswagen Golf for speeding. During a search, they found $24,000 concealed in the battery*

compartment, but no drugs. They gave the Mexican driver and his passenger a cash receipt and let them go, then handed over the money and the Volkswagen to the Drug Enforcement Administration. In 1998, the government put the unclaimed car up for auction, and Jeffrey Chappell and his mother bought it "as is" for $5450. When the engine died two months later, a mechanic traced the problem to the gas tank: Hidden there was $82,000 in cash, sorted by denomination and wrapped in plastic bundles. The repair shop contacted the DEA, which seized the money. The agency says it will return the cash, but only if the Chappells can prove in court that it's not drug profits. Meanwhile, the $24,000 that was seized by the state troopers has gone missing.

MASTURBATION COMP

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA—*A phone-sex operator who says she developed carpal tunnel syndrome because of excessive masturbation on the job filed a claim for workers' compensation. According to her lawyer, the 40-year-old woman masturbated as often as ten times a day because she felt callers would be able to tell if she were faking. "She was told to do whatever it takes to keep the person on the phone," the lawyer said. In her petition for benefits, the woman said only that she had been injured by "repetitive use of the phone." She asked for weekly benefits of $267 plus $30,000 in medical expenses but accepted a settlement before the case reached a judge.*

BONUS ROUND

LOS ANGELES—*In January 1997, Denise Rossi filed for a divorce from her husband of 25 years. More than two years later, Thomas Rossi received a letter addressed to him and his ex-wife from a company that solicits lottery winners. Rossi contacted the state lottery commission and discovered that 11 days before she filed for divorce, his wife had won $1.3 million. She had neglected to mention her good fortune during the legal proceedings that dissolved their marriage, so Thomas Rossi returned to court. A judge awarded him the entire jackpot, ruling that his ex had willfully violated the state's asset disclosure laws. Following the ruling, but before turning over any cash, Denise Rossi filed for bankruptcy.*

MINOR PROBLEM

SAN FRANCISCO—*A federal appeals court struck down a law that banned sexually explicit material in which performers "appear to be" or "convey the impression" that they're underage. Opponents of the Child Pornography Prevention Act, passed in 1996, argued that the vaguely worded law could have been used to ban even mainstream movies in which adult actors appear to be younger than 18.*

JUST SAY CONDOMS

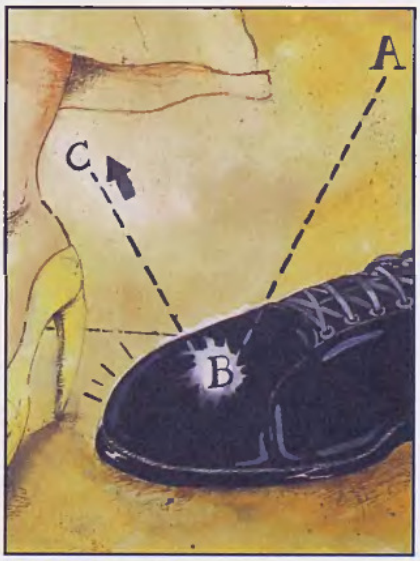
SAN DIEGO—*A report approved by delegates to the American Medical Association's annual meeting concluded that abstinence-only sex education has "very limited value." Instead, the report found strong evidence that providing students with free condoms reduces pregnancies and STDs without increasing sexual activity. Nevertheless, about a third of 825 public school districts surveyed—most of them in the South—refuse to allow teachers to discuss birth control as part of sex ed. If condoms are discussed in these schools, it is to emphasize their failure rates. Since 1996, the U.S. government has dispensed nearly $440 million to schools that provide abstinence-only sex education.*

THE NATIONAL MENACE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A survey of public records by the online site Capitol Hill Blue (capitolhillblue.com) found that at least 53 of the 535 members of the House and Senate had personal and financial problems that would have disqualified them for security clearances had they not been elected. Twenty-seven members have been arrested for drunk driving, 19 for writing bad checks, 14 for drugs, eight for shoplifting, seven for fraud, four for theft, three for assault and one for criminal trespassing. During the 1998 congressional session, police in Washington, D.C. issued 2912 parking tickets to members; none were paid. During the same session, the police stopped at least 84 members who appeared to be driving drunk but who claimed "congressional immunity."*

UPSKIRT CHASERS

SACRAMENTO—*A new law bans video voyeurs in California from secretly photographing up women's skirts or down their blouses. The voyeurs typically post the images on the Internet. A legislator proposed the law following an incident at Disneyland, in which a man with a camcorder hidden in a low-hanging duffel spent*



hours videotaping up women's skirts before being caught. Because state law only banned taping into places where people expect privacy, such as changing rooms, local officials couldn't prosecute. The new law makes video voyeurism a misdemeanor.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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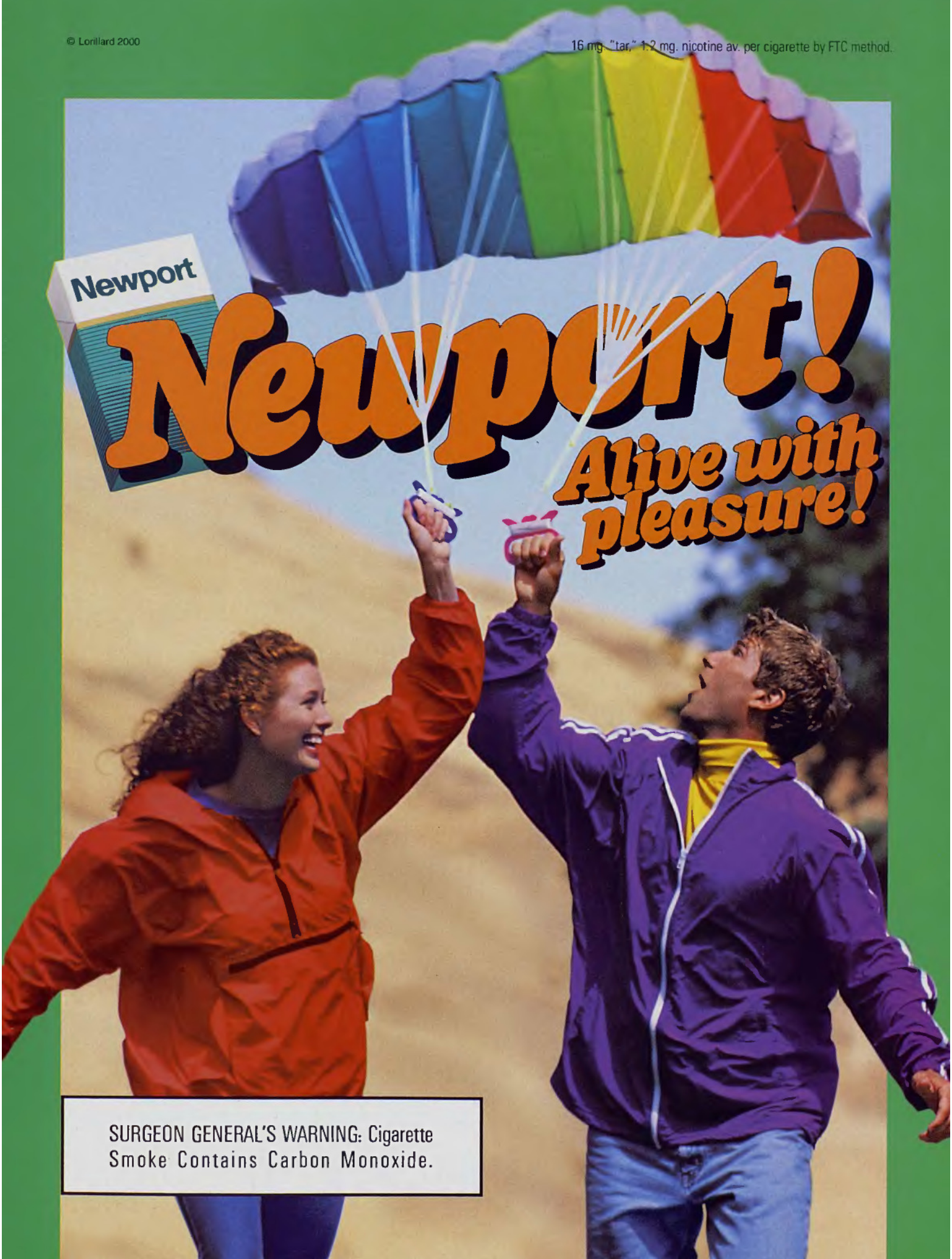

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EVANS & NOVAK

a candid conversation with the dynamic duo of pundits about what really goes on in washington, how journalists blow it and why they'd vote for trump and oprah

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak have been around forever, like those two uncles down at the end of the dining room table who have an opinion on everything. They have wielded major clout in the Beltway—and beyond. Their jointly reported and written newspaper column ran for 30 years—longer than any other joint report. At the peak of its popularity, the column appeared in 300 newspapers throughout the country. Then they showed up on TV, becoming regulars on CNN, covering political campaigns and conventions and sparring on The McLaughlin Group, Evans and Novak and their current CNN show with Al Hunt and Mark Shields. Their newsletters, magazine articles, books and commentaries are ubiquitous. Michael Kinsley once said, "Their column can place an item on the Washington agenda." One column based on Novak's 1978 interview with Deng Xiaoping helped open the way for normalizing relations with China.

Although they are both serious conservatives and aren't shy about saying so, Evans and Novak have gone after Republicans with a fervor nearly equal to that of their attacks on Democrats. From the start, they supported Kennedy, championed Reagan and loathed Clinton. Their columns on the Middle East were particularly contentious. They were called the "mother of all Israel bashers." Other criticism came from mistakes that appeared in the columns—one critic dubbed them "Errors and No facts."

Their politics are similar but their backgrounds are very different. Novak, 69, was born in Joliet, Illinois, where he first worked as a reporter for the Joliet Herald-News and the Champaign-Urbana Courier while studying at the University of Illinois. After serving as a lieutenant in the Army, he took a job as a reporter with the Associated Press in Omaha. Then he moved on to Indianapolis, covering the state legislature. In 1957 he was transferred to Washington, D.C. to cover Congress for the AP. In 1958 he became the Senate correspondent for the Washington bureau of The Wall Street Journal. In 1961 he became the Journal's chief congressional correspondent. In reference to his crabby demeanor, Newsweek called him the Prince of Darkness. Morton Kondracke, a colleague on The McLaughlin Group, once described him as "the troll under the bridge of American journalism."

Rowland Evans, 78, was born in White Marsh, Pennsylvania. His first job as a reporter was with the Philadelphia Bulletin. He then covered Washington and the U.S. Senate for the AP. Next, he worked the political beat for the New York Herald Tribune and traveled extensively to the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and Asia.

It was Evans' idea to try a joint column with Novak, the first of which appeared in May 1963. "It was like having a second wife," Evans once said of the partnership that has survived for more than 35 years. The column ran four times a week, analyzing world events with plenty of scoops. It became a morning must-read in the capital. In May 1993, when he turned 72, Evans retired from the column, though he still writes occasionally under his own byline and appears on their joint CNN show. Novak, whose energy knows no bounds, is still the cohost of Crossfire, a regular on The Capital Gang and a political analyst on Inside Politics. He often shows up on Sunday morning network TV shows.

Evans and Novak may be at their best in an election year, when they consider the candidates who are running for the highest office—the perfect time to sit them down for the Playboy Interview. For the assignment we tapped **David Sheff,** *who has been conducting Playboy Interviews for 20 years (his most recent was with Amazon.com's Jeff Bezos). Here is Sheff's report:*

"I first met Evans and Novak at the Metropolitan Club, the stuffy if high-toned meeting spot of Washington's media and political elite. Lunchtime at the Members Grill—necktie and jacket required—is old-boy Washington. In fact, one balding, near-octogenarian member joked to a friend: 'There are lots of people here with oxygen masks.'

"Evans and Novak are different in dress and personality. Evans is more casual; Novak always wears a three-piece suit. Columnist Jack Germond once said, 'If they hadn't been partners, Rowly never would have had Bob Novak in his house.' Political consultant Frank Mankiewicz once described them this way: 'Rowly is your Perrier-and-lime friend.

ROWLAND EVANS: *"Some candidates are more interesting than others to cover. Somebody who's a little doltish is good fun. Al Gore would be the most fun."*

ROBERT NOVAK: *"Rowly and I don't agree on much, but we agree that there were only two good presidents in this century: Reagan and Coolidge."*

"Housewives and mothers don't take care of their children anymore. It's probably the most serious crisis this country faces: the breakdown of the family."

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"I don't really worry about whether a candidate is going to do a good job as president, because most of them do such a terrible job."

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Bob is your shot-and-a-beer friend.'

"Throughout the interview, Evans sucked on cigarettes; Novak quit 30 years ago, even before two separate bouts of cancer. Evans, though ten years older, excused himself from our first interview to play squash; Novak participates in spectator sports. Still, their affection for each other, even after all those decades of collaboration, was evident throughout the interview; they finished each other's sentences, heartily teased each other and—particularly when they weren't together—praised each other's journalism. And they obviously share a nearly uncontainable delight in skewering politicians. That was made immediately clear when I began the interview by asking about the coming presidential election."

PLAYBOY: The election is fast approaching. Do you have a favorite candidate?

NOVAK: Who should go first?

EVANS: Age or beauty?

NOVAK: You win on both counts, Rowly. I'm older than Evans in many ways.

EVANS: Bob, you are ten years younger. Don't let him kid you.

NOVAK: Fine. I'll start. I don't really worry about whether a candidate is going to do a good job as president, because most of them do such a terrible job.

PLAYBOY: Then what do you look for? As journalists, do you occasionally judge candidates on whether they will be fun to cover?

NOVAK: There's an old story about when Lyndon Johnson went on a joyride at his ranch with a young, good-looking female columnist. She batted her baby blues and said, "You are such *fun*, Mr. President." Apparently she looked for fun in presidents, but I don't. Nor do I look for someone who will do a good job.

PLAYBOY: So what do you look for?

NOVAK: What I look for in a president is somebody who agrees with me. It's a good model for every American.

PLAYBOY: Rowland, are you as cynical as your partner?

NOVAK: [*Interrupting*] I am not cynical. I am realistic. Rowly and I don't agree on much, but we agree that there were only two good presidents in this century: Reagan and Coolidge. Why? Because they both did as little as possible.

PLAYBOY: Do you indeed agree with that, Rowly?

EVANS: I agree, though I approach it differently. I think trying to make preelection judgments about what a president will do is an absolute waste of time. We never know. So much depends on the unpredictable, such as who they put in important positions. Before he was president, who predicted that Reagan would bring down the Soviet Union? I didn't. Maybe Bob did.

NOVAK: Nobody could have.

EVANS: Yet as a member of the political press corps, I have to admit that there are some candidates who are more interesting than others to cover. Somebody a little doltish, who doesn't really know how to handle himself well, is good fun. In this election, Albert Gore would be the most fun. But we are not going to get Gore. It is going to be George W., and I'll say it right out loud. I find him to be an extraordinarily attractive fella. There may be a lot I don't know about him, though Bob and I did an interview with him for CNN last August. You hear that Bush doesn't have a position on anything, but it's untrue. He has a lot of positions. I don't agree with them all, but I like him. I say that after admitting that Gore would be the most fun—as well as the worst president. John McCain would be fun, too, but he hasn't got a shot.

PLAYBOY: Bob, do you agree about Bush?

NOVAK: If W. gets to be president, one question is whether he's going to be much better than his father, who wasn't a good president in my view. When George Sr. succeeded Reagan, he said, "In this administration, we will be burning the midnight oil." It was a slap at Reagan, who definitely wasn't burning the midnight oil—he was sawing wood. When George Sr. said that, it made my blood run cold. In my opinion, when presidents are burning the midnight oil, the country is in trouble. We don't want workaholics running the country. We don't want presidents doing much of anything, because we get into trouble when they do. If you read the Haldeman diaries and hear the Nixon tapes, you see that Nixon was way too busy. He was constantly getting involved in things he had no business being involved in. He should have taken it easier. Johnson thought he could run the whole government. If nothing else, this worries me a little bit about George W. He thinks he can run the whole damn thing.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on the other candidates? How about Bill Bradley?

EVANS: I like Bradley. But he's hard to get a fix on, even though I spent a lot of time with him when he was in the Senate.

NOVAK: What do you make of some of the third-party candidates?

EVANS: Indeed, there are all these fringe candidates who get taken seriously! Jesse Ventura was elected governor, which means you can't just write them off. Donald Trump? Who knows! I have a lot of respect for Donald Trump. We interviewed him once.

NOVAK: Remember what he said when we asked him if he would ever run for president? He said he was too honest to run for president [*laughter*]. I guess he lost his honesty.

EVANS: They say his running mate might be Oprah Winfrey. She is probably the smartest of them all.

NOVAK: The more I think about that ticket, the more I like it. I just can't imagine Donald Trump and Oprah Winfrey bombing the hell out of Kosovo. I can't imagine that happening.

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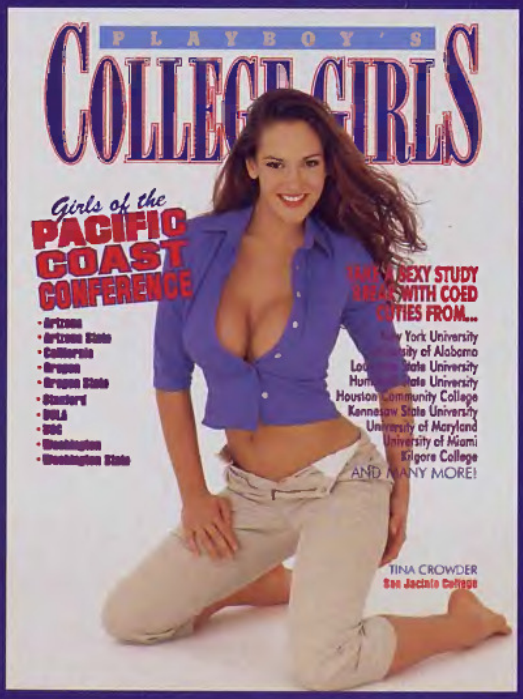

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EVANS: It would take them six weeks to find it on the map.

NOVAK: Yes, I might vote for the Trump–Winfrey ticket.

PLAYBOY: In spite of Evans' observation that they wouldn't know the location of Kosovo?

NOVAK: Precisely *because* they wouldn't know. I just can't imagine that they would try anything terribly dangerous. I can't imagine that they would do anything as silly as remaking the map of the Balkans from the Oval Office.

PLAYBOY: Because they just don't know enough, or because they would be too afraid?

NOVAK: Maybe they are too smart. Maybe they have lived in the real world too much, as opposed to somebody like President Clinton, who has never had a real job, who has lived in government housing. That affects his judgment.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Clinton——

EVANS: Here's what I think of Bill Clinton: He has seriously diminished the presidency. When you get the kind of action that he got in the Oval Office—or right next to it—and you are talking to congressmen while you're getting your thrills, it cheapens the presidency. Clinton has changed a lot of opinions in this country about how important the presidency is. He is why it is difficult to become excited about the next president. We are living in an unreal time. We have no foreign problems of any real dimension. Sure, wars are going on, but there is no Soviet Union. We have prosperity. Everybody is supposed to be getting a little richer. So at this point I agree with my partner 100 percent. I, too, would vote for Trump–Winfrey, though I would prefer it be Winfrey–Trump, if she were on the top of the ticket.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Warren Beatty, who toyed with running?

EVANS: I met him during the McGovern campaign. Had dinner with him one night. He was very hot for George McGovern. Warren is very committed, but he's an elitist.

NOVAK: And he's too earnest. He wants to save us all—from the special interests and from everything else. He thinks of the presidency as some kind of evangelistic office. From my reading of history, the presidency, except in times of crisis, was an administrative office. After Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge initiated little legislation, which is a plus. The idea of a president being a grand monarch penetrating our lives goes against the original concept. It's one good thing you can say about Clinton: Just think if he spent the time on governing and dealing with Congress that he spends on fund-raising! No president has ever spent so much time raising money and so little time governing, and I am happy for it. It suits me fine.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand why Bill

Clinton's popularity remained so high throughout the Lewinsky scandal?

EVANS: Clinton is the best communicator I have ever seen. Better than Kennedy, and I thought Kennedy was better than Reagan. He has a miraculous touch.

NOVAK: I don't think that's why. I think it's the nation's prosperity. That's what people care about.

PLAYBOY: Can Clinton take credit for the strong economy?

NOVAK: It's like blaming the Johnstown flood on a leaky faucet in Altoona. There is no cause and effect. But I'll say one thing. If Clinton had come in and really tried to restore prohibitive tax rates and had made government even bigger than it is—if there hadn't been a Republican Congress that inhibited spending—the economy would not be as vigorous as it is. So I think credit for the nation's prosperity should go to the Congress and to the president for what they *didn't* do. Now, when voters are asked what the biggest problem facing America is, most say education. That is a sign that we are in pretty good shape.

EVANS: But education is a major problem. Housewives and mothers don't take care of their children anymore. They are worried about their second house on the lake, and that means a second income is required, so the kids get shipped out. It's probably the most serious crisis this country faces: the breakdown of the family.

NOVAK: Rowly is correct. There's a problem with families. Children go to school unprepared for first grade. They don't know their numbers, they don't know their shapes. They can't sit still. But the idea that somebody in Washington is going to spend more money and reduce class size and therefore solve the problem is nonsense.

EVANS: TV is a huge part of the problem. Consider the number of hours most kids are allowed or encouraged to watch television because it takes the burden off the mother and father to take care of them. Twenty or thirty years ago, kids were watching less television. When I was growing up in the Twenties and Thirties, we were listening to *Amos 'n Andy*.

NOVAK: They had radio when you were growing up?

EVANS: Just barely. The point is that kids can't conceivably do what you and I did when we were growing up—our homework—if they are watching six, seven hours of TV a night. In my family, with five kids, we had homework rules and they were followed.

NOVAK: I have four grandchildren. The oldest is just a little over three. She is rigorously rationed television.

EVANS: How do their parents do it?

NOVAK: They say, "You can't watch!" What a novel idea! I don't know how long they are going to be able to keep that up, but the kids watch almost no television.

EVANS: That's the kind of thing a president could do. He could talk about it, but ours doesn't have the guts to get out and say to families, "Stop it," because it might not be popular. Instead he goes around to classrooms and crawls around on his hands and knees, playing dolls with the kids for the cameras. That is supposed to be politically attractive and appealing to voters.

PLAYBOY: You included Reagan as one of the two best presidents. Is that because of what he accomplished or what he didn't accomplish?

EVANS: Reagan's mind was not a highly calibrated instrument, but it worked in certain situations. The few big ideas he had were huge ideas. Getting rid of the Berlin Wall was not a small matter. I don't think there was any subtlety in his presidency—or in the man—but somehow it worked for him. I hate to tell this story because it makes him look so bad, but here it is: Reagan was talking to Hosni Mubarak in the Oval Office at a time when we and the Egyptians were working together to try to round up some terrorists who were believed to be in Cairo. Early in the session, Mubarak got a call from Cairo and had to leave the room for a moment. Mubarak disappeared and, according to a guy who was there, Reagan asked, "What's his name?" All those stories about him are true.

PLAYBOY: It's not a surprise that you supported Reagan and other Republicans, but we were surprised to note that you both voted for John Kennedy in 1960. Was that your last Democratic vote?

NOVAK: I voted for LBJ in 1964.

EVANS: I, too, voted for Johnson, though that was the last time I voted for a Democrat. I certainly didn't vote for Carter.

PLAYBOY: Throughout the Lewinsky scandal, there was a lot of discussion about the way that the press used to protect Kennedy. Was that better than now, when the press reports everything?

EVANS: Is that better than now, when you're expected to report every time a guy reaches over and gives a pretty girl a peck on the cheek? If you don't, your boss says, "Hey, you're not covering the news!" I don't know.

NOVAK: Gary Bauer is a good friend of mine. When I saw him on television, accompanied by his wife, who is a lovely woman, his two beautiful daughters and his nice young son, who is a good athlete, denying unattributed and unsubstantiated allegations of adultery, I thought, *What is going on?* And George W. Bush has had 100 times more questions about whether or not he ever used cocaine than on any substantive issue.

PLAYBOY: So where should the line be drawn? When is a politician's character relevant?

EVANS: It's relevant when the politician goes almost public with that kind of conduct. I am thinking of Bill Clinton. When you are doing things in the working quarters of the White House—or, I should say, having things done to you—

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PLAYBOY: So it matters where you have your affairs?

EVANS: It certainly shows something.

PLAYBOY: Should Gary Hart have been brought down for the affair he had with Donna Rice?

EVANS: That's where it all started. Before Gary Hart, sexual escapades were not covered. Jack Kennedy had 100 women, and nobody wrote anything.

PLAYBOY: Did Kennedy flaunt his affairs?

EVANS: He never did with me.

NOVAK: There needs to be some sense of proportion. When I saw Bauer, I knew it was out of control. That is one extreme. The other extreme is back in the Kennedy administration. When he was president, Kennedy had an assignation with a famous actress at the Carlyle Hotel on the way back to Hyannis Port. Everybody in the White House press corps knew. It didn't get any press for about 30 years. Was that the right way to do it? I certainly don't condone adultery, so I don't know.

EVANS: I got whiffs of what was going on in Kennedy's personal life all the time. But it never occurred to me he was involving the country or somehow deserting his duty, though you could make a case that he was because he was breaking a law and he had sworn to uphold the law of the land.

PLAYBOY: Should Bob Livingston have resigned as Speaker of the House when Larry Flynt exposed his infidelity?

EVANS: I was shocked.

NOVAK: I wish I knew the answer. There obviously was a huge problem between Bob Livingston and his wife. Does it impinge on his ability to be Speaker of the House, particularly since it was in the past?

PLAYBOY: Was Clinton's infidelity relevant? Many Americans felt it was his and Hillary's personal business.

EVANS: The president spread malicious rumors designed and calculated to destroy somebody's reputation. That is a far cry from an assignation in some hotel. But it's certainly a change that everything a person does or might have done or didn't do but is accused of doing is fair game—particularly with the Internet.

PLAYBOY: What impact does the Internet have?

EVANS: It's big. In the old days, if you had an insight about a real scoop, the last thing you did was mention it to anybody. Maybe you would tell your boss. Then you pursued it, and if you got it, you would write it for the next newspaper cycle, depending on the newspaper. Today a hot item that may or may not be true inevitably gets out and is on the Internet somewhere, like the Drudge Report. A lot of the stuff is inaccurate. Much hasn't been checked and double-checked. It's all about getting it out there no matter who is affected, who is hurt or

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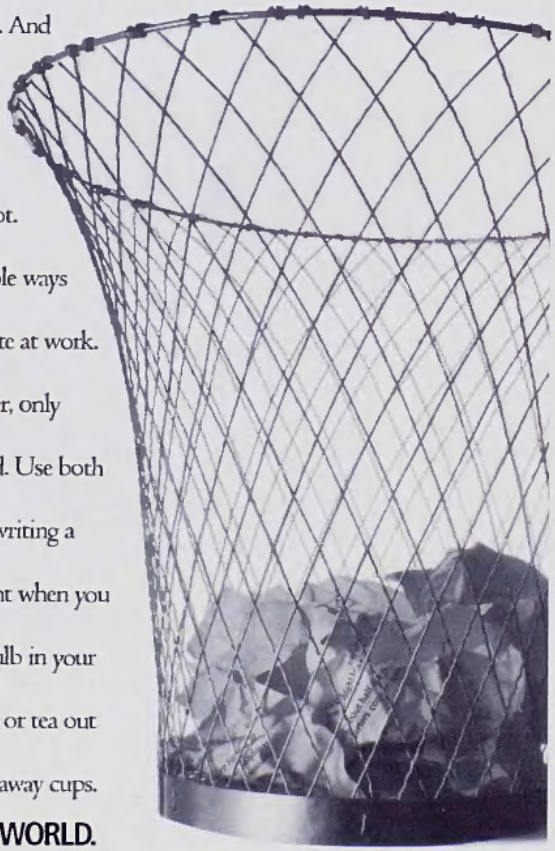

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how accurate it is. It's diametrically opposed to the training we had.

NOVAK: And yet there's more babbling than ever. When I first got here the networks had two news shows and there were two half-hour Sunday interview shows, *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation*. There were no talk shows. Now you have this plethora of outlets, babbling on television and radio, and less newspaper readership than ever. And if you watch the three network news shows, you'll see less and less serious reporting. There is instead a combination of sensationalism and exposé. You can go for a week on the network news programs without any serious political stories. And we're part of the problem, though not a big part of the problem.

PLAYBOY: How are you contributing?

NOVAK: I am on *Crossfire*, which is vastly more serious than most of these programs, but we're trying to have entertainment value. It isn't like Ed Murrow and Eric Sevareid pontificating.

PLAYBOY: Is the fiery debate that characterizes *Crossfire* simply about making good television?

NOVAK: Yes. We're presenting a serious subject in a way that is entertaining.

PLAYBOY: What would happen to a serious discussion of events that wasn't so adversarial and shrill?

NOVAK: I don't think that people would watch.

PLAYBOY: Is it ultimately impossible to deal seriously with issues on TV? Is the audience's attention span simply too short?

NOVAK: On television, a minute is long. On TV you are trying to be provocative, if not entertaining. You don't want people to nod off.

EVANS: And I think it's going to get worse. For a while I thought we had seen so much sensationalism that it would wither. But that hasn't happened. The problem is that the stations have to fill 24 hours a day. Some of what they fill it with is good, but there is so much that's dreadful.

PLAYBOY: Which commentators do you respect?

EVANS: Frankly, I get tired of them. My favorite television guy is Brit Hume on Fox. I think *Meet the Press* is a wonderful show. I used to go on it all the time. What Jim Lehrer tries to do is good, though he ought to have more varied panels. Of the commentators, I like Bob Novak better than anybody. He's the best thinker on television.

PLAYBOY: Do you have favorites among TV commentators, Bob?

NOVAK: A lot of them are annoying. I don't think I will mention them.

PLAYBOY: How about print columnists?

NOVAK: I like William Safire a lot. I like Thomas Friedman on foreign policy, though I don't agree with him an awful lot of the time.

EVANS: I read everybody. Novak, of

course. Safire is great. Maureen Dowd, too. I think the best column in *The Washington Post* is David Ignatius.

PLAYBOY: How did CNN change news reporting?

NOVAK: Rowland and I were with CNN from the beginning. When it arrived, everyone called it Chicken Noodle Network, and it was viewed with a lot of contempt. Cable just wasn't a big deal.

PLAYBOY: Was it exciting to you that there would be such a thing as a news channel?

NOVAK: It was fascinating, but it was so primitive when it started out. It was a potluck operation compared to the professional operation it is today. During the Gulf War, the ratings went way up and it became the standard for watching news. It tries to cover all the news. Does it spend a vast amount of time on something like the Columbine massacre? Yes, to the exclusion of all else. But it spends a lot of time on serious subjects and does a lot of foreign policy. That's important, particularly since people aren't reading newspapers anymore. Out of every 100 people who stop me in airports, three mention the newspapers and 97 mention television.

PLAYBOY: Is that disheartening?

NOVAK: It is a fact of life. When somebody mentions my column, I feel like hugging and kissing them.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about whether or not newspapers will survive?

NOVAK: I worry a little bit about it. I'm 69 years old. Newspapers are going to outlive me, but I'm not sure by how much. Yes, I worry about it.

PLAYBOY: Because of nostalgia or because of what they contribute to the debate?

NOVAK: I have sentimental feelings about them, though I think newspapers have declined. They have become a little less substantial than they were, but they still are important.

PLAYBOY: At one point your column could put something on the agenda in Washington. Did you relish having that type of responsibility?

EVANS: I wouldn't put it that way. I think we had a slight influence. In the Kennedy administration, Larry O'Brien, the head of the Democratic Party, was quoted as saying, "The first thing everybody reads in Washington is Evans and Novak." That gave a sense that we had some influence. But I don't think we ever stepped over the bounds when it came to exercising that influence. What we did was get stories that showed the outrages in government and write them as hard as we could. The effect of that was influence. People read us and said, "You know, these guys are right," or they said, "These guys are full of shit."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you changed readers' opinions?

NOVAK: I get the feeling from the reactions I get in airports and the mail that I am preaching to the converted. People who agree with me are happy. Just like I want a president who agrees with me, they want a television head or columnist who agrees with them. Maybe I've convinced somebody somewhere, but I wouldn't make book on it.

PLAYBOY: Since JFK, you have moved steadily to the right. Why?

NOVAK: The big moment was in 1976, the Republican primary in the state of Maryland, when I voted for Reagan over Ford. I couldn't believe I was doing it. I was really turning into a right-winger. Since then I have become still more conservative.

PLAYBOY: What do you think caused the transformation?

NOVAK: I have much less faith in government all the time. In a speech in New York, Governor Bush said that we shouldn't be hostile to government. Well, I am hostile to government. I think it is very much an American tradition to be hostile to government. It's the tradition of Tom Paine, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and others. The right is for less government, the left for more. It's as simple as that. Recently, the thing that has pushed me even further to the right is five years of Republican rule of Congress, which has been miserable. These Republicans don't really want to downsize government. They don't really want to deregulate. They don't want to

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change anything. They just want to be sucking on the spigot instead of the Democrats sucking on the spigot.

PLAYBOY: What changed your politics, Rowland?

EVANS: It started during the Johnson administration: the deep interference by government in every aspect of life. I never became a Republican, but I certainly moved way to the center and then to the right of center. I was never as conservative as Bob, though, which is not to say I didn't learn from him. I was sitting in that office with him from seven in the morning until seven at night, and a lot rubs off on you. He had something to do with shaping my politics. Another thing that affected my thinking about politics was the whole Middle East situation.

PLAYBOY: For your views on the Middle East you've been accused of being anti-Semitic.

NOVAK: I've been accused, but I have always said that if I am anti-Semitic, Abba Eban, the great Israeli leader, is anti-Semitic. We felt the same about many issues related to Israel. Being critical of Israel isn't being anti-Semitic.

PLAYBOY: You've also been called "the mother of all Israel bashers."

NOVAK: There has been a lot less Israel bashing from me in the past six years.

PLAYBOY: Because?

NOVAK: Because Evans left the column.

PLAYBOY: So you were the Israel basher, Rowland?

EVANS: Not at all. But I was critical of the concessions the U.S. has made to Israel. Over and over. Basically, the Israelis have too much clout in Congress. The Israeli lobby is too strong. Once there was a movement in the Senate to kill one of the weapon systems that was going to be sold to Saudi Arabia or Jordan or Egypt. The sale was all set until the Israelis got everybody they possibly could to stop it. Hubert Humphrey wasn't yet vice president, and I called him. As a senator, he was big with the Jewish lobby. I knew him well and said, "Hubert, how can you do this? How can you put our country in this position? Our policy is so transparently uneven!" He said, "Rowland, let me tell you something. There are some things I'll never do. One is that I will never in my life get up on the floor of the Senate and say anything against blacks, labor or Jews." That's what I don't like.

PLAYBOY: Do you disagree that Israel, surrounded by Arab states, has needed U.S. support in order to survive?

EVANS: It's a complex matter. Generally, our Israel policy has caused problems, not eased them. Here's an example: I got to know Egyptian president Nasser very well. Some considered him a terrorist, but I think he was a great leader. I went over there to do a television interview with him. At the time, there was a big controversy about whether we could stop the Israelis from bombing Cairo. I was kept waiting four days for the interview. When it finally happened, I went to his ornate palace, and Nasser took me into a little room and said, "I want to ask you something." He said, "My country has no arms at all. We have no artillery. We have no planes. We can't defend against the Israelis. The reason I made you wait here four days for this interview was that I had to go to Moscow. Why did I have to go to Moscow? I had to try to buy some defensive aircraft so I can protect my people from the Israelis. I wanted you to stay here for days and watch planes flown by Israel bombing the hell out of the suburbs of Cairo. I can't stay in charge of this country and do nothing about protecting my people. So when you go home, won't you please tell your country that it is absolutely essential for me to get weapons? If you won't give me weapons, I will go to the other major supplier." It wasn't that he liked the Russians. He didn't like Communists, but was forced into this position by our policies. That is just a tiny nugget. Then, once it became known that Nasser was begging the Russians for weapons, there was a tremendous movement in Congress against Egypt and the Arabs because they were playing with the Russians. But we sent them there.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the latest Israeli elections in which Ehud Barak won against Benjamin Netanyahu?

EVANS: I like Barak. He will continue the policy of Yitzhak Rabin, and I was very fond of Rabin. Barak wants a peace settlement. I don't know whether Netanyahu did. I didn't like Netanyahu.

NOVAK: I was delighted by the election. I was not a Netanyahu fan, either. Rabin, on the other hand, was a great statesman.

PLAYBOY: Art Buchwald commented that you two were male chauvinist pigs before it was fashionable. Were you?

EVANS: I won't say he was wrong. He was right that we weren't—*aren't*—as modern as some people [*laughs*]. We were already part of the older generation when the feminist movement got rolling, and we were on the edge of the male chauvinist pig thing. It didn't bother me to be called a male chauvinist pig. Saying that mothers should raise children is torturous terrain to walk; you make enemies.

PLAYBOY: What is your view on women in the military?

EVANS: It bothers me. Certain jobs are fine, but I don't think women should carry rifles. I don't think they should be in the front lines or in naval vessels.

PLAYBOY: Exactly why?

EVANS: I think the sex thing is significant. God made us that way.

PLAYBOY: So women would distract male soldiers?

EVANS: Yes, plus women simply aren't as strong as men. Saying "a woman's place is in the home" is a terribly snide thing to say today, but I bemoan the breakdown of the family. Somebody has to take care of the kids. In some places now men do it. Maybe that's what we are coming to: equal responsibility. Maybe that's all right. I do agree with women about equal salaries and the glass ceiling and all that. I love to see women go up to the top of corporations and go to the Senate, and I would love to see a woman go to the vice presidency or presidency. But as a general matter, I cannot say that men and women should have the same role in life.

PLAYBOY: What's your view about gays in the military?

EVANS: I am mixed on it. "Don't ask, don't tell" is probably as good a resolution as we are going to get. People feel strongly about it on both sides. I don't think Bill Clinton quite grasped the issue because he never was in the service. He was never in a platoon where you have these close relationships. I think it has a deleterious effect on the nongay component, but I could be totally wrong. I am sure there were gays in my unit in the Marine Corps. We never called them that. We called them queers.

PLAYBOY: On some of your views, you're aligned not only with the right but with the far right. How close do you feel with the far right as represented by Pat Buchanan?

NOVAK: I like Buchanan a lot personally. I like his views on foreign policy. I have trouble with Pat on international economic policy—where he wants to unscramble the eggs of globalism. He resents Daimler Benz–Chrysler because he can't tell whether it is an American or German company. He thinks it is an arrow poised at the heart of the nation's fate. That's reactionary, as far as I'm concerned. But I like Pat very much and I like his views on noninterventionism. I agree with his feelings about interventionism in Kosovo and around the world—that we shouldn't do it.

EVANS: The Republican Party has changed since the days of Goldwater. I remember the convention when he was selected as the Republican candidate. That was when the far-right element began to take over the party.

NOVAK: What I remember of that convention is that I'd been up late drinking. We used to drink a lot; Evans still does, though I don't drink much anymore [*smiles*]. I had a terrible hangover. I was covering the platform committee hearings before the convention at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. A young Republican, who I had quoted with disdain a few months earlier, came up to me and verbally attacked me. He called me slimy, with a few other epithets thrown in. I took a swing at him and hit him. Everybody grabbed us. I really hurt my hand.

EVANS: [*Smiling broadly*] I remember this great event.

(continued on page 142)

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Love and Death in the Desert

Ted Binion, who ran his daddy's casino, had a weakness for drugs and sexy women. Want to bet which killed him?

It was a romance that began the way many romances begin in Las Vegas—in a strip club. This was not in the new Las Vegas, the one that's like a Disney theme park, the Las Vegas that has day-care centers and G-rated entertainment. It was in the other Vegas, the Vegas of martinis and fast talk and shady deals and lap dances. The Vegas where business partners are beaten over the head with telephone books, where the mayor is a former Mob lawyer, where men are called Fat Herbie and Tony the Ant, and where you don't want to step on the wrong toes. It is the Vegas of breast implants and motel room trysts and rich older men who like their girls pretty and young. And it is the Vegas where nobody is really surprised when a romance that began in a strip club ends in murder.

This March, when a 28-year-old former topless dancer named Sandra Murphy goes on trial (along with co-defendant and purported new lover Rick Tabish, 35) for the murder of 55-year-old casino heir Lonnie "Ted" Binion, it will be, for some, just another local spectacle, an erupting volcano or pirate gunboat battle or six-story laser-light show.

But once upon a time, what Sandy Murphy and Ted Binion had was real, or as real as anything gets in this town. Neither of them cared what anyone else thought, or that it had started, like so many of the relationships in Binion's life, with him handing her money.

Back on that February night in 1995, several dancers had been hanging out with Binion and "Fat Herbie"

BY PETER ALSON

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES

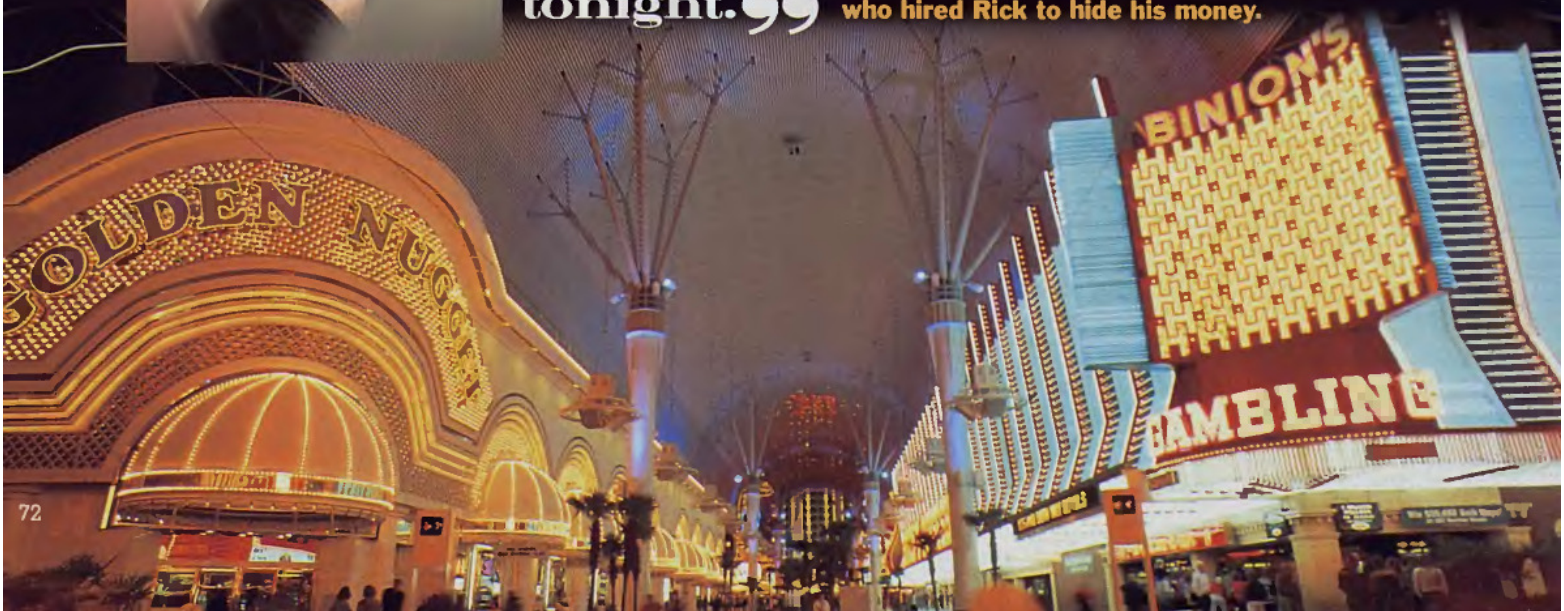
"Write Sandy out of my will—if she doesn't kill me tonight."

Blitzstein in a booth at Cheetah's Topless Club. Apart from family, most of the people in Binion's life, the people he called friends, were either wiseguys like Blitzstein or people in his employ. Many worked for his family's casino, the Horseshoe, from which he was banned at the time, his gaming license suspended because he had a drug habit he couldn't kick. Toward the end of the evening, when Binion and Blitzstein were slightly drunk and tired and getting ready to head out to their limo, Binion handed the one he'd been calling Sandy a couple of grand and said, "This is for you, honey."

It wasn't just that she had "nice titties," as Binion liked to call them. It was that he got a kick out of her smart-mouthed flirtiness. But goddamn if she didn't take that $2000 and throw it right back in his face, saying, "I don't want your fucking money." Later, when Binion told Sid Lewis, a former pit boss at the Horseshoe and his onetime main running mate, what he liked about Sandy Murphy, what made her special, he pointed to that. It just tickled him. "You can't tell me she doesn't dig me, Sid. I mean, she threw that cash right back in my face. She didn't want my money." Lewis suggested that it might all be part of a scam, but Binion, whose personal fortune was estimated at between $30 million and $50 million, disagreed. No one is that good an actress.

So that's how it began. As for the timing, well, Ted Binion's wife—yes, we're in that kind of story—the blonde and beautiful Doris Kilmer, would dispute Ted's later contention that when he hooked up with Sandy, Doris was going hot and heavy with her personal trainer and was on the verge of leaving him. In Doris' version of events, she was the long-suffering wife who had tolerated his heroin addiction and philandering for years, and it wasn't until she heard him making plans to spend time with Sandy at his ranch in Pahrump, Nevada, about *(continued on page 122)*

What a town (from top): Casino boss Ted Binion; Mob lawyer turned mayor Oscar Goodman first represented Sandy Murphy who, with "good friend" Rick Tabish, is accused of killing Binion, who hired Rick to hide his money.



"Betty, baby, here come the Sunday comics!"

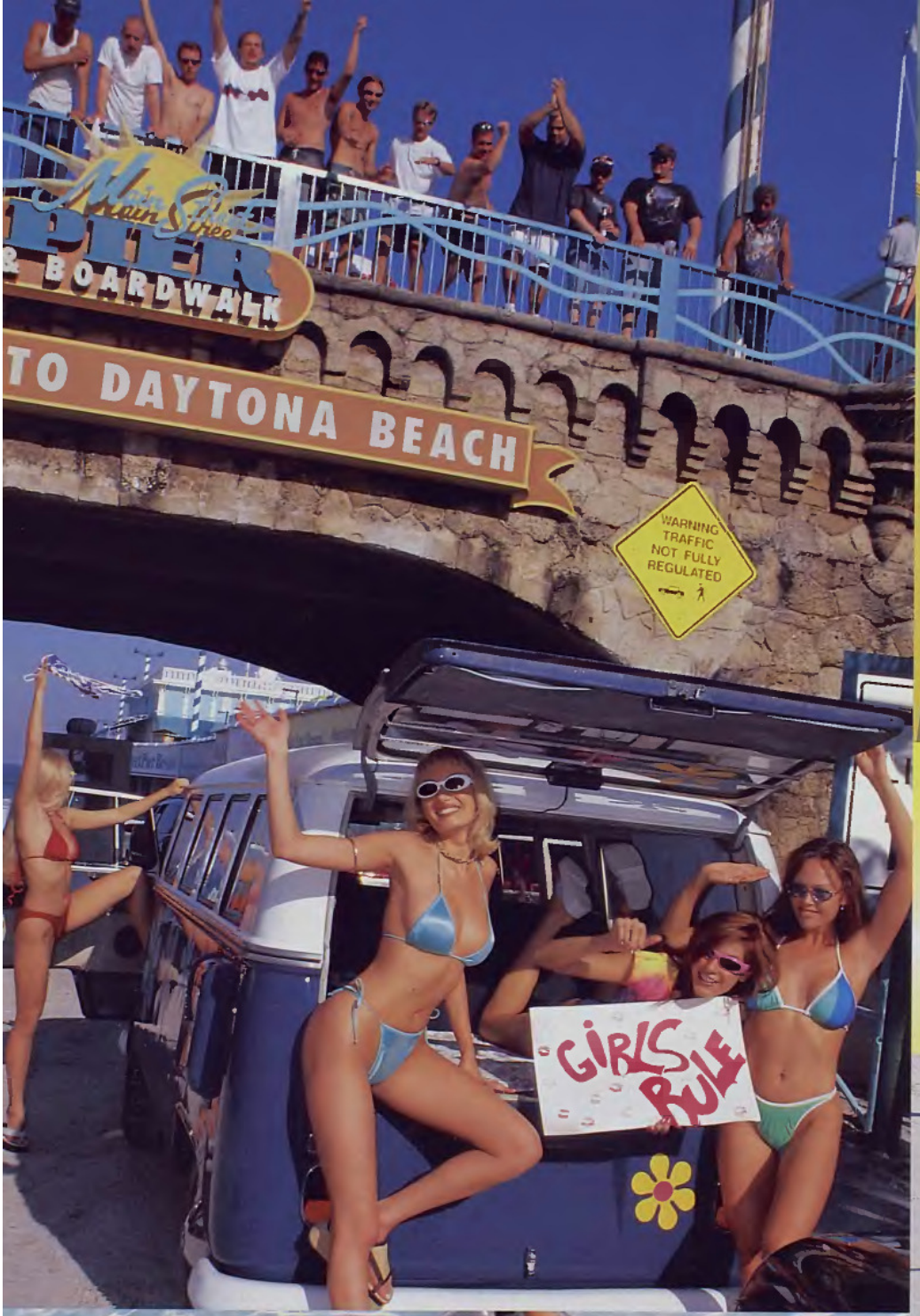
for these college babes, it's daytona or bust

SPRING BREAK 2000

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO

SPRING BREAK without a crazy road trip is like Pamela Anderson Lee without her platform shoes: It's just not right. Meet (below right, from left to right) Stephanie, Harmony, Sara and Brandy, four college roommates who realize that, for one week at least, studying, professors and tests should take a backseat to sun, parties and tans. Their destination? Daytona Beach, Florida (natch), the spring break Shangri-la as renowned for its 23 miles of sparkling beaches as it is for its raucous outdoor bashes. The girls loaded up their Volkswagen flower power van with enough bikinis to make *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue look overdressed. They also packed their favorite party CDs (Ricky Martin, Britney Spears, Moby, Beck and—what else?—Kid Rock). Ten hours later, they arrived in paradise. Their mantra? Girls rule.

Day one, left: We tried to be unobtrusive, but word leaked that we were following the girls with cameras for a spring break pictorial. One thing led to another, and another thing led to a crowd. Armed with pens and paper, the suddenly famous quartet greets the revelers for an impromptu autograph session. Below: After ten hours in the VW van, Brandy, Harmony, Sara and Stephanie (left to right) are ready for some chicken fights on the beach. Above: A gas station pit stop makes for a photo op.



One of Daytona's popular activities is riding down the strip in your hot wheels. But the roommotes stop troffic. Above: Stephonie decides that she's not in the mood for pink. Below: Mounting o monster truck with a killer sound system is one woy to get attention on the beach—wearing thong bikinis is another. Below left: Hope springs eternol, but it olso floats. Right page top: Ricky Martin colls it o bonbon, and Brandy knows how to shoke it. Below: Bottoms up.

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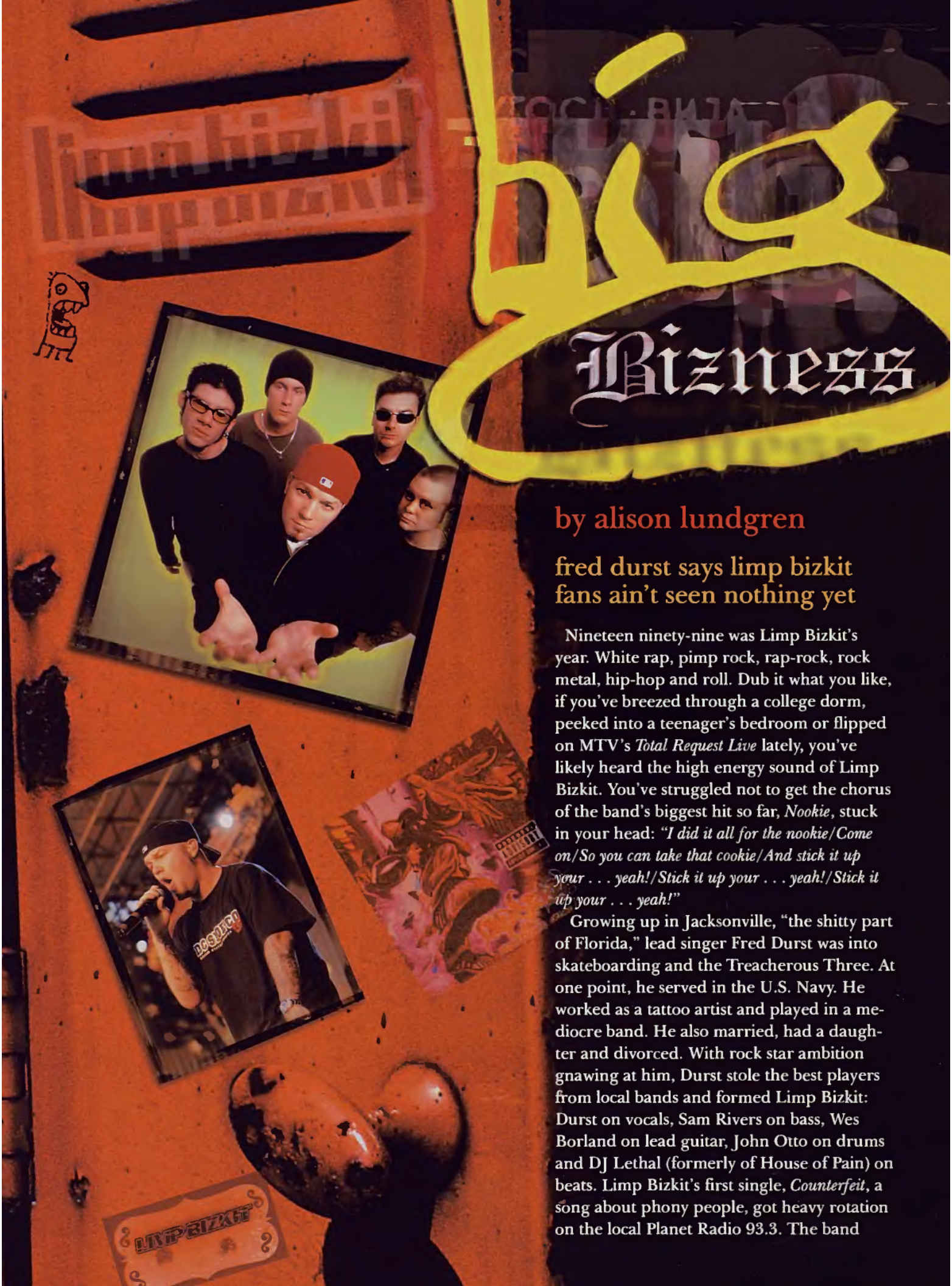
Clockwise from opposite page, top left: The party, like the beer, keeps chugging along; Daytona Beach is 500 feet wide at low tide. The unprepared con rent everything but the frat house sink—lounge chairs, water floats, motorbikes—on the beoch. Stephanie ond Brandy won't let it rain on their parode. No one watches *Baywatch* with lifeguards Saro, Brandy, Harmony and Stephanie in the flesh. Hold the lettuce, hold the pickle: A stop at the hot dog stand turns ugly. Funny, you guys don't seem to mind. Exhousted, the party girls pause to work on their tans.

Clockwise from left: Photogropher Brandy promised to moke doubles for us; ond the winner is Hormony; scholors cool off; Stephonie surveys the crowd for her missing shorts; Brondy ovoids unflottering ton lines; come to think of it, those ton lines oren't so unflattering ofter oll; when you're behind-the-scenes, you're privy to the best view of the bikini contest.

If Fort Lauderdale is where the boys are, Daytona Beach is definitely where the girls are. Stephanie, Brandy, Harmony and Sara were the talk of the beach, thanks to their sense of fun. Above left: Partying at Club 600 North—raise your hands if you're sure. Above: Spelling majors? Below: Revving up to smoke the competition. Left: When Sara and Harmony went sailing, they encountered a stiff breeze. Right page, top: Nothing attracts a crowd like a crowd. Bottom: The girls are already dreaming about returning next year.

Limp Bizkit Rules!



by alison lundgren

fred durst says limp bizkit fans ain't seen nothing yet

Nineteen ninety-nine was Limp Bizkit's year. White rap, pimp rock, rap-rock, rock metal, hip-hop and roll. Dub it what you like, if you've breezed through a college dorm, peeked into a teenager's bedroom or flipped on MTV's *Total Request Live* lately, you've likely heard the high energy sound of Limp Bizkit. You've struggled not to get the chorus of the band's biggest hit so far, *Nookie*, stuck in your head: *"I did it all for the nookie/Come on/So you can take that cookie/And stick it up your . . . yeah!/Stick it up your . . . yeah!/Stick it up your . . . yeah!"*

Growing up in Jacksonville, "the shitty part of Florida," lead singer Fred Durst was into skateboarding and the Treacherous Three. At one point, he served in the U.S. Navy. He worked as a tattoo artist and played in a mediocre band. He also married, had a daughter and divorced. With rock star ambition gnawing at him, Durst stole the best players from local bands and formed Limp Bizkit: Durst on vocals, Sam Rivers on bass, Wes Borland on lead guitar, John Otto on drums and DJ Lethal (formerly of House of Pain) on beats. Limp Bizkit's first single, *Counterfeit*, a song about phony people, got heavy rotation on the local Planet Radio 93.3. The band

bum-rushed schools and passed out fliers. They rocked their hearts out at guerrilla performances with 30 people in the crowd. Their big break came when the already-established Korn stopped in Jacksonville for a gig. Durst, a master businessman, offered to tattoo Korn's band members and ended up slipping them a Limp Bizkit demo tape. Korn dug it, and soon Durst and company landed a deal with Interscope Records and released their first album, *Three Dollar Bill, Y'all*. In 1998, Limp Bizkit hit the jackpot with their thrash-and-burn cover of the George Michael song *Faith*, which aired on MTV just months before Michael was busted for masturbating in a public rest room. The timing couldn't have been better. Limp Bizkit participated in the Family Values Tour, 1998's highest-grossing package concert. In 1999, they toured nonstop to promote *Significant Other*, their second release and the summer's number one record (more than 3 million sold). Durst is planning the "biggest, phattest, safest" free concert in history on July 4, 2000, or "Limpdependence Day," as he calls it. "It's going to be bigger than Woodstock. Water will cost $2. Sandwiches will cost $2. We'll have ten times the security. I'm going to make the Woodstock people go, 'So that's how you do it!'"

Durst is referring, of course, to the controversy sparked by his band's performance at Woodstock 1999, a concert that some felt was more about sex and anarchy than peace and love. As Limp Bizkit played *Break Stuff*, the audience ripped plywood boards from a pay-per-view camera tower, passed them over their heads as makeshift surfboards and threw everything that they could get their hands on. Scores of concertgoers were injured. A 24-year-old woman claims she was raped in the mosh pit. Durst has said that he feels awful about the violence at Woodstock, but he doesn't feel responsible for it.

Durst, 29, is now a vice president at Interscope and also directs music videos, including Limp Bizkit's *Nookie* and *ReArranged* and Korn's *Falling Away From Me*. Next on the agenda is a *The Game*–meets–*The Breakfast Club* feature film that he will direct.

We spoke with Durst on the last leg of the Billionaire Pirates Tour, which also featured Redman and Method Man. Durst, a mile-a-minute cherub in a black stocking cap, cushy black ski coat and five-times-too-baggy pants, chills backstage, debunking Limp Bizkit myths between bites of pumpkin pie. Long before his band is scheduled to hit the stage, Durst says, "Let's go freak out some fans." And so we enter the stadium, which is awash in house lights and already filled to capacity. At the sight of Durst, 20,000 people (including Fred clones in red baseball caps, black Hanes T-shirts and khaki Dickies) go berserk. Durst mingles, poses for snapshots and admires a Limp Bizkit tattoo on a fan's back. Ninety minutes later Durst fronts a Kiss-style rock show full of pyrotechnics, blasts of confetti and waving Bics.

PLAYBOY: For those of us who will never be rock stars, describe what it feels like to be onstage during a show.

DURST: It's crazy. At some shows, there have been 60,000 people screaming my shit. You get this overwhelming feeling that everyone is right there with you. I've gotten the chills, I've cried.

PLAYBOY: Who listens to Limp Bizkit?

DURST: Our fans are all over the place. I know doctors who like us, Christian kids who like us, runaway kids, black kids. It's better than I ever could have imagined. Everyone's feeling it. I like to ask the fans, "What's your favorite song on the record? What do you like about it?" I was a music fan before I was a rock star, so I don't want to let them down.

The media try to portray us as this testosterone band full of meathead metal guys. We're so not those guys.

PLAYBOY: The success of Limp Bizkit scares some people. You've been called a "noisy all-guy band" and "rap-metal clowns." You've been blamed for an increase in violence against women. Are you antigirl?

DURST: No way. I cater to women. Women rule my world. They rule the earth. A lot of girls like us. They love the release they get at the concert. We try to make sure the girls feel comfortable at our shows. The media try to portray us as this testosterone band full of meathead fucking metal guys. We're so not those guys.

PLAYBOY: As you know, not all women felt comfortable at Woodstock. What's your take on what happened that day?

DURST: I had no idea that during *Break Stuff* 300,000 people were going to go insane. All the promoters were thinking about was money. They treated people like animals. I walked around talking to the fans and the conditions were disgusting. The Porta-Johns were covered in shit and piss. Water cost $6. The tension in the air was so thick. People were living in misery. After a long bill of Alanis Morissette, the Dave Matthews Band and Counting Crows, the headliners were Limp Bizkit, Rage Against the Machine and Metallica. People were ready to snap. At the beginning of *Break Stuff*, I said, "Get all of the negative energy out of your body. Replace it with positive energy. Use this as a release." Next thing you know, people are surfing on plywood. Coolest thing I've ever seen. I was like, "I'm going to go down there and surf on that fucking plywood. Hell yeah, it's Woodstock." But security wouldn't let me. I found out after the show that people had ripped the walls down. I'm not making excuses for myself, man. But Limp Bizkit shows have a fun energy. They say a girl got raped, and that's terrible. But is that my fault? I would never condone anything like that. When girls are crowd-surfing and flashing their tits and guys are trying to grab them, I'm the first one to say, "Dude, leave her alone." I can't control what goes on in the pit, what some redneck perverted ass does. But it's much easier to pin it on Limp Bizkit.

PLAYBOY: Have the media given you a bad rap?

DURST: No. But a lot of the publicity has been false. A lot of it is the truth blown out of proportion.

PLAYBOY: Example?

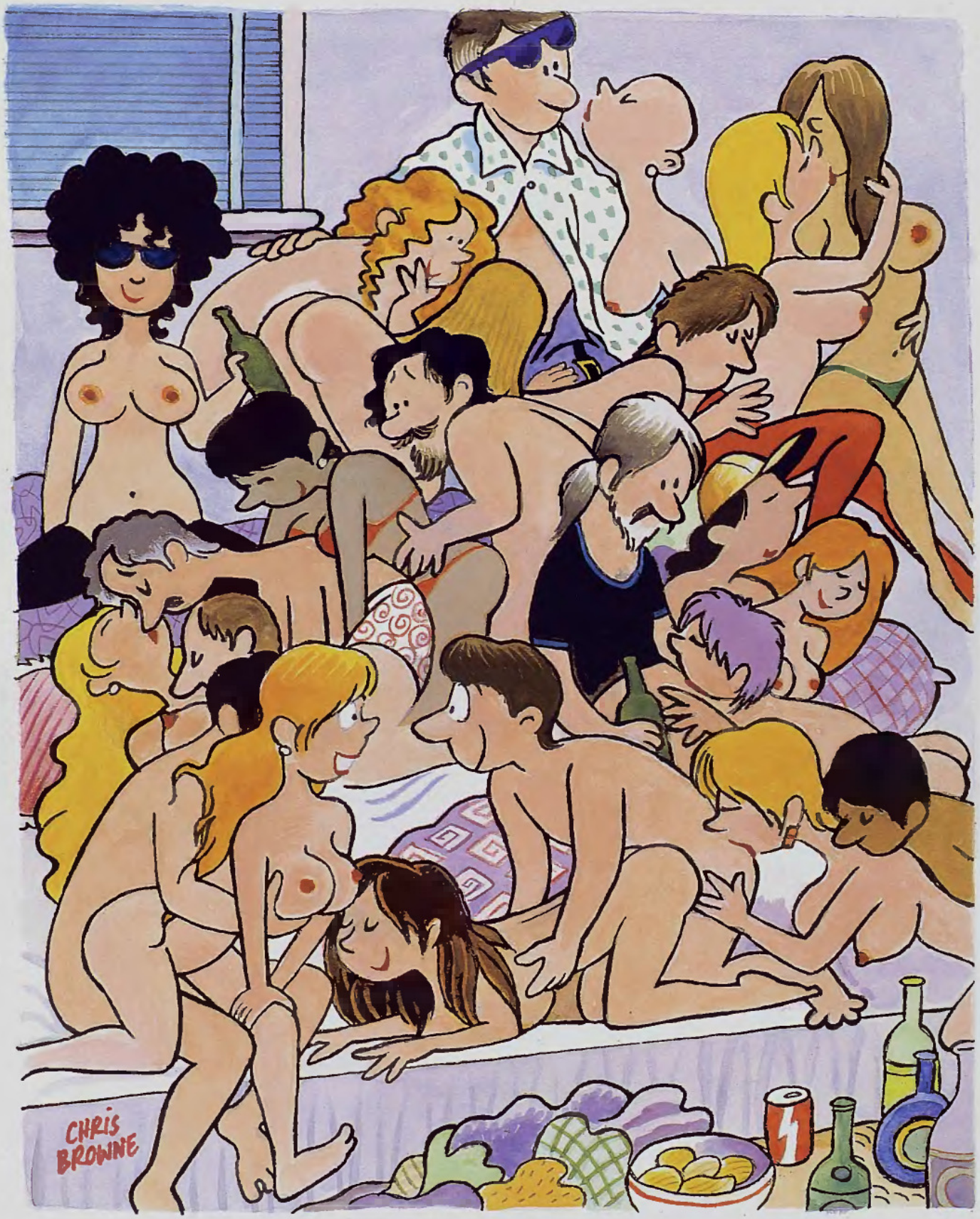
DURST: There was this one fucking *Spin* cover story that I hated. It was so false. The writer was mad at me. He's a huge Motley Crue fan and he goes, "You've got to take me to Tommy Lee's house. It will be great for the story. You've got to take me to the Playboy Mansion." I was so busy that we didn't go to either place. He hung out with me at my house while I was working. It was boring for him. The writer took everything out of context. He wanted me to look like this funny cracker wigger guy. The interview was "yo" this and "yo" that. Have you heard the word yo come out of my mouth today? We asked to sit down with him to review the tape, but he said he lost it. They put you on the cover to sell the magazine, then they fuck you. They did the same thing to Korn and the Backstreet Boys.

PLAYBOY: Do you get offended by negative reviews of your music?

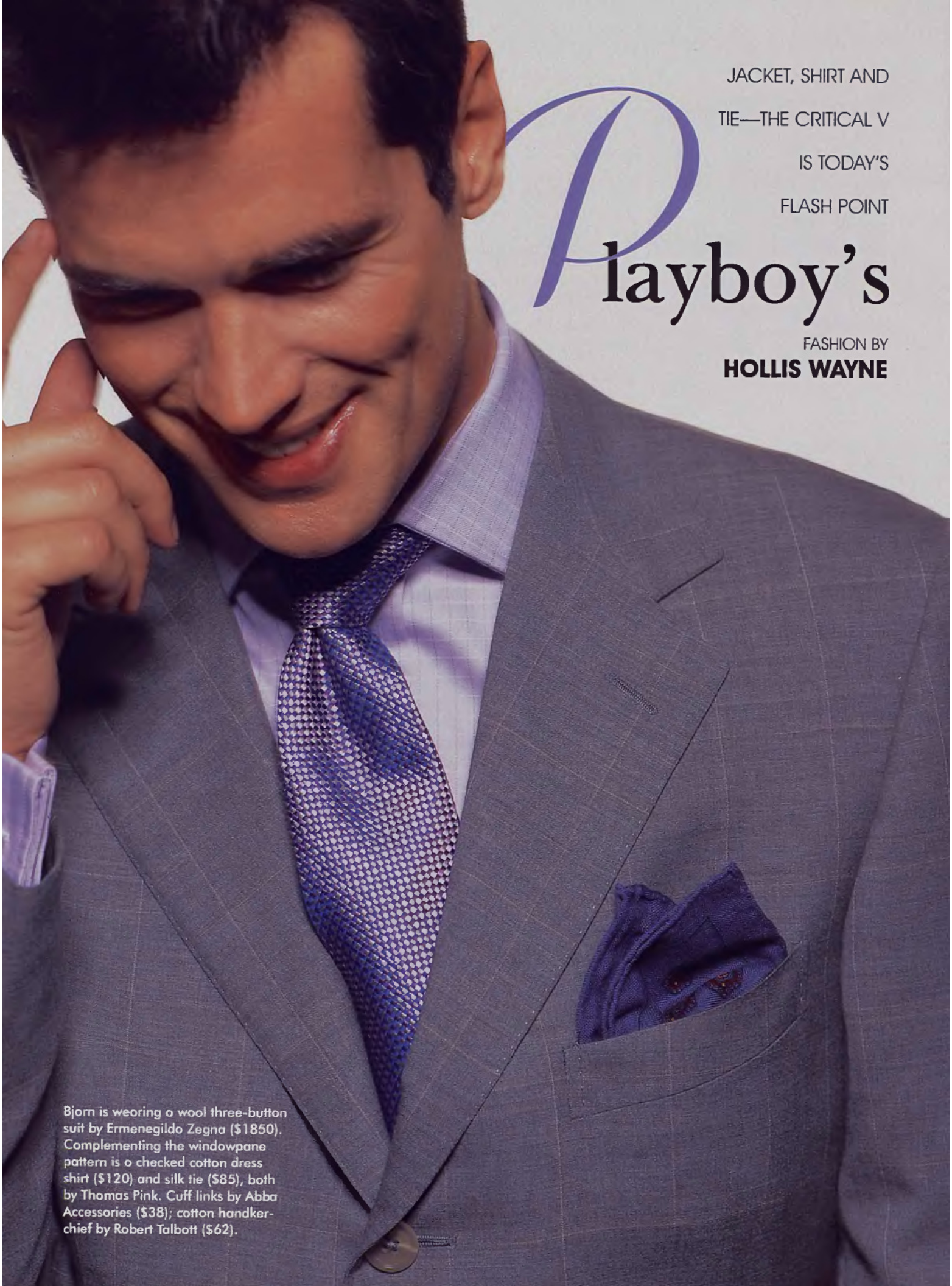
DURST: I take it to heart if someone says a song is wack. Everyone can say we played the most amazing show in the world, but if I missed a couple of notes, I'll be miserable all night. Because I know there's that one artsy musician in the crowd who's like, "Man, they fucked up right there." I have a big problem with perfectionism.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't perfectionism gotten you this far?

(continued on page 160)



"Ralph? Ralph Johnson? I haven't seen you since high school!"



JACKET, SHIRT AND TIE—THE CRITICAL V IS TODAY'S FLASH POINT

Playboy's

FASHION BY
HOLLIS WAYNE

Bjorn is weoring o wool three-button suit by Ermenegildo Zegna ($1850). Complementing the windowpane pattern is o checked cotton dress shirt ($120) and silk tie ($85), both by Thomas Pink. Cuff links by Abba Accessories ($38); cotton handkerchief by Robert Talbott ($62).

SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

Aptly enough, the individuality of weekend hang-out clothes has made it to dresswear. Start with the suit. Patterns, weaves and distressed finishes pique tactile interest. Horizontal stripes, for instance, subtly modernize an otherwise classic haberdashery look. Or try a buttondown spread collar. Italian trendsetters leave one collar button undone to draw attention to the incongruity of it all. As for shirt and tie combinations, the hippest looks stop just short of busy. The tie pattern might be a reverse of the shirt pattern, or the shirt and tie may each have a different pattern. Iridescent ties still shine, but they should bring in another color rather than match the shirt. And printed ties are back. But don't panic. This is fun. Textures, patterns and colors allow you to distinguish yourself from the legions of drab, monochromatic yesterday-men.

This three-button silk suit is by Paul Smith ($1550), the shirt is by Rene Lezard ($170). The striped tie, by Paul Smith Accessories ($80), emphasizes the textural differences among the various fabric finishes.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TIM RICH FOR FRANK ARENDS, INC.

Left: The three-button suit—modeled by the headless horseman—is by Joseph Abboud Black Label ($875), the cotton sport shirt is by Robert Talbott Best of Class ($225) and the silk tie is by Joseph Abboud ($75). Adding another dash of color is the pocket square by Robert Talbott ($62).

Right, clockwise from upper left: The beige sport shirt by Brooks Brothers ($60) rests on a linen vest by Holland and Holland ($250)—and, yes, those are buttons on that spread collar. Gray linen sport shirt by Sulka ($165); woven-pattern tie by Robert Talbott ($110); floral print tie by Ermenegildo Zegna ($110); gold titanium wrap sunglasses by Silhouette ($260). (The rectangular silver titanium sunglasses in the middle of the page are also by Silhouette.) The multicolor yarns in the sweater by Etro ($325) give a tweed effect. The cabled V-neck sweater by Joseph Abboud ($135) warms a cotton buttondown shirt by Etro ($150). Stainless steel chronograph is by Concord ($4500). The pale orange dress shirt by Brioni ($275) also has a buttondown spread collar. The orange tie by Brioni ($135) is knotted to a dress shirt by Joseph Abboud ($68).

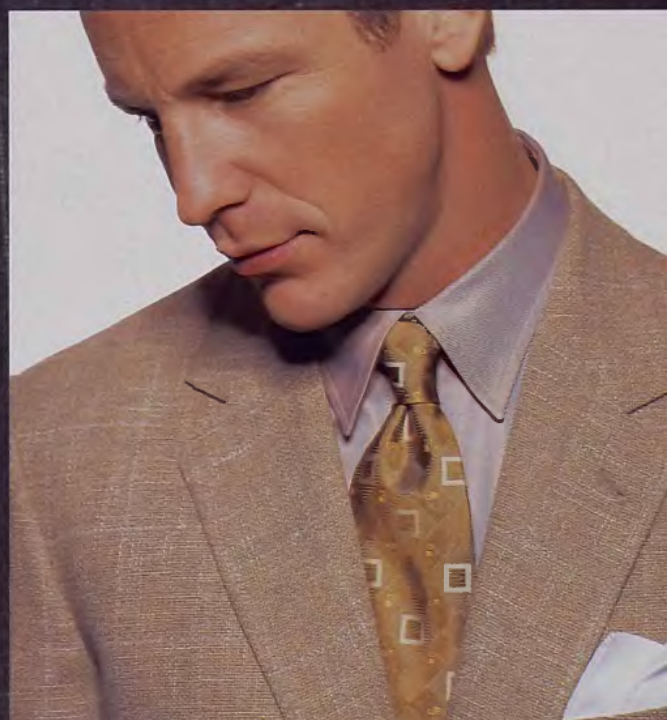
Left: This three-button suit by Brioni ($3400) has a slim cut. The horizontal-stripe buttondown shirt is by Etro ($175). The woven-pattern tie ($110) and pocket square ($125) are by Robert Talbott. Makeup and hair by . . . oh, never mind.

TRD
Brioni

Bjorn again. His second coming is marked by a wool three-buttan suit by Vestimenta ($1250). The shirt—a buttondawn—is by Briani ($380), and the silk tie—reversing the shirt pattern—is by Etro ($95). His eyes have seen the glory, thanks to eyeglasses by Silhauette ($225).

Inset: There are faur buttans on the iridescent suit by René Lezard ($1000). The shirt ($150) and tie ($80) are alsa by René Lezard. Bruce is wearing salid calars, but he ain't playing manochramatic city. He knaws it takes two (calars, that is) ta make it out af sight.

Even the invisible man looks dapper in this three-button suit by Ermenegildo Zegna ($1B50). The shirt is by Brioni ($295); silk printed tie by Sulka ($105). Inset: Rainer sports a tweed wool-blend two-button jacket by Joseph Abboud Black Label ($795). His shirt is by Sulka ($165); tie by Robert Talbott ($110).



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

GROOMING BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS FOR THE I-GROUP

Songs

Song is a powerful art form able to affect your emotions in almost any situation. We wanted a list of the five greatest from people who play songs for a living. The musicians all griped. Why five? they asked. How can you limit us to that?

We wanted a number big enough to reflect diversity of taste, but small enough to force choice. What we have here are some great contemporary musicians talking about the songs that changed their lives. You may have missed some of these songs. You may have heard them while sitting in a traffic jam. If you listen to them—either for the first time or again—maybe you'll hear what the musicians heard.

BRIAN WILSON

(BEACH BOYS)

***Be My Baby* by the Ronettes:** Phil Spector produced this song. It has a great beat and it's very simple, but it taught me how to produce records, how to use echo and how to combine instruments to get a good sound.

***You've Lost That Loving Feeling* by the Righteous Brothers:** It's about a guy losing a girl and his heart is breaking. Very dramatic, very appealing in a masculine sort of way, and a very unusual sound experience for me. The way Phil Spector put the instruments together was very deep.

***Hey Jude* by the Beatles:** The Beatles inspired the Beach Boys to make great albums. They assembled collections of songs that fit together, and I wanted to do the same thing. This is one of the most amazing, exciting records I've ever heard, especially the way Paul McCartney lets it rip at the end of the song.

***What a Fool Believes* by the Doobie Brothers:** The production is spectacular, and I love the way Michael McDonald sings. "No wise man has the power to reason away"—that's deep. I was in a mental hospital for three months in 1979 and this song got me through that horrible experience.

***Walking in the Rain* by the Ronettes:** The way Ronnie Spector sings brings tears to my eyes. She's asking, "Where is he? I want him to come to me." She really wants to meet this guy. I played it all the time on my jukebox in late 1964 and 1965. I learned more from Phil Spector than from the Beatles. At a time when I was using only three or four instruments, he taught me how to use ten or 20. And it worked.

RONNIE SPECTOR

(RONETTES)

***Out in the Cold Again* by Frankie Lymon:** I learned how to sing by listening to Frankie

that changed the world

BY CHARLES M. YOUNG

Lymon. Everybody knows *Why Do Fools Fall in Love*, but *Out in the Cold Again* is a better summary of my career. I've been in litigation for 14 years with Phil [Spector, her former husband and producer], and every time I think it's over, it isn't. All I ever asked for is my royalties.

***What's Going On* by Marvin Gaye:** The world is still in the state of confusion that he was singing about. He's asking what's going on racially. What a shame that we're still having these problems. And I love his voice.

***I Do Love You* by Billy Stewart:** His voice was so honest you felt he was right there with you. I played it over and over again with my ear to the speaker just for his phrasing. He was one of those great singers who never had a huge hit, but this was the perfect song to dance the grind, a slow cha-cha that was popular when I was growing up. They were playing this song the first time a guy held me close.

***She Talks to Rainbows* by the Ramones:** I love the Ramones. They covered *Baby I Love You*. This song reminds me so much of me that I called up Joey Ramone and said, "This is my life story. Let's record it." Unlike Phil, they let me talk and make suggestions in the studio.

***Be My Baby* by the Ronettes:** This was my first hit record. Whenever I sing it, I don't have an age, and nobody else does, either. In Japan, children sing all the words even though they don't know English. Who would have thought in 1963 that these love songs would still be popular? I think *Be My Baby* will be around in 2063.

PHILIP GLASS

***The Boxer* by Paul Simon:** His special gift of combining lyric poetry with music composed in the American vernacular gives his songs a power and elegance unequaled by just about anyone. As fresh today as when it first appeared.

***Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands* by Bob Dylan:** This is a classic romantic ballad by our own American troubadour and poet laureate.

***Sweet Jane* by Lou Reed:** Perennial outsider, beat poet and all-time American hipster, Lou is inimitable and irreplaceable. This is Lou Reed at the peak of his form.

***Better Man* by Pearl Jam:** I love their music. It's lyrical, authentic and powerful. In their live shows, Eddie Vedder's persona as composer and performer goes right to the heart of the audience.

***Whipping Boy* by Ben Harper:** His new voice is soulful, original and commanding. His music forces you to listen. It's for today and it's growing.

JOEY RAMONE

(RAMONES)

***Be My Baby* by the Ronettes:** This song always gives me the chills; it's so loaded with passion. Ronnie Spector's voice is unique. It's very sexy and you know immediately that it's her. She has inspired generations of singers after her. And she looked incredible. The Ronettes were the original female punk band. Phil Spector was the

catalyst for me, and then the Beatles opened things up even more.

Are You Experienced? by Jimi Hendrix: I saw him live toward the end, and I've seen a lot of footage. There's never been anyone like him, before or since. He was so flamboyant and his guitar was an extension of his soul. In the Fifties and Sixties, so many artists were highly original, and rock was countercultural, strictly for twisted individuals. The music doesn't have that meaning anymore. Nowadays, everyone sounds like everyone else. Lenny Kravitz is trying to be Hendrix, but it's pretty lame.

Pictures of Lily by the Who: It's hard to pick one song by the Who. Again, they were unique, extreme, over-the-top with energy and excitement. Everyone together and yet everyone doing his own thing. There will never be another Keith Moon, and Townshend was such a brilliant songwriter. This was the first Who song I ever heard. My parents went to Europe that summer and dumped me at sleep-away camp, which I wasn't thrilled about. We went on a two-mile hike and at the end I heard this on a jukebox in a café. It made my life so wonderful. Townshend wrote stuff anyone could relate to—in this case, masturbation—which was a giant step forward in subject matter. The Beatles were still singing *She Loves You*. The Who sang about much deeper things.

I Wanna Be Sedated by the Ramones: We were maybe the last rock-and-roll band to do anything unique, create a blueprint to hand down to the next generation. This was our universal party anthem. The title came to me when I was lying in a hospital bed and I really wanted to be sedated. But the song was about being on the road too long. The words came in bits and pieces from our travels. It's strange watching people perform it on punk rock karaoke nights. The rebels are missing, somehow. Kids don't have that rebellion anymore.

Ace of Spades by Motörhead: It's hard to do a list like this and leave off the Kinks, Slade, the Stooges and Eddie Cochran, but I have to go with Motörhead here. Rock and roll may be a lost art, but Motörhead is still around and they play it the way it's supposed to be played. Lemmy Kilmister is a throwback to when rock and roll was dangerous. You wouldn't guess that today. I never analyzed the words. I guess it's about a card game, or death. I just know it's like a body blow when you hear it. It rocks your skeleton.

WARREN G

Nuthin' But a G Thang by Dr. Dre and Snoop Doggy Dogg: A combination of Long Beach and Compton, it's a West Coast classic that opened the door for everybody. It had never been done before. They were two cities that didn't get along—like Brooklyn and Queens—and then they did, and it was because of that song.

Killing Me Softly With His Song by Roberta Flack and Lauryn Hill: I'm a big fan of Roberta Flack's and I know Lauryn Hill. Lauryn dedicated this song to me in Copenhagen, Denmark when I was on tour with her. I listen to those lyrics, and that's how I feel.

Lady by the Whispers: I used to dedicate this song to my mother when I was a DJ on the radio. My mom is my lady. I love her more than I could love any girlfriend. She's my number one lady, and I mean that in the nicest way.

Angel by Anita Baker: I grew up listening to this song. My mother and my sisters used to play it and it stuck with me.

Why Have I Lost You? by Cameo: It's my all-time classic from when I started to like girls—in the sixth grade. It ain't about losing. It's saying, So what if I lost somebody, tomorrow I'll be a king.

MARSHALL CRENSHAW

Until You Come Back to Me by Aretha Franklin: I was playing in a bar band when this came out. I'd come home drunk and listen to records on headphones. I always played this song and I always got into it. The original by Stevie Wonder is OK, but you don't know what's really there until Aretha comes along and discovers it.

I Only Have Eyes for You by the Flamingos: Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote a lot for Warner Bros.' Busby Berkeley musicals. This is my favorite song of theirs, and my favorite version is by the Flamingos because it sounds like it's coming from a dream state, an altered reality. I never heard anything else like it. It's so hypnotic and spooky. You wonder where they got the idea. I first heard it when I was a kid and it stopped me in my tracks, like something from the astral plane.

You Rascal, You by Cab Calloway: I first heard this in a cartoon when I was a kid. I like the song no matter who does it, but now my favorite version is Cab Calloway's. It's so joyous and hilarious. "I'll be standing on the corner full of gin/When they haul your dead body in/I'll be glad when you're dead/You rascal, you." It's such a great way to send off somebody you don't like.

Oh Boy by Buddy Holly: Another record I was obsessed with. I was four or five. I couldn't read so I'd flip through my cousin's 45s and look at the labels. Holly was on Brunswick, which had a maroon label with a big star on it. When I saw that label I'd demand to hear it, knowing that I would get either Buddy Holly or Jackie Wilson. I still love the song, but the positive energy makes it perfect for little kids.

Knoxville Girl by the Louvin Brothers: Whenever I read about Ira Louvin and what a racist miscreant he was, it's pretty depressing. The Louvin Brothers were brilliant, though. This song was a hit in the early Sixties. A murder ballad told from the point of view of the murderer. It has dark and vivid words over cheery, bouncy music. The guy beats his girlfriend to death, the flames of hell surround his bed, he's soaked with blood, he lies to his mother and the next morning they drag him off to jail. A lot of folk songs have the most incredible plots you'll ever hear.

YUKA HONDA (CIBO MATTO)

A Night in Tunisia by Chaka Khan: Extremely accomplished music, from the original writing to the arrangement and the performance. Chaka on mike, Herbie Hancock on keys, Dizzy Gillespie on trumpet. You are in for the best treat in every way.

Too High by Stevie Wonder: I could pick any Stevie song. He is a god of music. I picked this one because of its supersophisticated chord changes. How free Stevie is in his world of sound. How powerful he is, by nailing the sweet spot right in the middle while he makes the most acrobatic intervals and changes.

Aguas de Marco by Antonio Carlos Jobim and Elis Regina: Brazil may seem far from where you are. But when you listen to this song you'll know that it has always lived inside of you. I had an opportunity to perform this with the aid of guitarist Marc Ribot. I was astonished by the complexity of the chord progressions. Jobim masterfully wove many threads of chromatic melodies and subtly presented them over a supergroovy rhythm. Elis Regina's voice is powerful. By the end, when she starts laughing, it brings tears to your eyes, it's just that fucking good.

Fantasy by Earth, Wind and Fire: If a man can really sing this, he really can realize a fantasy. Earth, Wind and Fire is a human treasure.

What's Going On by Marvin Gaye: He sang commercial love songs in the Sixties to get to the position he wanted. Once he reached it, he realized his heart was still empty and started to sing about what was really meaningful to him. Most musicians today don't have half the balls he had. The last notes of the millennium are unfortunately rather weak.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK

Famous Flower of Serving Men by Martin Carthy: An ancient British tale of

(continued on page 152)

"I used to go to bed with every musician I met. Now I listen to their CDs first."

BRANDE

if you distilled her personality you'd find it very spirited

IN THE WINE COUNTRY of northern California, 1974 must have been a vintage year—if not for wine, then certainly for Brande. That's Brande Roderick, who left the vineyards behind three years ago and is now looking to taste the fruits of an acting career in Los Angeles. You may have already seen Brande in the background on *Babylon Five* (she was an alien) or in *Armageddon*, in commercials for Dr Pepper, Snickers or the Duke Nuke'em video game—or more recently in featured roles on such television shows as *Beverly Hills 90210*, *Love Boat* and *Two Guys and a Girl*. The roles are getting bigger, and so are her goals.

Q: Before your photo session, had you ever stomped grapes?

A: No. These days, they have machines for that. But when I was younger, my friends and I used to go to a vineyard near my house and steal grapes. My mom would say, "Are you sure you got those at the store?"

Q: Any other childhood memories?

A: Every birthday I had a big party with about ten other girls. During the day we'd have a pool party with cake and ice cream, and then we'd watch two or three of the scariest movies we could find. My dad would set up a big tent in the backyard, and we'd sleep out there. Then he'd sneak out and make scary noises or shake the tent, and we'd all run into the house. It was the same thing every year, and it was so much fun.

Q: So you're a horror movie buff?

A: Oh yeah. I know it sounds

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

cheesy, but I'd love to be in a horror film. I like all movies. It was always my dream to be an actress.

Q: What made you decide to pursue that dream?

A: I never thought it was within my grasp, so I got my real estate license by the time I turned 18. But people weren't ready to buy a house from an 18-year-old girl. So when I was about 21, I thought, I really want to act. If I don't do it now, I'll never do it. So I moved to Los Angeles. At first I didn't have a car, didn't have a job. I was sleeping on people's couches.

Q: Do you get back to northern California often?

A: I go home probably five times a year. There's always something going on, because I'm at that age where all of my friends are getting married or having baby showers.

Q: Feeling left out?

A: No, I still have plenty of time. I want to get my career off the ground first. At 25, the clock started ticking a little bit, so I thought, I'd better get a puppy. That'll be good for another five or ten years.

Q: We hear you're organizing a Playmate softball team to raise money for charity.

A: Yeah, that's really exciting. Growing up, I was a tomboy. I remember arm-wrestling all the boys in my fifth-grade class, and winning. I still love playing sports. But I have a very feminine side, too.

Q: What do you hope the PLAYBOY experience does for you?

A: It's more something I'm doing for myself, something to cherish and remember. It's like a family. Playmates have a special bond that nobody can break, and I wanted to be a part of that so much.

Q: Do you feel like part of the family now?

A: Definitely. I had my last birthday party at the Mansion, and it was like going back to my childhood. I invited about 15 girls. We laid out hot dogs and hamburgers, chips, sodas and ice cream, and played volleyball, swam and shot people with water guns. Then we watched *Austin Powers* on the big screen.

"Sometimes I think I can be sexy," says Brande, "and other times I think, I just couldn't feel like that today." Being sexy on camera, though, was tough: "I probably shouldn't be admitting this, but at my first test shoot I was so nervous that I had a couple of shots of tequila to help me relax. But it went well, and by the time we took this series of pictures, I was really comfortable."

MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Brande Nicole Roderick

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 06-13-74 BIRTHPLACE: Novato, California

AMBITIONS: My ambition is to find joy and Satisfaction in my Career and Personal Life.

TURN-ONS: Taking in a good movie while Spending time With Loved ones and my Beautiful Puppy Mercedes.

TURNOFFS: Negative People who are unkind and have no respect for others.

PASSIONS: Traveling, acting and Doing charity work.

ROLE MODELS: In my acting Career I Look up to Audrey Hepburn, Michelle Pfeiffer, Julia Roberts and Angelina Jolie – Women who touch so many Lives, Including my own, With their talent. But, above all, I Look up to my Mom and Dad, Who have touched my Life With their Love and Support. They are the Wind beneath my wings ♡

The Tomboy in me
Softball "87"

Graduation Picture
The girl in me

Heather and I out on the Town

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After weeks of getting the cold shoulder from his wife, the unhappy husband finally confronted her: "Admit it, Linda. The only reason you married me is because my grandfather left me $10 million."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she shot back. "I don't care who left it to you."

Four married guys were golfing. On the sixth hole, the following conversation took place:

First guy: "You have no idea what I had to do to be able to come out golfing this weekend. I had to promise my wife that I'd paint every room in the house next weekend."

Second guy: "That's nothing. I had to promise my wife that I'd build her a new deck for the pool."

Third guy: "Man, you both have it easy! I had to promise my wife that I'd remodel the kitchen for her."

As they continued to play the hole they realized that the fourth guy has not said a word. So they asked him: "You haven't said anything about what you had to do to come out golfing this weekend. What's the deal?"

Fourth guy: "I just set my alarm for 5:30 A.M. When it went off, I gave my wife a nudge and said, 'Golf course or blow job?' and she said, 'Don't forget to wear a sweater.'"

A woman sought therapy because she was unhappy with her sex life. The psychiatrist asked her many questions but couldn't seem to get a clear picture of her problem. Finally, he asked, "Do you ever watch your husband's face while you're making love?"

"Well, I did once."

"How did he look?"

"Very angry."

"That's interesting," the shrink muttered, anticipating progress. "His reaction seems unusual. What were the circumstances?"

"Oh, we were making love," she said, "and he was looking through the window at us."

A guy saw his neighbor digging a hole in his backyard. "What're you doing?" he asked.

"My son's goldfish died and I'm burying it," the man said.

"That's an awfully big hole for a goldfish, isn't it?" asked the neighbor.

"No—the fish is inside your fucking cat!"

THIS MONTH'S FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Two women walked into a department store, stopped at the perfume counter and picked up a sample bottle. One sprayed the perfume on her wrist and smelled it. "That's nice, isn't it?" Sharon said, waving her arm under her friend's nose.

"Yeah. What's it called?"

"*Viens à moi.*"

"*Viens à moi?* What's that mean?"

A clerk offered some help. "*Viens à moi*, ladies, is French for 'come to me.'"

Sharon took another sniff. "That doesn't smell like come to me," she said, offering her arm to her friend again. "Does that smell like come to you?"

A blonde wanted to rent an X-rated video. At the store she selected a title that sounded hot. At home she put the tape into the VCR, but there wasn't anything sexy on the screen, just snow and static. She called the store manager. "I just rented an adult movie from you," she complained, "and there's nothing on the tape but static."

"Sorry about that, miss. Which title did you rent?"

The blonde replied, "According to the box, it's called *Head Cleaner*."

Jeffrey Neuman

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A furious pounding in a hotel room in the middle of the night awakened a number of guests. The hotel manager went to the room, and when his knocks went unanswered, he let himself in. He found an elderly man cursing and banging on the wall with both fists. "Stop that immediately, sir!" the manager ordered. "You're disturbing everyone in the hotel."

"Damn the hotel and everyone in it!" the elderly man hollered. "It's the first erection I've had in years and both my hands are asleep."

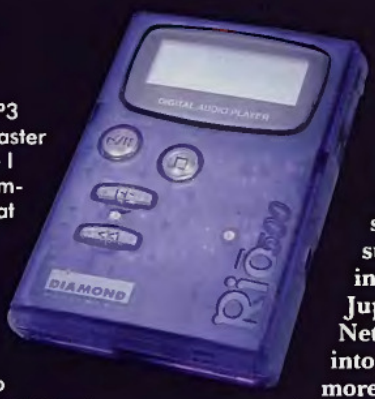
Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"This video may be seen by some real important people—can I sing?"

GRABBING TUNES OFF THE WEB HAS NEVER LOOKED (OR SOUNDED) SO GOOD

I want my MP3

By Beth Tomkiw



Downloading music is the hottest thing going on the Internet—even hotter than sex. According to a survey conducted by industry analysts at Jupiter Communications, Net surfers plug "MP3" into their search engines more often than they do that other three-letter word. For those of you who are new to cyberspace (or who are wondering what could be more enticing than playboy.com), MP3 is a compressed digital audio format that produces near-CD-quality sound. We're high on MP3 for a couple of reasons: First, it allows us to store the equivalent of ten albums on a single CD. And second, it exposes us to a new world of independent musicians who previously had no way of reaching the masses with their work. Of course, if it were up to record companies, MP3 would go the way of the eight-track. They hate the format, claiming it breeds piracy (not to mention a loss of cash, if musicians can offer their tunes directly). "It's the wild, wild West," says Ann Greenberg, senior vice president of marketing and business development at CDDB, the most comprehensive music database on the Net. The suits, musicians and dotcoms are shooting it out to develop a copyright protection standard that will benefit all parties, including music fans, Greenberg says. The effort, labeled the secure digital music initiative by the Recording Industry Association of America, is expected to be wrapped up by the year's end. In the meantime, there's plenty of digital music for the taking (and buying). In fact, with a little patience and the right software, you can turn your PC into a veritable jukebox. A few things to know before you get started: There are several downloadable digital audio formats. MP3 is the most popular, with more than 500,000 tracks available on dozens of websites. (See *Where the Tunes Are* on page 150.) Other options include Liquid Audio, A2b, Microsoft's MS Audio and Sony's Atrac3. Although *(concluded on page 150)*

Portable devices that play MP3 tunes are being introduced faster than you can say, "Of course I don't download music an company time." We played with at least a dozen models. Here are some of the most notable. Opposite page: **Audiovax MPDj 1000:** The MPDj's sleek silver design stands out in a crowd, but this portable MP3 player also earns praise far being able to store up to two hours' worth of traveling tunes through a combination of onbaard memory and optional flash cards. Price: $180. Right: **Diamand Rio 500:** The best portable MP3 player we tested, not only for its ability to store both music and spoken word files but olso for being the only model to work effortlessly with the Mac. Price: $2700. Left (top to bottom): **Handspring Visor Deluxe With MiniJam:** You con turn this $200 electronic organizer (based on the PalmPilot) into a portable music player with Innogear's MiniJam, o $150 module with plenty of storoge ond a greot graphic interfoce. **i2Go eGo:** The equally versotile eGo ploys MP3 and spoken word files through headphones, an internol speoker or your car stereo. Dump e-mail into eGo, and technology built into the device delivers the messoges in o computer voice—and transforms your spoken responses into e-moil oudio files. Another eGo bonus: It con be upgroded over the Net to comply with new formats and the inevitable copyright protection schematics. Price: about $270. **Creative Labs' Nomad II:** Like eGo, the new Nomod is futureproof. What's more, it hos on FM tuner with 20 stotion presets, speedier downlooding capobilities (thanks to a USB connection) and comes bundled with a 64-meg flash memory card. Price: $400. **I-Jam:** Although we like the player (it's the smallest ond coolest-looking model of our test bunch), we hote the tedious downlooding process, which required us to disconnect our printer in order to connect o supplied multimedia card reoder. Price: $180. **OmniPlayer:** This unique device records music (onto flash memory cards) directly from any audio source, including a PC and CD ployer. Price: $200.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.
ONLINE: TRY EDITORSPICKS.PLAYBOY.COM.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

MP-3
DIGITAL-SOUND
PLAYER

Barry White

love's main messenger on staying power, dressing for success and how elvis changed his life

When John Cage, the deeply conflicted lawyer on Ally McBeal, began to psych himself up by dancing in the bathroom to a Barry White song, baby boomers everywhere smiled. From the first few notes—"We've got it together, baby . . ."—that velvet voice, purring with sexual confidence and authority, had the power to transport viewers for a moment back to the days of bell-bottoms, smiley faces and the sexual revolution. That voice, which became a popular recurring theme on the Fox TV show, attracted a new generation of fans. Barry White, 55, has become the timeless symbol of love.

Although White never stopped writing and recording, his heyday was the Seventies, with monster hits such as You're the First, the Last, My Everything; Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe; Never, Never Gonna Give You Up and It's Ecstasy When You Lay Down Next to Me. But 1999 was a big year for White. His voice could be heard in ads for McDonald's, Kraft, Jeep and Arby's. He appeared in several episodes of Ally. And in October he made a splash with his autobiography, Love Unlimited (Broadway Books), a new album called Staying Power and a concert tour with his 34-piece Love Unlimited Orchestra.

White has had a long and successful career, but it hasn't come easy. He grew up poor in South Central Los Angeles, where crime and gangs were a way of life. He didn't see much of his father. His brother, Darryl, was a lifelong criminal. Barry also got into some trouble early on, but he credits the strength and character of his mother for saving him. At 14 he was counseling couples in his mother's house ("just common sense," he says about his advice). His natural rhythm helped him enter the music business, along with an inclination to pursue knowledge rather than money. "Knowing the truth is more important to me than anything," he says.

He's been married and divorced twice, and he has eight children, 11 grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He is a strong, loving and influential parent, says his son Kevin, who works with him. "You have to be a role model," says White. "Practice what you preach!" To Kevin: "Did you all always know where I was?" "Always," Kevin replies.

Julie Bain met with White in Boston before the start of his fall concert tour. She reports: "When I arrived he was resting in his hotel suite in black silk lounging pajamas, smoking cigarettes, listening to one of his recordings and watching Venus and Serena Williams play tennis. I was half-expecting a lighthearted, flirtatious character, but White is a serious man who would much rather talk about parenting skills in America today than love technique. But no matter what he says, with that voice it has the ring of truth and authority."

1

PLAYBOY: Your childhood in South Central was tough. Your brother, Darryl, led a life of crime and died violently. Why did you take such a different path?

WHITE: The essence of me—all of it—was my mother. She had a powerful influence on me. She taught me ethics and morals, dignity, how to be a gentleman, how to treat a lady, how to treat all people with respect. I cherish the things my mother taught me. I still live by them.

2

PLAYBOY: Why didn't your mother's influence have the same positive effect on Darryl?

WHITE: Mother taught us both the same things. But Darryl may have been more influenced by our father. My father wasn't in our lives every day, but we did see him. He came by our house, checked on us, whupped our butts when we needed it, shit like that. But he had a different philosophy about life. He was in prison for six years, for bootlegging in Memphis, Tennessee. He was bitter to people, to life, as different from my mother as night and day.

Let me give you an example. When I was eight, I had a little paper route. I was proud of it. Every day when I went out to sell my papers my mother praised me for what I was trying to achieve. But my father got upset with me one night because I had delivered some papers as a favor to the boss. I didn't want money to do it; I just did it. My father got really mad and said, "Don't ever do nothing for nobody without getting paid for it." My mother cut in on him and said, "Melvin, don't tell these boys that. That's wrong." She turned to me and Darryl and said, "It's the opposite of what your father just said. Don't always do something and expect to get paid for it. A lot of times, for what you're learning, the reward is much greater than any money anybody could ever pay you." That's the philosophy I used in the music industry. I told my mother many times, "You were really right about that." But I think Darryl believed more in my father's philosophy.

3

PLAYBOY: Despite your mother's good advice, you became a gang member and ended up in jail at 15 for stealing tires. Then Elvis saved you when you heard his song *It's Now or Never*. What did the King say to you?

WHITE: I'd heard that song many times. But that night in jail was the first time I really heard it. It was more important to me than any song I'd ever heard in my life. When he hit that hook in the song, "It's now or never," it was like someone grabbed me by my shirt, looked at me and said, "You asshole. You see where you're sitting, Barry? You're sitting in jail, and you can't stand it. You've got to change your life. It's your decision. It's now, or it's never." That's the way I read it. And when I got out, I told myself, Never again.

4

PLAYBOY: What advice would you give young people who may be starting off

on the wrong path?
WHITE: All that glitters is not gold. There's good money and there's bad money. There are decisions you're going to have to make from the time you're four years old. Parents, teach your children early in life. Don't wait. Kids are learning things at two and three years old. The human mind is the greatest weapon on earth. And if it's taught right and used right with good honest knowledge, it can separate the good from the bad much easier.

5

PLAYBOY: This country is full of motivational speakers and books on how to assert yourself to achieve success. But you achieved success in a far more humble, almost passive way. For example, when you were offered $40 a week at Mustang Bronco Records, you said, "You can pay me $20 and let me learn." Six months later you were vice president of the company. What do you call that technique?
WHITE: I never went by the book. I suffered greatly by not taking more than $20, by not saying, "Instead of $40, can you make it $80?" To me, the money is not that important. The knowledge is everything. And if I have to pay you to teach me what you know, I'll pay you. Most people don't live that way, and that's why most people are unhappy. Most of them are so miserable, they're scary. Nobody's doing what they want to do. They're doing what they have to do to get the dollar. I don't do that.

6

PLAYBOY: Were the obstacles in your career path greater because of your race?
WHITE: Oh, hell, yes! But I wasn't going to let that stop me. In those days you got a black record deal or you got a white record deal. I had to learn how to turn a black record deal into a white record deal. The only way I could do that, I learned, was by being very good at what I did. That's why I was always on my best behavior in the studio, making records, meeting people, getting along with others, doing my best, all of those things you have on your report card. I used to bring my report card home, and it always amazed me that my mother never looked at my grades. She never gave a shit about my grades. But when you turn the report card over, to the part that says, "He did his best, gets along well with others, came every day on time," that's what knocked her out. And I asked her once, "Why do you turn the report card over and not look at my grades?" She said, "It's the other side of this report card that shows me what kind of man you're going to be."

7

PLAYBOY: We hear you're into astrology, Mr. Virgo. What's the sexiest sign?
WHITE: For me, there's not just one sexy sign. There's Scorpio, Libra and Capricorn. Capricorn women have a classy way of being sexy. All the signs are different. They love differently. They seek love differently. Some signs are more honest than others. Some are more treacherous than others. Certain signs have no business being together. It's a puzzle.

8

PLAYBOY: You have an enormous presence on *Ally McBeal*, with characters motivating themselves by dancing to your music in the company bathroom. Was it smart marketing or just a creative story device?
WHITE: Using your music on television every week is going to bring attention to it. But I had nothing to do with that. They genuinely liked my music and started playing it on the show. The next thing that I'm hearing from my friends is, "They're playing your music on *Ally McBeal*." I asked, "Who's Ally McBeal?" So I tuned in one week and caught it. Yes, it brings attention, and I appreciate that attention, believe me. Not that I was sitting around waiting for *Ally McBeal* to be invented. I was making records long before *Ally McBeal* came along.

9

PLAYBOY: You say you were born with a great sense of rhythm. It's a cliché that a white man can't jump, and he can't dance, either. But can he learn that funky rhythm?
WHITE: It can be learned—for some people. But the person who's got rhythm is the person who's born with it. The person who walks with rhythm, talks with rhythm, everything he does has rhythm. Some people have to be taught how to dance. Some learn it from watching others. For years my son Kevin wouldn't dance with anybody. One day I looked up and Kevin was out on the floor dancing, and I said to myself, I wonder where he learned to do that. He'd been watching other people. But I was born with it. Same thing goes for making love. Some are born with it, some have to read books and some rent videotapes.

10

PLAYBOY: What is your advice to a man preparing for a date?
WHITE: Dress to impress. And I don't just mean clothes. Make sure your personality is dressed, make sure your honesty is dressed, make sure you're not dealing with fantasies, leading people on. Women often say, "I didn't know he was like this." You knew. He told you. You didn't listen. That's what I taught my five daughters. I taught my children many, many things, but I told my daughters, "You have a power once in your life. When you give that power to somebody, you have to make damn sure that you're right in what you're thinking about that person. What is the one thing that men seek from women more than anything? Sex. That is women's power. Men'll rape or even kill for it. This is a driving force in man that is so great it's scary. You're going to just hand that away?"

11

PLAYBOY: What were your standard questions for the young men who came to pick up your daughters for a date?
WHITE: You wouldn't envy them. I'd say to a young boy, "What do you want with my daughter? You want to get between her legs, don't you? I know she's killing you, but is it her beauty that's killing you or the fact that you want to be with her sexually?" That would always get them! I always find that honesty is the best policy when you're dealing with my daughters.

12

PLAYBOY: Did anyone ever answer that question in a way that you found acceptable?
WHITE: No. Because there is no acceptable answer. I know where you want to go, gentlemen. But you have to weigh something: Is it worth it?

13

PLAYBOY: *Staying Power* is a title that has many meanings. What does it mean to you?
WHITE: To me, staying power is the fact that I've lived, so far, for 55 years. I chose the record industry to go into and I'm still in that. I've stayed dedicated to my music and to my fans. That's staying power. Yes, it has multiple meanings, sweetheart. That's why I chose it. If you asked Barry White, "What sums up your life to right now?" that's it. I didn't write that song. It was written by two of my writers. But the minute I heard that title, I said, "That's Barry White."

14

PLAYBOY: What are your secrets for the other meaning of "staying power"?
WHITE: Well, it's not what you have, it's how you use it—whatever you have. Men have to understand women. Most men miscalculate women. Women are

(continued on page 151)

"If you're trying to get me drunk with the hope of getting me into bed, then the next round is on me."

Bavarian Creme

Well Worth the Wait: BMW's Go-Anywhere X5

cars By Ken Gross For years, BMW denied it would ever build a sport utility vehicle, but the company grew weary of watching its customers migrate to Daimler, Lexus, Range Rover, Jeep and even Lincoln. After three years and reportedly $1 billion in development, the BMW X5, with its focus on drivability and handling, is arguably the only vehicle a company with BMW's hard-earned reputation for roadholding could have produced. The North American Car of the Year jury classifies most SUVs as trucks; the panel considers the X5 a car. BMW calls it a sport activity vehicle. Developed from the outset to make light work of nominal off-roading (only about four percent of luxury SUV owners brave the boondocks in their vehicles anyway), the X5 provides nearly all the road-gripping driving pleasure BMW buyers expect. Built in Spartanburg, South Carolina (where the company also produces its sporty Z3 roadster), resembling a 5-Series station wagon on stilts and packing a 282-horsepower, 4.4-liter V8 and full-time four-wheel-drive, the X5 is every inch a BMW. After spending a few hours easily navigating a mucky, deeply rutted off-road course, we hosed off our new X5 and stormed around the tricky Road Atlanta racetrack, lapping at speeds that would have landed a tip-prone, conventional SUV on its roof. Along with nearly neutral handling (the all-wheel-drive torque split is approximately one-third front, two-thirds rear) and precise rack-and-pinion steering, the X5 is equipped with BMW's Steptronic five-speed automatic (or you can shift it

The X5's leather interior coddles five adults safely, thanks to front and side air bags and BMW's Head Protection System for front-seat passengers. (Rear-seat side-impact bags are optional.) The standard interior comes with power everything, leather seats, wood trim and a ten-speaker stereo. With both backseats in place, there's nearly 16 cubic feet of cargo space available.

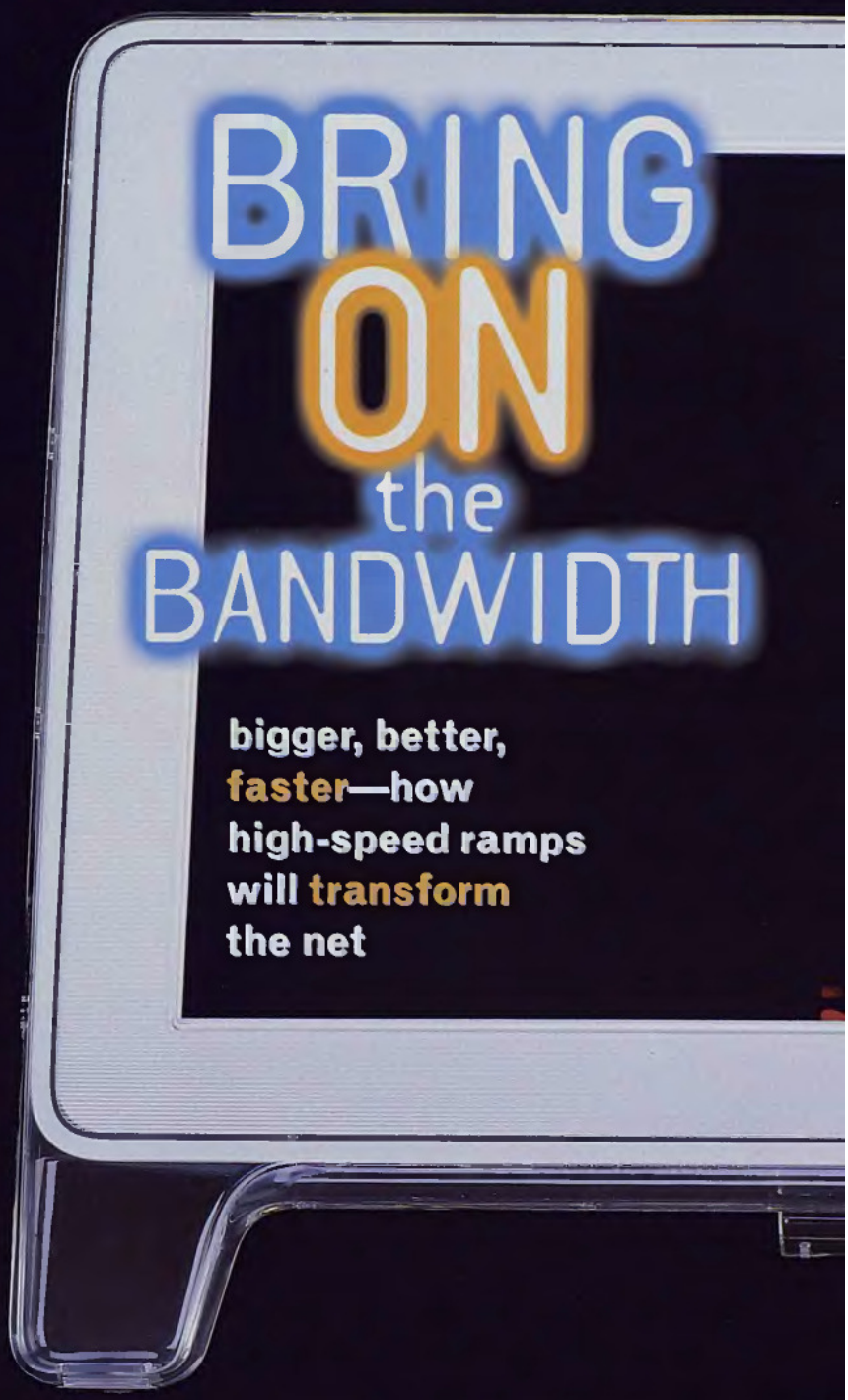
yourself), four-wheel ventilated-front and solid-rear ABS brakes with Hill Descent Control. You'll also get Dynamic Stability Control—a computer-controlled system that measures the X5's cornering speed, steering angle and driver input in nanoseconds, then automatically applies the right throttle and braking combination to keep the X5 on its intended path. In contrast to most truck-based rival SUVs, the X5 feels and drives like a BMW 540i—it's just a little shorter and wider and you sit a little higher. You have to hand it to BMW for successfully creating an occasional off-roader that will run with any sporty four-door—or perhaps we should say it's a quick, stylish four-door sedan that you can take nearly anywhere. However you put it, the X5 is the best all-round sport-utility we've ever driven. The base price of an X5 is $49,970. Options include an activity package with rain-sensing wipers, a headlight cleaning system, electrically adjustable heated front sport seats and a ski bag. There's also a sport package with upgraded suspension, plus 19-inch high-performance wheels and tires. BMW's sonar-based Park Distance Control, a heated steering wheel, a 12-speaker stereo and an onboard GPS-based navigation system head a long list of add-ons. Maintenance is free for the first three years or 36,000 miles. A six-cylinder version (it'll be just under $40,000, we're told by BMW) will follow, along with an even higher-performance M-version, just in time to battle Porsche's planned SUV in 2001. It should be quite a war.

Neither sleet nor snow can stop the new X5. Riding high on 18-inch alloy wheels (19-inchers are optional as part of the $2470 sport package), BMW's stylish on- and off-roader boasts rigid, high-strength steel unibody construction (which earned it a five-star government crash rating), fully independent suspension in all four corners with an automatic load-leveling system (most SUVs are body-on-frame vehicles with independent front suspension and solid rear axles) and plenty of space for five passengers and all their gear. The EPA mileage is 13 mpg in the city, 17 on the highway. Zero to 60 is 7.5 seconds. Top speed with the sport package is 143 mph.

BRING ON the BANDWIDTH

bigger, better, faster—how high-speed ramps will transform the net

By TED C. FISHMAN Waiting for a web page to churn onto the screen of your home computer can feel like doing hard time, especially if you've been spoiled by a T1 line at work or school. Well—rejoice, time biders. Faster Internet access (a.k.a. broadband) is finally heading home. Cable television companies are already rolling out, albeit slowly, Internet services that are ten times faster than the fastest modem connections. Phone companies promise even faster on-ramps via a service known as



MOVIES AND MUSIC

Despite all the video and music available for downloading, the only thing most web surfers get clearly is hype. Internet video is still as jerky and unattractive as a city bus. In the time that it takes to download an MP3 tune using a 56kbps modem, you could sing the entire Garth Brooks songbook. In the broadband world, PCs will be more like supercharged video and music stores, and you won't have to choose from a meager collection. Just think of the entertainment that will be available on AOL now that the cybergiant has teamed up with media titan Time Warner. Conceivably, every movie and song ever produced will be available with a few mouse clicks. Want to fill an evening with all the Barrymores on film, or the tunes from the latest Afropop charts in Mali? There will be a site somewhere that will satisfy your heart's desire—in a few minutes, rather than hours. And, yes, there will be portable entertainment gadgets galore.

WEBCASTS

Webcasts broadcast live programs over the Internet (we've been webcasting parties at the Playboy Mansion for the past two years). Hundreds of radio stations worldwide already play round-the-clock on the web but still hiss and halt like the shortwave radios in old Tarzan movies. In the future, Internet webcasts will be as clear as a CD—and as fluid as television. Speaking of TV, you'll have access to an entire world of video programming via the Net. But channel surfing on a global scale won't require a TV Guide the size of a dictionary. Webcast search engines will be smart enough to sift through all the programs online to find just what you're looking for. Specialized webcasts will give you more options. Concert and sports broadcasts will let you pick among various camera angles. Want to check out Fiona Apple, front row, center? Go for the close-up from the comfort of your couch. Better yet, create your own shows. With digital audio recorders and digital camcorders, you'll be able to broadcast your home movies cheaply over the Internet or directly to digital set-top boxes attached to high definition digital televisions.

SHOPPING

In the broadband universe, shopping online for clothes will be science. You'll be able to program a small smart card (like a credit card with extra memory) with all your vitals—size, tastes, budget—and plug it into a card reader on your PC when you're ready to start spending. Stores, such as bananarepublic.com, will show you their wares in full 3D animation superimposed on your own image. If you like what you see, the garment will be tailor-made (or rather, computer-made) to order. In the future, small boutiques will unite over broadband networks, to offer you better service than the giants. Want fishing gear? Skip Wal-Mart and head to the best angling shop in Montana. Want that backgammon set you passed up in Istanbul? Finding exotica will be simply a matter of typing the request into a search engine. But instead of getting a million hits for every mention of backgammon, it will point you straight to the board you desire.

Digital Subscriber Line. (FYI: DSL requires a special telephone line and costs about $50 per month, compared with $55 per month for cable.) Expense aside, industry insiders predict that 15 million homes will have some kind of fast Internet connection by 2003. The speedier services will do more than add years to your life; they'll change the way you live. We've queried some of the best companies planning for the new way of computing, and here's what to expect within the next five years.

CHAT

Most chat rooms now require the finger speed of a concert pianist and the deciphering skills of a Pentagon code cracker. If your typing lags, or you blank at the Internet's latest acronyms, you'll miss the thread of conversation. Broadband will put your fingers to rest by turning the Internet into a massive phone system capable of carrying conversations with lots of people. When the gaggle of voices gets too confusing, voice recognition software will translate the talk back to text. Expect full-motion webcams to become commonplace. On the upside, you'll get to see "RagingBabe" before agreeing to meet her face-to-face. On the downside, the fantasy element of web chat will be over. Broadband also will change the way telephone calls are made. The concept of long distance will vanish, since all calls will carry over the Internet at essentially the same cost. No wonder AT&T is so eager to get in on the broadband.

GAMES

Computer games are Americans' favorite form of indoor entertainment, and games already show off a computer's talents better than any other application. They will lead the drive to new technology in the broadband universe, too. Expect online games to become far more realistic, with believable 3D settings that rival those of Hollywood films such as "Star Wars" (itself created in large part by the digital graphics tools that will be used to create new games). Instead of just commanding some third-party character, you'll be getting in on the action—or at least your 3D likeness will. Sure, you can scan your face into games today, but the technology is crude compared with what will travel over the Internet in the next few years. High-speed connections for computers and game consoles such as the forthcoming Playstation II will let you take on real players in cyberspace. Or you'll play under assumed identities that grow in power as you vanquish opponents. When you get as far as you want, you can auction off your character—or his weapons—in an online marketplace. That gives a whole new meaning to being a slave to technology.

MORE COOL STUFF

A superfast Internet connection will also change the way television and portable information devices (like the PalmPilot) work. TV will offer far more choices, letting you pick when and how you watch your favorite shows. With a broadband connection fed into your set-top box, you can catch the seven o'clock news—from start to finish—beginning at 7:19 P.M. Ads will be more interactive. See a video on MTV you like and then shop for it with your remote control. An increasing number of palm devices will merge with cellular phones, allowing you to check e-mail and voice mail from the same handheld device, browse selected websites and e-shop on the fly. Need on-the-spot training when your tire blows or when you're cooking lamb chops for the first time? You'll be able to feed the training video or video phone call to your handheld device and get busy. Plus, wireless gadgets will double as video phones.

Love and Death

(continued from page 72)

One bookmaker described Ted as being "on the Full Vegas Plan: strippers, gambling and drugs."

45 miles west of Las Vegas, that she gave up on the marriage. Eventually, Doris took their daughter Bonnie, then 15, and decamped. Not long after, Sandy Murphy moved into Binion's gated, ranch-style Palomino Lane mansion in downtown Las Vegas.

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Through most of his life, Ted Binion was a man for whom a higher purpose had proved elusive. He was a man who knew how to enjoy himself, and he was an optimist. But it would be a stretch to say he was happy. His father, Benny, who died in 1989, was a Las Vegas legend, an uneducated bootlegger and numbers racket guy who had moved his family to Vegas from Dallas in the Forties to get into the casino business. Benny's reputation as a cold-blooded killer back in Dallas followed him to his grave, but age and great wealth have a way of turning a tough character into a lovable one. By the time of his death, Benny, in his trademark white Stetson and gold-buttoned cowboy shirt, was regarded with enormous affection by his adopted city. Moreover, the Horseshoe, the casino he'd started, had achieved worldwide attention as the home of the annual World Series of Poker, an event he'd dreamed up.

Unlike the gambling palaces of the Strip that seduce with spectacle and fantasy, the Horseshoe, situated in downtown Las Vegas, was conceived by Benny as a no-frills joint for serious gamblers. He did install red carpeting, which distinguished it initially from the "sawdust joints" that were his neighbors. But no floor shows or music or anything else distracted one from the purpose at hand: gambling. With its cozy saloon atmosphere, the Horseshoe's appeal was down-home and friendly. And Benny gave better odds and higher limits than any other place in town. In the Seventies, because of his own problems with the law, Benny put his two sons, Jack and Ted, in charge of the casino's operations. When a gambler named William Lee Bergstrom walked in off the desert one day in 1980 wanting to wager $777,000 on a single throw of the dice, it was Ted, as the floor boss, who approved the bet. Bergstrom won (and several years later lost a million dollars in a similar all-or-nothing roll of the dice and committed suicide).

Ted was cut in the mold of his father. For all his wealth, he favored jeans and cowboy boots and pickup trucks. He was a horse lover and fisherman, an insatiable reader and history buff, a collector of coins, Bonsai trees, guns, women—anything rare and beautiful. He was a man of enthusiasms, always saying about this or that, "Isn't this great? Isn't that the greatest?" And there was nothing in life he loved more than running the floor at the Horseshoe. It was his calling and his passion. He loved hanging out with high rollers because he was a gambler at heart himself. Always going for the rush, always pushing things to their limits.

One bookmaker who knew Ted described him as being "on the Full Vegas Plan: strippers, gambling and drugs." As a rich man, he could indulge himself to the fullest. The problem was that it eventually cost him more than money. In 1987 gaming authorities suspended Binion's casino operator's license after he was busted buying heroin. "That took a big toll on him," says his friend Sid Lewis. "Ted running a casino, that was his lifeblood. There was nobody that could hold a candle to him in that business, no one who had guts like him—except for Benny. High rollers would come in from all over the world, and Ted would never back down—you know, book it, book it. A million dollar bet? Book it. Just like his dad."

Barred from working in the business he loved, barred from even entering the casino of which he owned 20 percent, Ted became obsessed with getting his license back. His battle with Nevada Gaming Control Board would last years and would cost him millions in legal fees.

•

Binion's mother, Teddy Jane, whom he adored, had died the year before he met Sandy. Her death, coupled with his new and unhappy obsession to get back his gaming license, had Ted's moods swinging between mania and depression. Forced by the GCB to submit to weekly drug tests, he managed to stay off heroin. But he was letting himself go in other ways, wearing the same clothes for days in a row, neglecting to comb his hair or shave. He was also drinking heavily and sleeping apart from his wife, Doris.

Sandy Murphy appeared at a moment when Binion was in dire need of good cheer. Her attentions perked him up, gave him a new outlook. She bought him that Des'ree CD, the one with the song that goes, "You gotta be hard, you gotta be tough, you got to be stronger . . ." and she'd get him pumped up, singing along with it. He started paying more attention to his appearance, got a haircut, began wearing nicer clothes. He took Sandy on trips to his ranch in Montana and the ranch in Pahrump. "Sandy was his girl," says a friend. "And it wasn't just that she supported his efforts to get his license back. She did a lot of nice things for him. She got his house straight and set up for him. She entertained for him. It was almost, like, cute. She was trying real hard to have a normal existence. And Ted was not the easiest guy to do that with."

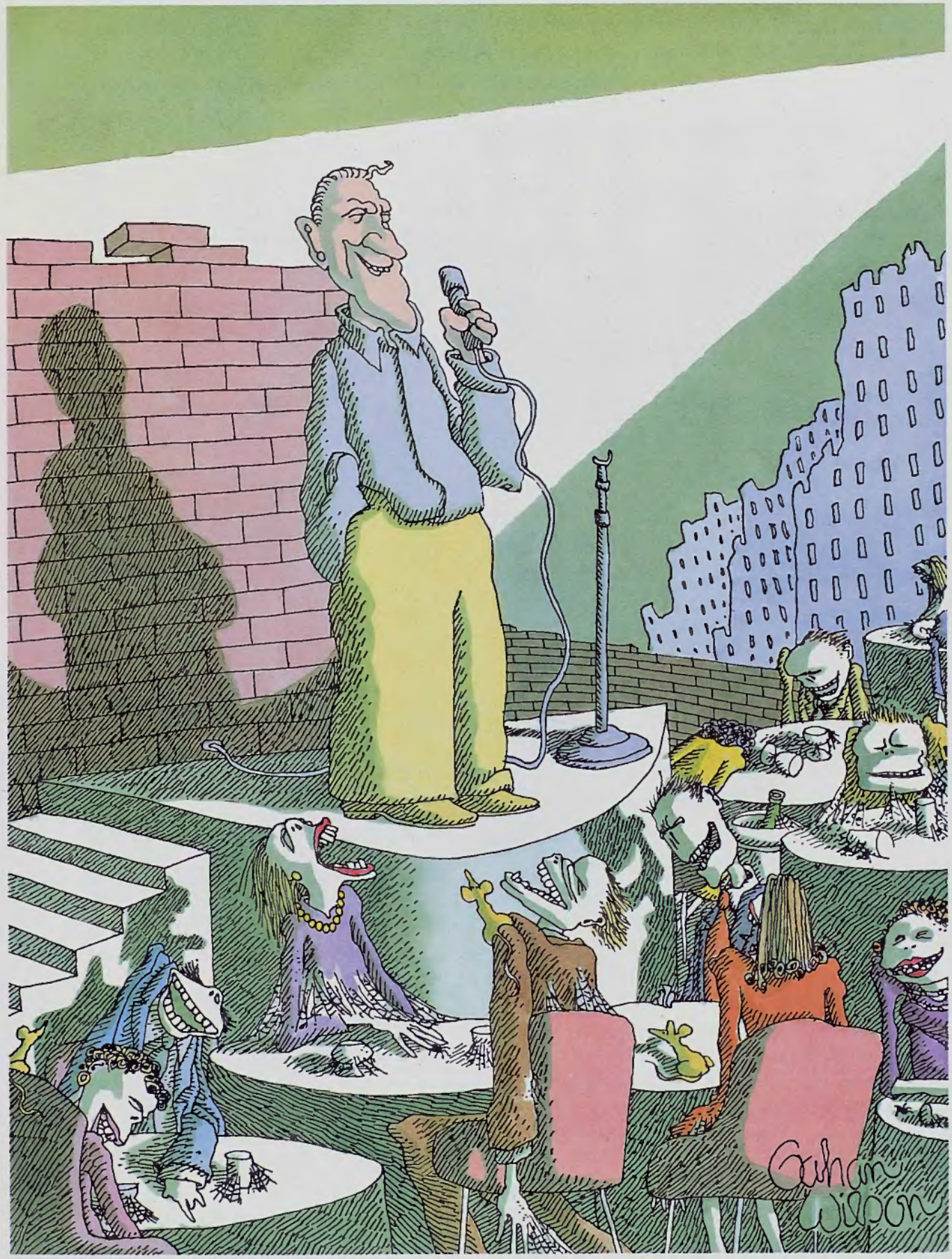
On the other hand, the California-born Murphy, daughter of a repo man, was a bit of a handful herself. She didn't take shit from anyone—which, again, was what Binion liked about her. But her being 23, with that body, and him 51 and rich, well a lot of people thought they knew what that was about. Binion's sister Becky Behnen didn't like Sandy off the bat, thought her too crass and materialistic. Binion's then-15-year-old daughter, Bonnie, who was staying at the Palomino mansion with Ted and Sandy, made scant effort to disguise her dislike for her father's new girlfriend. Bonnie later told private investigator Tom Dillard that she didn't want "basically a whore living in our house."

The fact was that Sandy, who had been runner-up in the Miss Bellflower beauty pageant when she was in high school, had always had a taste for nice clothes, expensive cars and the fast life. With Ted, she got the lifestyle she'd always wanted.

Despite the stipulation by the GCB that he divorce himself completely from the Horseshoe during his suspension, Ted let Sandy use Horseshoe limos and cell phones, made sure security guards were available to run errands for her and gave her a line of credit at the casino and a credit card (she reportedly rang up an average of $5000 a month buying clothes from Neiman Marcus and Versace). They ate at posh restaurants like Nicky Blair's and Aristocrat, rubbed elbows with Las Vegas VIPs and politicians and went to casino openings. Friends say the two regularly partied all night and slept all day.

The glamor and good times had an ugly flip-side. Binion was a mean, abusive drunk. There were physical beatings, black eyes, bruises. And Sandy didn't take it passively. If Ted would punch her, she would punch him right back. Or kick him, or scratch him, or

(continued on page 130)



"I've been in show business so long I used to make jokes about the end of the world before there was an end to the world!"

in a year of extremes, teens and rappers vied for the top of the charts, while the boss soared in concert and white rock went from angry to hostile

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

1999

20

15 P.

In 1999 the idea of using the Internet to make music more democratic was still in its infancy. Although the Net was a boost to indie artists, concert promoters and established musicians with a passion for technology, it's still too soon to say if downloaded music is a fad or the future. One thing that wasn't a fad was the greeting Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band received from fans across the country—including those in New Jersey, who, in hours, bought out the first 15 nights of their reunion concerts. No wonder our readers chose it as the concert of the year. Other reunions of note: Blondie, J. Geils, Guy, the Bangles and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Not surprisingly, there were veteran groups with something new to say.

The Latin surge was both sublime (Buena Vista Social Club) and ridiculous (*Mambo Number 5*), but the airwaves were flooded with Ricky, Marc Anthony, Jennifer and Enrique anyway. And the best moment—Carlos Santana's return to the charts—helped contribute to the surge in the sales of Latin music by at least 11 percent in the past year.

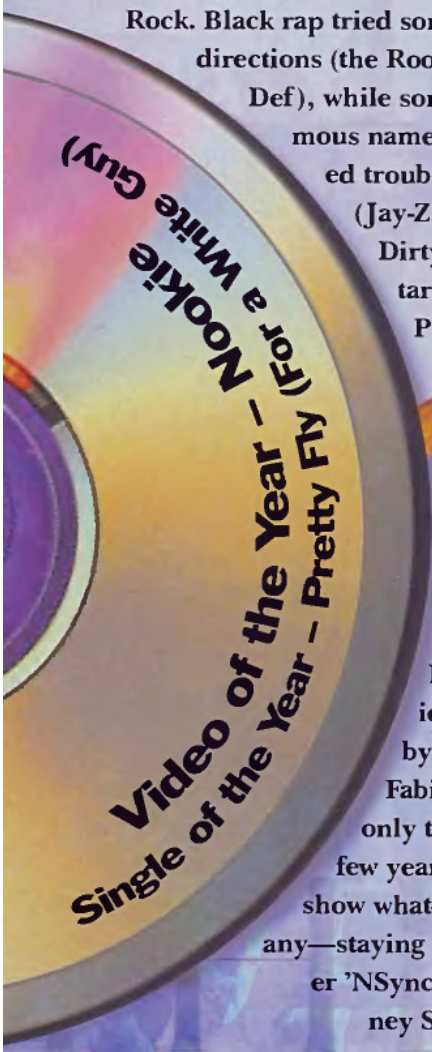
Our female rock vocalist winner, Cher, had her own comeback that began with singing the national anthem at the Super Bowl and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID COWLES

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

ended with a number one single and an album in the top ten.

White rockers with rap attitude showed up large at festivals, in concert and on CD—pretty-fly white guys, including our music poll winners the Offspring, Korn and Limp Bizkit, as well as Kid Rock. Black rap tried some new directions (the Roots, Mos Def), while some famous names courted trouble (Jay-Z, Ol' Dirty Bastard and Puffy). The current crop of teens has more talent than Frankie, Bobby and Fabian, but only the next few years will show what—if any—staying power 'NSync, Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera have. Our readers voted for the Backstreet Boys. That makes us think they'll stick around.



In country, it was all Dixie Chicks—on the charts, in concert and on our poll. Garth's alter ego, Chris Gaines, starred in a TV special and on a CD, neither of which impressed his fans. The comeback of George Jones was thrilling. A near-death experience—both in life and on contemporary country radio—couldn't hold him back. He told the *Cold Hard Truth* and people bought it.

Exciting new jazz flourished in downtown New York clubs (check out Sex Mob), while big names such as Joe Lovano and Wynton Marsalis put themselves out in front with a series of CDs and performances that embraced both historical and contemporary music. But jazz lost some guys who were part of its history, too: Al Hirt, Joe Williams, Charlie Byrd, Mel Tormé, Lester Bowie and Milt Jackson, among others.

Other events of the year: Sheryl Crow and friends played a free concert in New York's Central Park and laid down the tracks for a live CD. Aretha dished men in her autobiography, received the National Medal of Arts and sang for the Pope. Eric Clapton sold a load of guitars to bankroll the rehab clinic he started in Antigua. Elton wrote the music for Disney's version of *Aida* and had a pacemaker installed. Lollapalooza was canceled again. The Backstreet Boys sold over a million copies of *Millennium* during its first week of release. Celine retired—for now. The Stones played indoors for the first time in decades. And some 200,000 people attended Woodstock, which ended in mayhem. John Lennon's 20-line lyric sheet for *I Am the Walrus* brought in $129,200 at auction.

There has always been music for teenagers. Remember, Frank Sinatra was once a teen idol.

What did we like? Bob Dylan and Paul Simon on the same bill. The Blondie reunion. Macy Gray. Prince's *Rave Un2 the Joy Fantastic* album. Hearing Annie Lennox sing those songs again. The Roots. Paul McCartney's salute to the old days on *Run Devil Run*.

We'll be watching all the angry young men, white and black, to see if they can channel any of that stuff into something more than a punch in the eye or a drop of the pants. We'll be listening for melody—songs you can dance to, kiss to, make love to. It could happen. We'll watch the Internet to see how it will play out in the consumers' favor. We'll keep an eye on all the mergers of music and media companies. We'll see who has legs in the millennium. Will you be listening?

—BARBARA NELLIS

Country Album

George Strait

Always Never the Same

Soundtrack of the Year

Austin Powers:

The Spy Who Shagged Me

R&B Album

Whitney Houston

My Love Is Your Love

Rock Album

Korn

Follow the Leader

Jazz Album

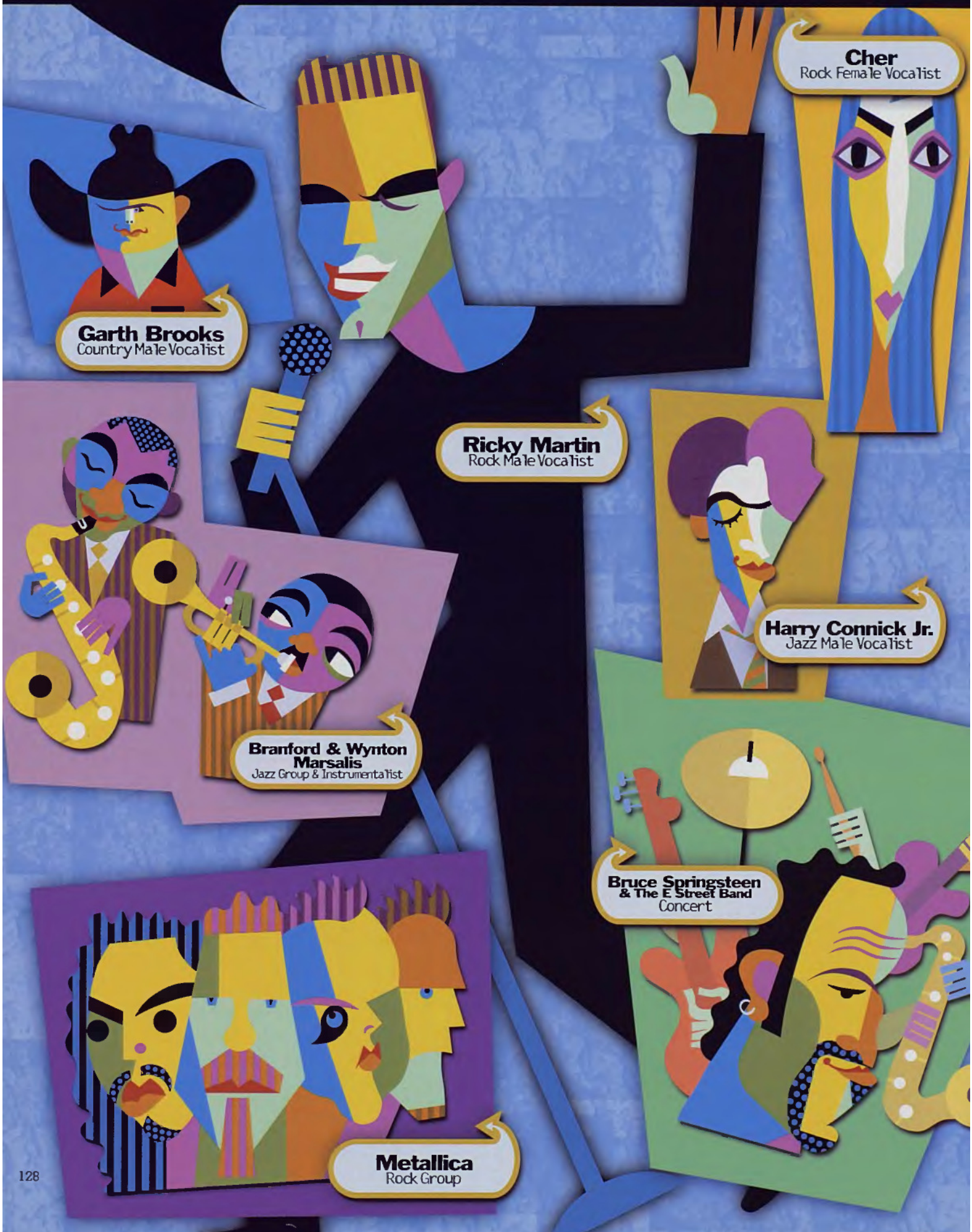
Duke Ellington

The Complete RCA Victor Recordings 1927–1973

THE YEAR IN MUSIC

Hall of Fame

Whether you know him as the minister of funk or the hardest-working man in show business, James Brown's flashy style, fancy footwork and boundless energy have influenced more than five decades of music. He was born in 1933 in Barnwell, South Carolina and by 1956, when he recorded *Please, Please, Please*, Brown's primal voice, galvanizing grooves and athletic dance moves (later cribbed by Michael Jackson) had already catapulted him to fame. He was ahead of his time—and he has endured. Brown's 1968 release *Say It Loud—I'm Black and I'm Proud* became an anthem of the Black Pride movement. Thirty years later he opened Woodstock '99. So get on the good foot and welcome the godfather of soul, James Brown, to PLAYBOY's Hall of Fame.


Cher
Rock Female Vocalist
Garth Brooks
Country Male Vocalist
Ricky Martin
Rock Male Vocalist
Harry Connick Jr.
Jazz Male Vocalist
Branford & Wynton Marsalis
Jazz Group & Instrumentalist
Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band
Concert
Metallica
Rock Group

SIC POLL WINNERS

Love and Death (continued from page 122)

It wasn't just that she had "nice titties." Goddamn if she didn't take that $2000 and throw it right back.

pack up her things and threaten to leave. One time, after he'd busted up her face and pulled out a hank of hair, he got back into her good graces by buying her a brand-new 1997 black Mercedes at a cost of $97,300. Unfortunately, Sandy couldn't drive it off the lot. Her license had been suspended for driving under the influence. Ironically, given his own problems, Ted paid $15,000 for her to attend Sober Living by the Sea, a substance abuse rehabilitation center in Newport Beach, California, to fulfill her DWI sentence.

Ted's romance with Sandy might have had its share of drama, but the bickering within the Binion clan was worthy of an old episode of *Dallas*. Ever since Teddy Jane's death, Binion's sister Becky had been waging a war against her brother Jack, president of the Horseshoe. Becky thought Jack was funneling money from the Horseshoe into the casinos he had opened on his own in Mississippi and Louisiana. The only way she could think to stop him was by taking control of the Horseshoe. So she took the fight to court.

In 1998, the suit was settled, bitterly, with Becky the putative winner. As part of the terms, Jack had to buy out Ted's and another sister's interests, then sell them to Becky for a $20 million note. She had to make good on the note at the end of two years, or the Horseshoe would revert to Jack. For Ted, who kept a large collection of silver coins and bullion in one of the Horseshoe's basement vaults, it meant, among other things, that he would have to find another storage space.

The solution to the problem arrived in the person of Rick Tabish. Ted struck up a conversation with him one night in the men's room at an old-time Vegas joint called Piero's on Paradise Road. The 32-year-old Tabish was entertaining, a "young, sharp guy," as Binion called him. On their way back into the dining room, Ted invited Tabish to join him for a drink. Rick accepted. The two talked about Montana, where Tabish was from, and their love of fishing and the natural beauty of Big Sky country. Tabish, like Binion, had grown up privileged, in his case the son of a wealthy Missoula gasoline distributor. A star linebacker on his high school football team, Rick had a wild side off the field that included drinking, brawling and a taste for crime. Family pull helped get him out of a couple of runins with the law—an aggravated assault charge and the theft of a $600,000 painting from a family friend—but not even his father's influence could save him when he got busted for sending a quarter pound of coke from Arizona to Missoula via Federal Express. Rick pleaded guilty and served nine months in the Montana State Prison at Deer Lodge.

When he got out of prison, Tabish had cleaned up his act. He landed a construction job with a reputable company and later married the boss' daughter, Mary Jo Rehbein. Husband and wife started a trucking company that was successful, but several other ventures did less well. In 1997, the ambitious Tabish traveled to Nevada with the understanding that he would move Mary Jo and their two kids down as soon as he was established.

Ted Binion was exactly the kind of man Tabish had come to Vegas looking to meet, and Binion took a liking to Tabish, who no doubt reminded him of himself at a younger age. During the months that followed, Rick became a frequent visitor at the Palomino Lane mansion. He got to know Sandy. He heard about Ted's problems with the gaming commission, with his sister Becky. He heard about the hoard of silver in the basement. He was also around when Ted got the news in May 1998 that he had lost his 11-year battle against the gaming commission and had his license permanently revoked.

Ted was devastated, though he had no one to blame but himself. He had disregarded the gaming commission's stipulation that he have nothing to do with the Horseshoe. Beyond the little things, he had been guilty of instructing a Horseshoe employee to cash $11,000 in checks for his buddy Blitzstein, a lieutenant of Chicago mobster Tony "the Ant" Spilotro. He had spent quality time with a wiseguy named Pete Ribaste, of the Kansas City Mob. And he had twice failed drug hair-tests despite his efforts to thwart the tests by having a barber shave off all his head and body hair. It's hard to fathom that a guy as smart as Binion was could be so stupid and self-destructive. But Ted was a gambler, and, like every true gambler, he just liked living on the edge.

With the fallout from the GBC's ruling came the imperative to move his silver out of the Horseshoe. Ted turned to his new buddy Tabish, who in addition to his trucking company, did contracting work. Ted had decided that he wanted to build an underground vault near his ranch in Pahrump, Nevada to store the coins and bullion. Following Ted's instructions, Tabish dug the vault right off the main road, in a dusty patch of desert property Ted owned between a Burger King and Terrible Herbst's casino.

On a typically hot desert evening in July 1998, Binion and Tabish, along with members of Tabish's work crew, hauled the 48,000 pounds of silver to Pahrump. Tabish would recall later that they were "like a bunch of cowboys in the night. Teddy wearing a bullet-proof vest and guns on his hips."

Back in Las Vegas, Binion told his friends he was going to find other things to do with his life now that he could no longer work in the casino business. He was going to buy another ranch somewhere. He was going to write a book about his dad. Or make a movie.

Instead, he started smoking heroin again.

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On September 17, 1998, Emergency Medical Technicians responding to a call at Binion's Palomino Lane mansion encountered a hysterical Sandy Murphy running toward them, yelling, "He's stopped breathing! He's stopped breathing!" Entering the house, they found Binion's motionless body in the den, laid out on a sleeping bag, surrounded by foil wrappers, half a red balloon and an empty bottle of Xanax.

When one of the EMTs told Sandy that Binion was dead, she became so distraught that she had to be hospitalized and sedated.

The front-page story in the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* the next morning featured a large photo of Binion, moon-faced, with thinning curls, under the headline TED BINION: TROUBLED GAMBLING FIGURE DIES. A smaller photo, taken hours after his death, showed two of his friends consoling each other in front of his home. One of the men was a "shaken" Rick Tabish. He's quoted saying his friend's death was a "tragedy because I know he was trying really hard to change his life."

Less than 36 hours later, Tabish was caught in the middle of the night in Pahrump, having just excavated the dead man's silver from the underground vault he had built. The bullion was valued at $7 million.

Tabish tried some fast-talking, standing there in the middle of the night next to a couple of earthmovers and a dump truck. At first he told Sergeant

(continued on page 162)

"If it's any consolation, this isn't my idea of a ménage à trois either."

BIJOU

a bad girl gets good—and better

SHE DECLARED herself emancipated from her famous parents at 14 and started living on her own in New York City. Is it any wonder she ended up walking on the wild side? She modeled for Calvin Klein, was a regular on the A-list party circuit as a young teen and made frequent tabloid headlines for her alleged psycho-brat behavior. She pulled a Drew Barrymore and entered rehab at 17. Since then she has devoted herself to her work. Her first album, *I'd Rather Eat Glass*, was well received critically, and she's acted in four movies to date. Media reports say she's still no angel, so we were expecting her high spirits. We discovered, however, a thoughtful, world-wise young woman, who, at the age of 20, is ready to make an entirely new splash with her appearance here.

PLAYBOY: How has being the daughter of John Phillips (of the Mamas and the Papas) affected your career?

PHILLIPS: It's helped me, but at the same time it hasn't. If I weren't his daughter I wonder if people would take the record more seriously. It's a double-edged sword and you're going to get cut on both sides.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Americans get so worked up about sex and nudity?

PHILLIPS: Because they're the horniest people on the planet. They're afraid of the church, they're afraid of hell, they're afraid of what might

Even though Bijou's father is John Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas (pictured above), she didn't seek his help while recording *I'd Rather Eat Glass*. "He didn't want to hear about my album until it was done," she says. "He wanted me to do it on my own."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ELLEN VON UNWERTH

happen if they are open about it.

PLAYBOY: So what makes a man sexy?

PHILLIPS: A belly. I like real men, I don't like pretty boys.

PLAYBOY: You've said you're obsessed with stripping—the clothes, the darkness, the raunchiness. You even took to the pole in one of your videos. What is it that intrigues you about that lifestyle?

PHILLIPS: I love going to strip clubs. I don't think it's bad or degrading. Guys are guys. The only time a woman really cares what a guy thinks is when she's in love with him or he's her boss. The rest of the time women wish guys would disappear. When the girls are up there and all eyes are on them and they're ready to dance, the adrenaline rush they get is amazing. I really respect a good dancer because it's painful to learn how to work the pole. That's a metal pole you're rubbing your legs, shins and calves against. Strippers get these huge calluses on their legs. It's hard-core.

PLAYBOY: With your first album, *I'd Rather Eat Glass*, you were compared to Tori Amos and Ani DiFranco, among others. Who do you really identify with?

PHILLIPS: Rickie Lee Jones is my favorite, but I like a lot of female artists. Madonna is God. She's the Queen Elizabeth of the music kingdom.

PLAYBOY: Where do you rank in this monarchy?

PHILLIPS: I'm in a dungeon somewhere. She has me hidden away. I'm not even a royal subject.

PLAYBOY: You've started acting, appearing in the film *Black and White* with

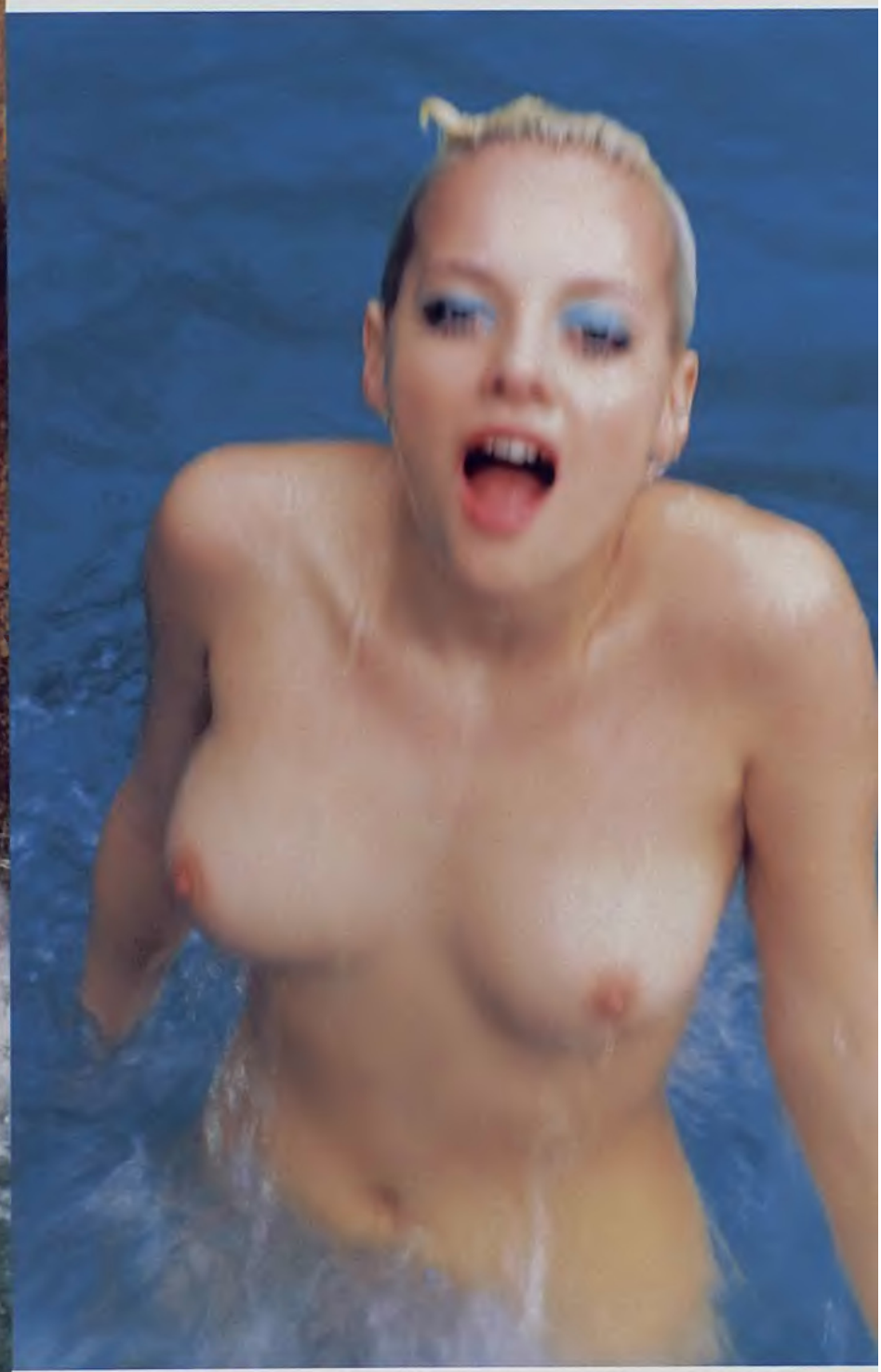
Phillips is as comfortable with her body as we are. "Nudity is not a big deal," she says. "I had so much fun doing this. I had the Playboy Mansion to myself for two days! I wanted the pictures to look like we were in the Seventies trying to re-create the Twenties."

Robert Downey Jr. What's your next project?

PHILLIPS: With music you have to set aside four or five months just to focus. Now it's music time, and it's been a nightmare because I don't know what kind of music I want to do.

PLAYBOY: Your half sister Chynna Phillips dropped out of the music world, got married and is having a baby. Is that something you want someday?

PHILLIPS: I don't think Chynna is really interested in selling herself anymore. I really just want to get married and have kids, too. That's my main goal in life. But I want to give myself a shot at other things first. Some people want to focus everything on their children. They don't believe you can both have a career and raise kids, because you really can't. We'll see what happens. I'm looking forward to being barefoot and pregnant at 28 or 29, with a house in Colorado—maybe Boulder. I want to raise horses and have my kids be able to ride their bikes to school every day.



Phillips knows the secret of sexual attraction. "Psychoness and calling constantly are big turnoffs," the 20-year-old reformed bad girl says. "Guys need to know that the harder you play, the more the girl wants you. You have to be hard to get."

EVANS & NOVAK (continued from page 68)

You used to finish up and go down to the bar. Now these reporters go to their rooms and type up notes.

NOVAK: The thing I really didn't want to do was get in the papers. I told Rowly about it and told him to keep it quiet. The next night he was at a dinner party I wasn't at and, I am sure, lubricated by a little wine. He told the story. Among the people at the party was Herb Caen, the former columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It ran in the paper the next day. We had started the column a little more than a year earlier, and *Newsweek* was about to do a big press piece to come out at the time of the convention. They were writing about us as the hottest new political column and picked up the story from Herb Caen's column. So it was broadcast everywhere, thanks to my good friend.

EVANS: I don't know if I ever until this second acknowledged my part in that. I actually made Bob Novak a hero. I didn't have him just taking a swing. I had him decking the guy.

PLAYBOY: Which was it?

NOVAK: I didn't knock him down, but I hit him—hard.

PLAYBOY: Was that the only time your words led to physical violence?

NOVAK: There was one other time. It was at the Democratic midterm convention in Kansas City in 1974. I hadn't worked around television much and nobody knew what I looked like, so I left behind my three-piece suit and was able to sneak into a closed-door labor caucus. I was in the back, just part of the guys. They had barely started and the door opens and in walks a tall, Waspy reporter named Chris Lydon, who was with *The New York Times*. He was wearing an ascot. They immediately spotted him; he had his press credentials around his neck. "Get him out of here! Press!" He looked around and saw me and said, "How come you let some press in and you don't let others in?" They said, "There is no press in here." He said, "Yes, there is!" and he fingered me.

EVANS: Outrageous.

NOVAK: So they kicked me out. I was furious. I got out of there in a rage and I took a swing at him. Chris is 6'3".

EVANS: Six foot two.

NOVAK: I hit him right in the chest. I aimed for his face but I hit him in the chest. Then people grabbed us both. There were a million reporters around. That got on page one of *The Kansas City Star* the next day. So that was my second and last two-fisted encounter. I was more enraged than I had been the first time, when the guy called me real bad names and I was a little hung over and cross. They were ten years apart and 25 years ago.

PLAYBOY: How about you, Rowly? Have your words ever led to physical violence?

EVANS: I haven't ever attacked anybody.

PLAYBOY: Did you reprimand your partner for resorting to his fists?

EVANS: What are you talking about? I gloried in it. It was reflected glory. I wish I had the gumption and the guts to do it.

NOVAK: That was a long time ago.

EVANS: I've had a lot of unpleasant experiences, but they never got physical. In those days reporters were very careful about stepping on one another's toes. If you got a break with a politician—he invited you or you snuck into his office ahead of the pack—there were rules that were pretty much abided by. Chris Lydon forgot a rule when he saw Novak in there.

PLAYBOY: Did he apologize?

NOVAK: No, nobody apologized to anybody.

EVANS: I bet Chris did.

NOVAK: No, he didn't. I didn't apologize to him and he didn't apologize to me.

EVANS: That level of competition makes it fun.

PLAYBOY: Is it still there?

EVANS: It's completely different. The press now is a disaster. It's changed completely. Some of its practices could harm the country, in fact. It's that grave. The press seems more powerful than ever, but in some ways it's weaker. For one thing, there's too much power in the White House and they manipulate the press the way they want to. The press is Clinton's publicity machine. Thanks to Dick Morris and some of the more shrewd advisors like him, Bill Clinton, going into and after the 1998 election, came up with a plan that he still carries out. Every day there is some new bite-size program to announce. It may be related to education, health, HMOs, taxes, agriculture, the culture. Anything.

NOVAK: It's mostly campaigning.

"What's this all about? You guys aren't famous enough to trash a hotel room!"

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

EVANS: It's *all* campaigning. The three major networks, which still have some audience, show up at the White House every day. Half the time the news opens with, "We take you now to the Rose Garden. . . ." There is the president of the U.S. with free publicity for 45 seconds or a minute. He outlines his small plan for our children or the future or the future of our children. It's always meaningless, but the press takes it and runs with it because not much else is going on.

NOVAK: Television has changed things a lot. I went out on a barnstorming tour in 1959 with the newly elected governor of New York, Nelson Rockefeller. Nelson would start off every day with a press conference. It was the first time the TV news was there in full force. After a day or two, the print reporters went to Nelson and said, "The camera crews get in our way. We don't want them at these press conferences." From the next day on, Rockefeller had a separate press conference—like the children's table at dinner—for the electronic media. The real press conference went on very long and then he would have this little short thing for the TV crews. Now it's the other way around; TV is just about all they care about. And there's another change: There are not the colorful characters around like when I started out.

PLAYBOY: Why the change?

NOVAK: The media now are a lot of Harvard graduates and professed intellectuals. They are kind of nerdy. I don't travel with candidates much anymore, but when I do the cultural change is startling. You used to finish up the day and go down to the bar. There might be some staffers around and certainly other reporters and you'd have a few shooters. Now these guys go to their rooms and type up notes. They are like insurance men. They order salads from room service! I mean, they are a pretty dull lot. They are not the colorful characters I started out with, 30 or 40 years my senior. And access: It isn't the same. I just did a column about the president losing his cool at a White House dinner.

EVANS: Hell of a good column——

NOVAK: And I called this congressman. I have a good relationship with a conservative Republican and had run into him in a cocktail lounge the week before, and we had had a long conversation. I couldn't get him to call me back about this item, so I went elsewhere. Finally, his press secretary called back, and I said I wanted to speak to the congressman about something. "About what?" "It's confidential." This press secretary called back and told the young lady in my office that the senator is not going to talk to any reporter unless (1) he knows what the subject is going to be in advance and (2) it happens to be a subject he's working on.

EVANS: When we started covering this town, press secretaries didn't exist. Now the most lowly newcomer of whatever party has a press secretary. I call less frequently these days, but I do an occasional column. I'll say, "I want to talk to the senator." "What about?" And I'll say, "None of your fucking business."

NOVAK: [*Laughs*] You don't get very far that way. When I was a 26-year-old reporter for the Associated Press, I could get through to any senator. I would just say, "Novak, Associated Press," and, bang, I was through.

EVANS: Now it's all about protection. They are all protecting against us and against each other. There is much less access to top politicians in every way. In 1958, I went out with Nixon with four other reporters. He was vice president. We spent the whole day with him. There must have been a Secret Service guy around, but I don't remember one. On the way back I said, "Mr. Vice President, is there any chance that I might ride back with you?" He said, "Sure." That couldn't happen now.

NOVAK: Here's another example. Jack Kennedy was a great pal of Rowly's, but he wasn't a pal of mine. He was running for president and I knew him and had covered him from the time I got into Washington. In 1960, a few reporters and I flew back from a reporting trip to the Wisconsin primary. We arrive at the airport and Kennedy asks, "Where do you live?" I tell him, "I have an apartment in Georgetown." He says, "I live in Georgetown; I'll give you a ride." We get in his car—just the two of us—and he

"I don't want her looking—she might get jealous."

gives me a ride from National Airport to Georgetown. I'll never forget it. He's going about 100 miles per hour.

EVANS: He was the worst driver in town.

NOVAK: I'm sweating bullets.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Kennedy have a driver?

NOVAK: He drove. I can't remember whether it was the convertible.

EVANS: It was a convertible.

NOVAK: That's right. The top was down. He looks at me at a stop sign and says, "I'm not going too fast for you, Novak, am I?" I said, "No, Senator, it's just fine." I was terrified. That too is the kind of thing that couldn't happen today. Now the idea of a presidential candidate getting into a car with a reporter, without any aides, is preposterous.

EVANS: Here's another story about Kennedy's driving. I am driving out to the Kennedys' one night in 1957 or 1958 when I see his car pulled over on the side of the road. A police car is stopped behind him. I went right on by. Kennedy was with Ted Sorensen, his top guy at the time. We get to the house and Kennedy arrives 15 minutes later. I ask him, "What did the cop do?" and he says, "He gave Ted a ticket." "Ted? But you were driving." "We switched," he said.

PLAYBOY: Did you write about it?

EVANS: I didn't. I never even thought to. It could have been a great story.

PLAYBOY: Were you protecting President Kennedy?

EVANS: In those days, I just never thought about writing something like that. Now anybody would jump on it. I know that it is not healthy for a reporter to be too close to politicians, particularly the president. Well, it all works both ways. You get a lot of the old tidbits when you see him at supper that you wouldn't get otherwise.

PLAYBOY: But would you use it?

EVANS: That's the problem. There is always that problem. What do you use? Are you protecting him? In general, we'd never be reluctant to report anything we thought was a good scoop. We were newspapermen first. I remember one weekend we went up to Hyannis Port and were staying with Kennedy's sister, Jean Smith. Kennedy invited us to supper Saturday night and out on the boat Sunday morning. We had a Sunday column, which was composed of five items. One made Kennedy look terrible. It was very nasty. We were all down there on the lawn at Hyannis Port waiting for the president, and we were all going out on the boat. I was saying to myself, Geez, I hope he hasn't read the paper. Well, of course he had, because he used to read everything. He came down there in his golf cart, kids all over his shoulders, with *The Boston Globe*, which is one of our papers. He looked very grim-faced. He came right up to me and said, "I read your column this morning, Rowland." I knew that the shit was hitting the fan. Everybody else fled, rushed down to get on the boat, leaving me alone. He said, "Let me tell you something. In the first place, I didn't do this. In the second place, I didn't say that. In the third place. . . ." He went to about six places, and I thought he would next say, "I don't want you on this boat." But he didn't. That was Kennedy. But you always run the risk of embarrassment. In this town, you go out to dinner every night with politicians you just knocked the shit out of that morning.

PLAYBOY: But if you had a good scoop that could hurt somebody you like, would you write it?

EVANS: Absolutely. Definitely. We didn't have any sacred cows. There is an element of risk in that. Are you going to use exactly the same words about somebody you really think is a great politician that you would about somebody you think is a scoundrel? You are going to use different words. Who is going to prove that one way or the other? But you do your best to keep that out.

PLAYBOY: Do you care about the reaction, or do you develop a thick skin?

EVANS: You develop a very thick skin. You say, "This is the way the cookie

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crumbles, Senator. I'm sorry that it happened, but it's the truth." Then, of course, the guy spends half an hour telling you (1) what a shit you are and (2) how wrong you were.

PLAYBOY: Occasionally you were wrong in your reports.

NOVAK: I can only remember Evans' mistakes [*laughs*]. I can't remember mine.

PLAYBOY: You said Mikhail Gorbachev would never get the top job in the USSR, for one example.

NOVAK: Who said that? I can't remember saying that. Columnists are a little like politicians. They can't remember a mistake. But, in truth, we weren't wrong much. We did pretty well considering all those years of columns. We set a high standard. Rowland and I always put something in our column that had never been printed before. A good column was packed with stuff that hadn't been printed before, but every column had something. Critics say that if we had to, we made it up.

PLAYBOY: Well?

NOVAK: It's completely untrue. No, we worked hard to find something and we found it. We certainly never wanted to bore people, and I don't think we did that very much, either.

PLAYBOY: Do you still do all the reporting yourself, Bob?

NOVAK: I do have a little staff. Two reporters. I don't pay much, but a lot of people want to work for me. The reporters do a lot of grunt work digging up stuff.

PLAYBOY: Is it dangerous when journalists start making the big bucks like you both do?

NOVAK: I don't make the kind of money investment bankers make, but I do better than I ever thought I would. It's nicer to make a little money than not to make a little. Whether it has changed me at all, I don't know. I was on my journey long before I started to make a little more money. The only reason I am making a little more money is television.

EVANS: Besides the money, in the old days, there were few bylines. Everything was anonymous. Reporters were the eyes and ears of the people who read the papers, nothing more. They weren't celebrities. They had no egos. Now we all have enormous egos. It's almost solipsistic. David Brinkley said that it was embarrassing when he would go out on the campaign trail. More people wanted his autograph than the candidates'. If you send one of the TV anchors out with the vice president, hell, nobody will look at the vice president. It never used to be that way, and I don't think it's healthy. TV changed everything. It came late for us. We just fell into it, which is how we finally made some money.

PLAYBOY: Was yours a marriage made in heaven? You've said you've argued at least 10,000 times and disagreed 10,000 times.

NOVAK: But never about money. We argued, but we argued about what position we should take. What column we should write. How something should be said. Thirty years is a long time for a partnership. It would have lasted even longer if he hadn't decided to—he doesn't like to use this word—retire from writing.

PLAYBOY: Bob, was it sad for you when he did?

NOVAK: Yes, it was. When he did, I had an awful lot of people who wanted to become my partner. I thought about it but decided I didn't want ever to do a partnership again.

PLAYBOY: Because?

NOVAK: I just wanted to do something different. I wanted to do it on my own. Economically it was an improvement for me. Also, after 30 years, not having to check the little things was kind of nice [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Why did you retire, Rowland?

EVANS: The deadline factor was getting onerous. We started with six columns a week, then we went to five a week. When I quit the column, we were doing four a week. That meant four deadlines, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday. We had 100 to 150 phone calls a day. It was the pressure. Now I have the best of both worlds: If I get something good, I will write it in the occasional column, plus I have the show on CNN. And I have time. I love mountains, I love skiing, I love squash and tennis. I like to walk, paddle, fish. I figured I had another ten years left and I'd be gone, so I quit. It was a hard decision. Novak said, "I always thought we'd be carried out together on the same shield." But I couldn't and I'm not sorry.

PLAYBOY: Have you figured exactly what it is about the chemistry that made it work for so long?

NOVAK: The integrity. The reporting. We really wanted to get the story. We each were willing to give a little. And I think we really kind of liked each other, too. We are very different kinds of people from very different backgrounds, but it worked.

PLAYBOY: What did each of you bring to the column?

NOVAK: As time went on, Rowly became more and more a foreign policy special-

"'Don't hold your breath' isn't the same as no, is it?"

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ist. When the column had a foreign dateline, people assumed it was him, though I traveled quite a bit. I became much more of an economics specialist as time went on.

PLAYBOY: What about your personalities? Are you different?

NOVAK: Very different. As he indicated, Rowly is a great athlete. He is 78 years old and plays squash every day. He goes backpacking in the summer. He has a camp in Maine where he goes to rough it and fish. He plays tennis.

PLAYBOY: After all these years, did any of that rub off on you?

NOVAK: Not a bit. I don't do any exercise at all, but I'm a great spectator of sport, which he is not.

EVANS: He was going to his place down on the Eastern Shore and said, "Rowly, you are going to be very pleased with me. I am going to get some exercise this weekend." I said, "Terrific, what are you going to do?" He said, "I'm going deep-sea fishing." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Bob, do you have any plans to follow Evans' lead and retire any time soon?

NOVAK: In some way or another I will keep going until I die. Whether I will keep up this pace or not, I don't know. I have contracts that run out when I reach 70, and I think I will take a look at things then. For a two-time cancer survivor, I am in good health, so trust the Lord that I will stay in good health. I'd like always to be doing something.

PLAYBOY: Do you still get the same thrill from being at the center of the Washington media?

NOVAK: It is a tremendous joy writing something that hasn't been written before.

PLAYBOY: But is it less exciting than when you arrived as an idealistic reporter?

NOVAK: I didn't come here to improve the government because I was excited about the government. I came here because I was excited about newspapers. That's what's different about a lot of the old-time reporters like Evans and me.

EVANS: We love newspapers.

NOVAK: The fact that I am highly skeptical about government doesn't change that. I love to write about how rotten it all is. It's great fun.

EVANS: The more rotten, the better. My old partner is right: It's great fun.

"Honey, do we believe in evolution?"

fitness

(continued from page 36)

THE GEAR

Participating requires a sizable investment. Travel expenses aside, you'll want to buy a mountain bike with a solid suspension system (important on rugged trails) and a lightweight frame. "You'll spend a lot of time carrying your bike during a race," says Folta. Less to lug means less energy wasted. Other essential items: a hydration system such as a CamelBak (about $100 for a 100-ounce pack), energy bars or Fig Newtons to keep you fueled, a good pair of outdoor athletic shoes, and shorts and shirts made of wicking fabric. "Dress light, like you do at the gym," says Folta. "Even in cooler locations, you'll sweat buckets during the race. Have a sweatshirt waiting at the finish line."

THE PREP

Sorry, but the 30-minutes-three-times-a-week gym routine won't prepare you for the rigors of an adventure race. "If you're going to have to run for an hour, paddle for an hour and bike for an hour in a race, your workouts must be focused and functional," says Jim Garfield, a top adventure racer who trains novices through his Los Angeles–based company, Adventure Training Consultants. Garfield suggests doing at least 60 minutes of cardiovascular conditioning five days a week, along with upper-body lifting. And you need to get outside and practice the actual sports in the race. A spinning class works wonders on your legs and lungs, Garfield says, but it doesn't teach you jack about bike-handling skills on a trail.

Attending a training clinic is another way to prep your body for adventure racing. As the hybrid sport grows in popularity, special camps are opening around the country. Run by veteran racers (often former military Special Forces guys), these one- to six-day trips whip you into competitive shape and acquaint you with a number of sports. Expect to pay between $600 and $1300 to attend.

Adventure Fitness Training (Santa Monica, California): Don't be fooled by the Malibu beach training grounds: This weekend-long course is far from cushy. It includes lessons in canyoneering (negotiating wet, boulder-filled canyons), hiking, horseback riding, sea kayaking, rappelling and mountain biking. The confidence-building (or fear-inciting) finale is an ocean swim.

California Eco-Training Clinics (Santa Cruz): To make this camp beginner-friendly, it's organized into "bite-size pieces of adventure races," says co-founder Dan Barger. Each daylong clinic is devoted to one discipline (say, rappelling), with classroom work and hands-on practice. You can go alone or with your entire team to get a leg up on

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the competition at one of Cal Eco's 12- to 18-hour races around the Golden State.

Trident Adventures in Training Eco-Adventure (Lake Morena, California): Taught by former Navy Seals, Trident Adventures is a weekend-long camp held in the mountains southeast of San Diego. Campers are divided into five- to seven-person teams of similar ability and assigned an instructor. The fun begins at two A.M. Saturday (following dinner and classroom instruction on Friday evening), usually with about ten hours of hiking and navigation. The weekend also includes instruction in flatwater paddling, mountain biking, rappelling and Tyrolean traverse (traversing a canyon via a suspended rope and jury-rigged pulley). After about four hours of sleep on Saturday night, you'll rise to the challenge of a predawn orienteering race.

Four Winds Adventure Training Camp (Lake Mead, Nevada and Lake Shasta, California): This camp considers itself the Club Med of adventure race training. Not because you can buy margaritas with plastic beads or hook up with a French divorcée, but because its base "camp" is a 55-foot houseboat in Lake Mead. From the boat, you'll learn to kayak (day and night) on the lake and various tributaries. On land, you'll hike and climb in remote desert environs.

Nantahala Outdoor Center Adventure Racing School (Bryson City, North Carolina): Held at the Nantahala Outdoor Center—a renowned water-sport center that's nestled in the Great Smoky Mountains—this camp focuses on paddling sports (the weak link for most adventurers). You'll get in plenty of canoeing, sea kayaking and rafting on both flat and white water. The 12-hour days are also filled with running and orienteering (on and around the Appalachian Trail), mountain biking and rappelling.

Odyssey Adventure Racing Academy (New River Gorge, West Virginia): The motto of this camp is "Your pain is our pleasure." Attended by solo racers, teams and even support crews, it offers serious instruction for serious racers. The six-day course covers all the sports, as well as racing methodology and strategy. The wrap up is a two-day race called the Endorphin Fix.

Presidio Adventure Racing Academy (San Francisco): This is the world's first adventure racing camp and arguably the one in the best setting—on and around San Francisco Bay. It offers the chance to kayak near the Golden Gate Bridge, climb Mount Tamalpais and navigate the Marin Headlands, with instruction from former Navy Seals and top racers. Among the unique features of the Presidio: Racers-in-training participate in endurance horseback riding and are instructed in sleep-management techniques, which they put into practice in the 30-hour race on the final day of the academy.

—SARAH BOWEN SHEA

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I want my MP3

(continued from page 112)

many big-time artists offer tracks that can be downloaded, most of the tunes you can grab are by bands you've never heard of. Obviously, you're going to have to endure plenty of junk to get to the jewels. And downloading is not always an easy process. Using a 56kbps modem, a single file took an hour to hit our hard drive, compared to the one-minute download time for the same tune on PLAYBOY's T1 lines. (Our guess: The serious audio downloaders are not the most productive employees.) Internet ramps aside, enjoying music on your computer requires special software. Although there are separate products for playing and decoding digital audio files, we recommend the all-in-one programs MusicMatch Jukebox and Real Jukebox for the PC and SoundJam MP for the Mac. These programs not only let you download and play back digital music and spoken word files efficiently, they also let you copy tracks from compact discs onto your hard drive, a process know as ripping. Until we all enjoy high-speed access to the Net, ripping is the best reason to get onto the MP3 bandwagon. With a few mouse clicks, you can compress ripped music files to less than half their original size. That means you can store huge amounts of audio on your computer without eating up much hard-drive space. Connect a pair of multimedia speakers, and that jukebox scenario becomes a reality. Of course, you can also free yourself from the computer with one of the many portable MP3 players on the market. Although some, such as Sony's 64-megabyte Music Clip, offer only onboard storage, most combine internal memory with removable storage cards (priced at $50 for 16 megabytes and $100 for 32 megs). Either way, you'll need at least 32 megs to enjoy an hour's worth of tunes on the go. Getting the music from your hard drive to a portable player requires more software (usually supplied with the gear) and more patience. It can take a couple of minutes to copy a song from one device to the other. We recommend a player that connects to your computer via USB cables. It will speed up the download process, leaving more time for the hunt.

Where the tunes are

You've rigged your computer, connected a mean pair of multimedia speakers and have established your Net connection. Now it's time to hunt for music. Here are some starting points. Most offer free downloads as well as music files for a fee (generally starting at about a buck a track).

Atomic Pop (atomicpop.com): This self-proclaimed 21st century music company made headlines when it announced plans to sign artists to a virtual label that would offer recordings only on MP3. Now it's evolved into a one-stop media shop with music, games, radio stations, streaming video and more.

Audible.com (audible.com): There's no music here, but you will find hundreds of audio books, newscasts, lectures and speeches as well as spoken versions of newspapers and magazines. Prices start at $1 per book and top out at about $15.

Crunch (www.crunch.co.uk): Trippy dance tracks by the UK's hottest DJs are organized according to "six genres of dance music." Who knew there was more than one?

Compact Disc Database (cddb.com): Pop a compact disc into your CD-ROM drive and technology built into your music player will automatically go to CDDB to retrieve details on the artist, album and song titles. You can search CDDB directly; it includes information on all commercial music that exists on the Net. CDDB also tracks tunes spinning on CD-ROM drives and publishes its findings in a frequently updated list, titled CDDB Top Ten.

Eatsleepmusic.com (eatsleepmusic.com): Forget that the creators of this site have a thing for karaoke. Just click on MP3 Center for music by bands you've never heard of categorized by genres you have—dance, techno, metal, punk, etc. We like 13 Stories, an Atlanta-based alterna-pop group with the tag line: "music to take your clothes off to."

Emusic (emusic.com): This Goliath owns Tunes.com, Rolling stone.com and DownBeatJazz.com—all cool audio sites in their own right. But Emusic alone offers more than 50,000 downloadable files, including promotional cuts from major-label bands. Check out the "myplay" feature, which lets you store music in a virtual locker until you're ready to dump it all onto your hard drive.

Pop tart Britney Spears smooches her Silicon CD, an award presented to artists who spend 30 days on CDDB's Digital Top Ten chart.

Internet Underground Music Archive (iuma.com): If you're into indie music, this site is a must. It includes hi-fi and low-fi tracks across every conceivable musical genre. Each category of tunes includes a "featured artist," with a couple of free song files, plus a list of the most frequently downloaded songs. Click on a track and it's yours.

Listen.com (listen.com): Break out your plastic—most of the music here will cost you. But you'll find plenty of top-name artists and recognizable tunes under the "big shots" section. A couple of reasons to make this site a priority: Listen.com provides links to artists' personal home pages and it broadens your musical horizons. Click on a band such as Nirvana and the site recommends other similar groups.

MP123.com (mp123.com): Go to this web hub to swap your MP3 files with other Net music fanatics. Check out the About MP123 link for details.

MP3.com (mp3.com): Everything you need to know about the format, from how the compression technology works to the best software and players. Plus there's a boatload of free tunes.

RadioSpy.com (radiospy.com): Live out your rock jock fantasies by creating and broadcasting your own MP3 radio station from this Web stop. Too cool to miss.

Rioport.com (rioport.com): Beware: You could get sucked into this site for days. It's loaded with downloadable audio files—but not just music. You'll also find poetry, spoken word, short stories, news and more.

Riffage.com (riffage.com): Independent musicians go here to share their work. Listen to sample clips, read reviews and make your own playlist of featured tracks.

Sonicnet (sonicnet.com): The D-REV 2000 link at this excellent all-around music site is where to go for thousands of MP3 downloads. Be sure to give the unknown bands listed under Sonicnet Editors Recommend a listen.

Barry White

(continued from page 116)

into honesty, communication, humor and all of the niceties—flowers, being thoughtful, remembering it's her birthday or Mother's Day. To a man, little things like that are not important. What is not important to you could be the essence of her. And for you to be that sensitive to say to yourself, What are the things she really really likes? That would make her smile.

15

PLAYBOY: How can a guy figure out what those things are? The woman may not know what she wants.

WHITE: Aha! That's true. People always ask me what I look for in a woman. I love a woman who knows what she wants. What is equally important is a woman who knows how to express in her way, in a woman's way, what she wants. We have a lot of things on us that have different functions. The way you move your fingers, your hands, your arms, your eyes—and in all that you've got this hole in the middle of your face that they call a mouth. Some people think a mouth is just there to make them look pretty. I know that Barry White's voice is different, it's low, it has sex appeal to some women. But what's more important than all of that shit is what comes out of that mouth. That's the most important thing. So arm yourself. Arm yourself for battle. Increase your knowledge. The more you know, the more you grow. That's my secret.

16

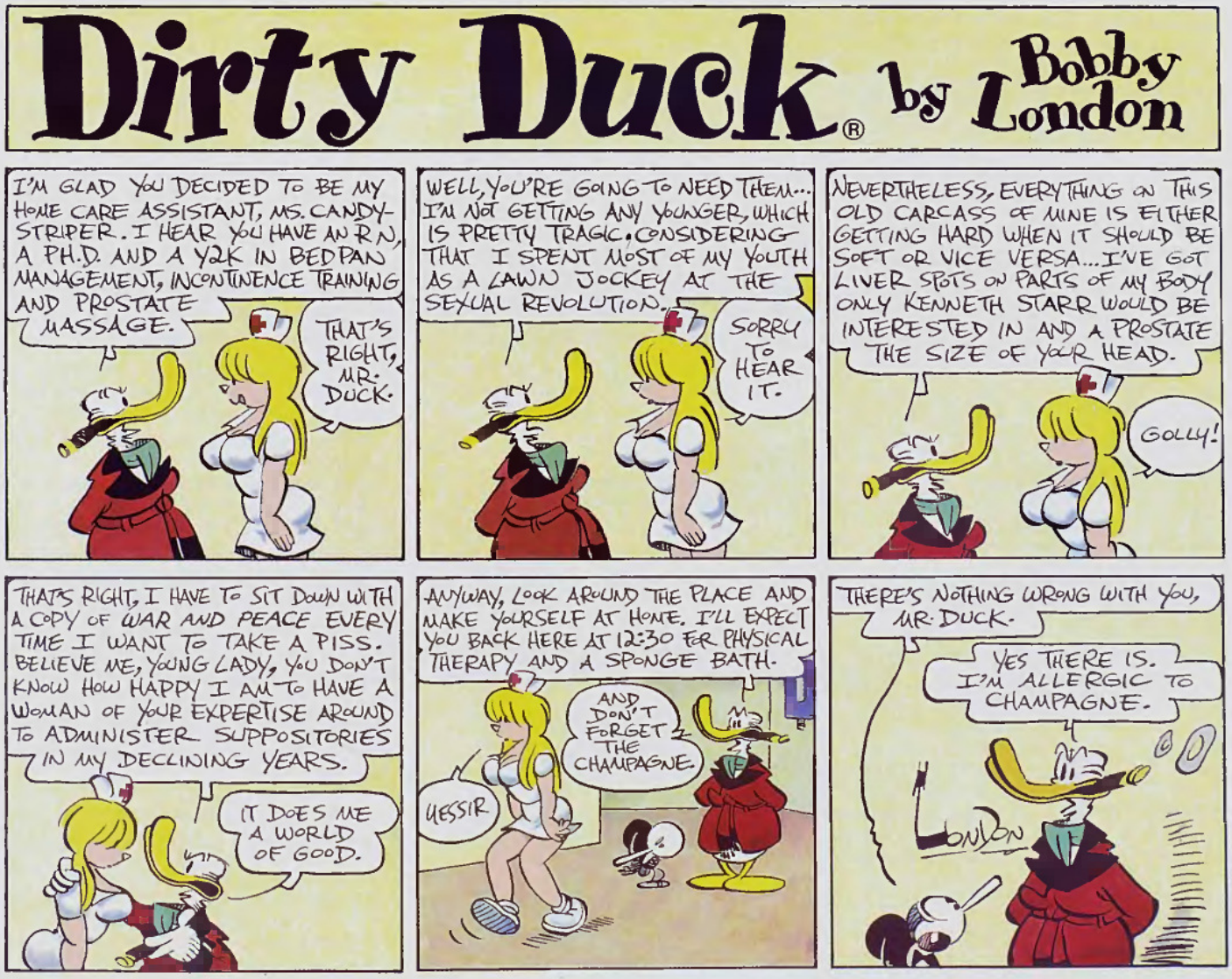
PLAYBOY: Lyrics of some hip-hop songs today do not always reflect respect for women. And a lot of the artists sample your music. Isn't there something missing there?

WHITE: Oh, there's some shit missing! [*Laughs*] No doubt about it. But it's not missing with all of them. There's good rap and there's bad rap. What I love about young rappers, whether they're respecting or disrespecting, is that they don't lie. Whatever they are singing about, they have seen, they have experienced, they know about it. Why does the music become such a big-selling thing? Because other teenagers have seen this shit, too. Nobody's telling lies. I would love for some of them who are doing hard-core to tone it down. But they're expressing the way they feel, just the way I expressed myself when I first came out on records. My thing wasn't disrespecting; my thing was, Be with your lady, man. Not an orgy, not a free-for-all. Be with your lady and respect her. Give to your lady, love your lady. We always check any rapper who wants to sample my music: You must send a tape in, we must hear it. We've turned down some who had good songs because the words were a little too strong to be connected with my name. See, I care greatly about my name. If I was running after the money, all those songs would have used my music.

17

PLAYBOY: When can calling a woman "baby" be dangerous?

WHITE: It was in Mobile, Alabama in 1966. I was driving to a gig in Florida and I stopped at a phone booth to call my wife. I got the operator, and I said, "Baby, can you get me area code 213, blah blah blah." "Yes sir, just hold on." And I'm standing there in this phone booth like an asshole, waiting on the operator to come back on the line and hook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THAT'S RIGHT, MR. DUCK.
WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THEM... I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER, WHICH IS PRETTY TRAGIC. CONSIDERING THAT I SPENT MOST OF MY YOUTH AS A LAWN JOCKEY AT THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION.
SORRY TO HEAR IT.
NEVERTHELESS, EVERYTHING ON THIS OLD CARCASS OF MINE IS EITHER GETTING HARD WHEN IT SHOULD BE SOFT OR VICE VERSA... I'VE GOT LIVER SPOTS ON PARTS OF MY BODY ONLY KENNETH STARR WOULD BE INTERESTED IN AND A PROSTATE THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD.
GOLLY!
THAT'S RIGHT, I HAVE TO SIT DOWN WITH A COPY OF WAR AND PEACE EVERY TIME I WANT TO TAKE A PISS. BELIEVE ME, YOUNG LADY, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW HAPPY I AM TO HAVE A WOMAN OF YOUR EXPERTISE AROUND TO ADMINISTER SUPPOSITORIES IN MY DECLINING YEARS.
IT DOES ME A WORLD OF GOOD.
ANYWAY, LOOK AROUND THE PLACE AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. I'LL EXPECT YOU BACK HERE AT 12:30 FOR PHYSICAL THERAPY AND A SPONGE BATH.
AND DON'T FORGET THE CHAMPAGNE.
YESSIR
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH YOU, MR. DUCK.
YES THERE IS. I'M ALLERGIC TO CHAMPAGNE.
LONDON

me up. Then I turn and look, and here comes a police car. "Sir, will you step out of the phone booth, please! There's nobody on the phone, so you can hang up now." "What's the problem, officers?" I asked. "We were told you were using profane language on the telephone." I said, "Profane language? When?" They said, "Just now, when you were talking to the operator. Did you call her baby?" I laughed. I had to laugh! It wasn't that I'd used the word baby. It was that it came from a black man to a white woman. That's what it was. I was in the South. I said, "Officers, I'm sorry if I offended anyone." "Well, just don't do it again," they said, "because we have ears everywhere."

18

PLAYBOY: So how much have we evolved in race relations since then?
WHITE: I don't know about that. I haven't been down to Alabama lately [*laughs*]! Some places and some people have made progress. But we still have a problem.

19

PLAYBOY: How did you develop your unique fashion style?
WHITE: I have my own look. That's important to me. That comes from designing my own clothes and picking the person I think can make those clothes. Barry White is a big man. He has to walk a certain way, talk a certain way, look a certain way. And I try to do that to the best of my ability. I did interviews with eight journalists from South Africa recently, and that was their number one question, my clothes. It really surprised me. I'm a simple man. I don't go for flamboyance, I don't go for blowing things up onstage. I let my music speak for me.

20

PLAYBOY: What is the biggest misconception about Barry White?
WHITE: People are always looking for me to be a freak, weird. What does Barry White do when he relaxes? I play video games. I love my fish. I deal with my dogs. I stay home. I spend time with my children. I'm not a party animal. I once had a lot of horses, but that was just a tax write-off. I don't ride horses. People fall off horses. I don't flirt with danger. I'm not into skydiving or skiing. I know man ignores dangers and goes on anyway. Sonny Bono would still be here if he'd been a little more cautious on those skis. And I'm not sure if JFK Jr. was equipped enough to know how to fly. You know, you have to use common sense with things. Just because you *can* don't mean you *should*. That's the question: Was it worth it?

"Well, my first thought was to stake out the high moral ground. Then, happily, I had a second thought."

songs that changed the world

(continued from page 96)

infanticide, cross-dressing and being burned alive, set to a vengeful tune.

Wolfpack by Syd Barrett: A spiritual apocalypse. Just before his mind parted company with itself, Barrett came up with this jagged rant.

Moonlight in Vermont by Captain Beefheart: Icy moonlight spatters blue shadows across a howling ground as the Captain and his men invoke lunar demons.

Avalon by Roxy Music: A love song to a phantom who is besotted with the idea of a woman shimmering out of nowhere. Romantics are always doomed.

Visions of Johanna by Bob Dylan: I've been listening to this since 1966 and now I sing it myself. It says a lot without spelling anything out.

DICKY BARRETT
(MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES)

The Best Is Yet to Come by Frank Sinatra: I could have gone with the obvious choices, like *My Way* and *That's Life*. They both stand out as all-time classics, but I had to go with my personal fave. The timeless lyrics, Sinatra's phrasing and Count Basie's orchestra are unbeatable.

Ace of Spades by Motörhead: The perfect heavy-metal, punk, fuck-the-world anthem. After Sinatra, Lemmy Kilmister is the man with the throat.

I Am I Said by Neil Diamond: If I've had a scotch or two, this song will make me weep. It's the tale of a man torn between two cities, and the yin and yang of his existence. Even though I sense the song is deeply autobiographical to Neil, I can fully relate to it.

Tommy Gun by the Clash: This has to represent their entire catalog, because the Clash is such an important band to me. With the exception of *Should I Stay or Should I Go*, I could have chosen any of their songs. I picked *Tommy Gun* because it's so incredibly punk in its utter disregard for traditional songwriting and arrangement.

God Only Knows by the Beach Boys and *It Must Be Love* by Madness: These two songs share a single slot because I consider them both to be flawless love songs. When Carl Wilson sings his brother Brian's lyrics—"If you should ever leave me, life would still go on, believe me/ The world would show nothing to me, so what good would living do me?"—what else can be said? Suggs McPherson and the boys from Madness did the Eighties equivalent: "Nothing more, nothing less, love is the best."

BRIAN VANDER ARK (VERVE PIPE)

That's All Right Mama by Elvis Presley: The birth of white man's rock and roll. Sam Phillips had no idea what he was inventing. This taught me everything I know about rhythm. There's never been a better song for moving your body.

"Oh, come on! Surely one of you damsels must be in distress!"

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

WIRED
Page 28: "Getting Into the Game:" **Camera and transfer pack** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. **Software:** By *EA Sports*, 800-245-4525. By *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. By *Reality Fusion*, 831-420-1697. **PC camera** by *Logitech*, 800-231-7717. "Game of the Month": **Software** by *Sega Sports*, 800-245-4525. "Wild Things": **TV, VCR and DVD player and mini–stereo system** by *Panasonic*, 800-211-7262.

FITNESS
Page 36: **The Gear: Water pack** by *Camelbak*, 800-767-8725. **Adventure Racing Camps:** *Adventure Fitness Training*, 888-488-4238. *California Eco-Training*, 408-997-3581. *Eco-Adventure*, 858-755-0811. *Four Winds Adventure Training Camp*, 800-775-7671. *Nantahala Outdoor Center*, 888-662-1662. *Odyssey*, 757-425-2445. *Presidio*, 415-775-8210.

MANTRACK
Pages 41–42: "Whistling in the Wind": *Whistling Straits*, 800-618-5535. *American Club*, 800-344-2838. "Suburban Security": *O'Gara-Hess & Eisenhardt*, 513-881-9800. "Guys Are Talking About": *Foreign Cinema*, 415-648-7600. *SmarTire*, 800-982-3001. *New York Speech Improvement Services*, 212-242-8435. *Jeremy's Microbatch*, 215-823-6885.

SPRING BREAK 2000
Pages 74–83: Special thanks to *Hedonism III*, Runaway Bay, Jamaica, 876-973-5570.

FASHION FORECAST
Page 88: **Suit** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Neiman Marcus. **Shirt and tie** by *Thomas Pink*, 888-226-1192. **Cuff links** by *Abba Accessories*, at Boyd's of Philadelphia, 215-564-9000. **Handkerchief** by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778. Page 89: **Suit and tie** by *Paul Smith*, 212-627-9770. **Shirt** by *René Lezard*, 212-274-0700. Page 90: **Suit and tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom. **Shirt and pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778. **Suit** by *Brioni*, 212-355-1940. **Shirt** by *Etro*, 212-317-9096, Tyrone's, 516-484-3330 and A.K. Rikks, 616-957-3242. **Tie and pocket square** by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778. Page 91: **Shirt** by *Brooks Brothers*, 800-274-1815. **Vest** by *Holland and Holland*, 212-752-7755 and 310-271-1100. **Shirt** by *Sulka*, 800-75-SULKA. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778. **Tie** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman Marcus and Barneys New York. **Sunglasses** by *Silhouette*, 800-858-7363, ext. 1545. **Sweater and shirt** by *Etro*, 212-317-9096. **V-neck sweater and shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, 800-999-0600. **Watch** by *Concord*, 888-812-6626. **Shirt and tie** by *Brioni*, 212-355-1940, 212-376-5777. Page 92: **Suit** by *Vestimenta*, at Mister Guy, 314-991-5262. **Shirt** by *Brioni*, at Wilkes Bashford, 415-986-4380. **Tie** by *Etro*, 212-317-9096. **Eyeglasses** by *Silhouette*, 800-858-7363, ext. 1545. **Suit, shirt and tie** by *René Lezard*, 212-274-0700. Page 93: **Suit** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue. **Shirt** by *Brioni*, 212-355-1940. **Tie and shirt** by *Sulka*, 800-75-SULKA. **Jacket** by *Joseph Abboud*, 800-999-0600. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, 800-747-8778.

I WANT MY MP3
Pages 112–113: **MP3 players:** By *Audiovox*, 800-290-6650. By *Diamond Multimedia*, 800-468-5846. By *Handspring*, 888-565-9393. By *i2GO*, 888-388-4246. By *Creative Labs*, 800-998-1000. By *I-Jam*, 888-326-4526. **MP3 expansion module:** By *Innogear*, 408-848-8338. **Omniplayer** by *Sphere Multimedia*, 877-666-4752. **Software:** By *MusicMatch*, 858-385-8360. By *RealNetworks*, 888-768-3248. By *SoundJam MP*, 800-359-4920.

ON THE SCENE
Page 171: **Computer** by *IBM*, 800-426-7255, ext. 4751. **Water** by *Energy Brand*, 800-746-0087. **DVD player** by *Sony*, 800-222-7669. **Display** by *Olympus*, 800-622-6372. **Slippers, neck pillow and blanket** from *TravelSmith*, 800-995-7010. **Lotion** by *Aramis*, 212-756-4801.

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Tomorrow Never Knows by the Beatles: The first true psychedelic song. It taught me that everything can work sonically. You could record a hair drier, and under the right circumstances, it would sound great. There are no rules in recording.

Good Vibrations by the Beach Boys: Songwriters tend to accumulate bits and pieces of things that sound great by themselves, but don't quite fit together. Brian Wilson took these bits and pieces and somehow made them seamless. That's why I keep everything I write. You never know when something is going to fit.

Like a Rolling Stone by Bob Dylan: I was about eight years old, I was walking past my older brother's bedroom and he was playing this song. All I knew was that I had suddenly become a Bob Dylan fan. I'd never heard anything like that vocal. Now what I appreciate is the rawness of the recording. It works on so many levels. It's a great rock song, a great folk song and it comes close to heavy metal.

Smells Like Teen Spirit by Nirvana: This defined for me what kind of band I wanted to be in. The sound of the guitar and drums was just so appealing, and the vocal was deeply mysterious. You had no idea what he was saying, but you knew this was one of those songs that was going to change everything.

ALICE COOPER

I Get Around by the Beach Boys: When I was 12, this song said everything I wanted to do. I lived in the desert, so I couldn't go surfing but I could still cruise Central Avenue.

My Generation by the Who: This was the first heavy-metal hit. The Who defined teenage rebellion with this stuttering anthem.

Light My Fire by the Doors: LA sex music. I was there. I experienced it firsthand. I drank with Jim. I survived.

She Loves You by the Beatles: The very first Beatles record I ever heard. This is the boys at their minimalist best.

I Say a Little Prayer by Dionne Warwick: I could've picked any number of Bacharach classics—*Anyone Who Had a Heart, Close to You, I'll Never Fall in Love Again*—but *Prayer* wins out.

DAVID HARRINGTON (KRONOS QUARTET)

I'll Get By (As Long as I Have You) by the Ink Spots: My wife and I play it for each other frequently. It's gotten us through some tough experiences.

Red Red Wine by UB40: It reminds me of a great summer vacation I had with my wife and children. We played it over and over in the car.

We Shall Overcome by Pete Seeger: Every time I hear it, I get inspired. I'm thinking of Pete Seeger's version because that's the one I heard first.

Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands by Bob Dylan: My main association is being madly in love when it came out. I'm not

sure what it means, but the performance is so committed.

Summertime by Janis Joplin: Every time I hear it, I'm amazed by the power of her interpretive ability. This was a fantastic arrangement by a hugely underrated band.

JOHN FLANSBURGH (THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS)

Over the Rainbow by Judy Garland: The lyric and the melody perfectly combine to describe the emotional content of a dream.

Try a Little Tenderness by Otis Redding: It's two great songs really, and the way it slips from one to the other just makes it more amazing.

Good Vibrations by the Beach Boys: The biggest pop experiment that ever worked. Not simply ambitious, the production and instrumentation (cello, theremin, bass harmonica, Mike Love) succeed as immediately as any simple pop song.

Like a Rolling Stone by Bob Dylan: As good a song as a young white guy could write. It's a musical solar eclipse that effortlessly covers 50 percent of rock music.

Roadrunner by Jonathan Richman: It's the reason I'm in a band.

NICK LOWE

Greensleeves: Attributed to Henry VIII, but more likely this is an early example of a hapless damp-palmed minstrel being encouraged to sign over his copyright—the royalties, as ever, going to royalty.

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square by Glenn Miller: The wartime hit machine at its most potent. The fact that no record exists of a nightingale being seen or heard anywhere near the vicinity of Berkeley Square—a mere bagatelle.

Eternal Father, Strong to Save: Proof that the Anglican church has all the best tunes.

Limbo Rock by Chubby Checker: My dad's selection as best pop song ever written and recorded. He might well have a point.

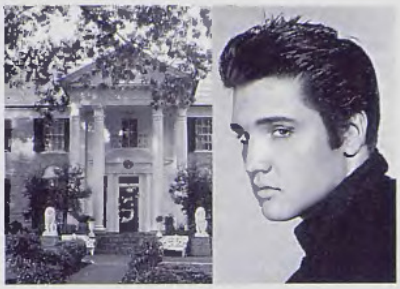
Dark End of the Street by James Carr: Black and white unite to create a three-minute pop symphony. Will they ever again?

JON FISHMAN (PHISH)

Row, Row, Row Your Boat: You learn it as a child, and as you grow up, the lyrics get better with time. "Life is but a dream"—what's deeper than that? And children all over the world like it, so it's the original crossover hit.

Amazing Grace: I read that some Broadway composer said a good lyric makes you think, a good melody makes you feel and a good song makes you feel thoughts. People feel those thoughts even if they don't know the origin of this song, and that's why it has become part of the culture.

The Na Na Song: I don't know if this



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qualifies as an official song, but it pervades pop music. This is the song that the kid in the sandbox sings when he's taunting the other kid. How many hits have had that *Na Na* attitude? All of Nirvana is a variation on that melody. It's the cornerstone of grunge. Even the bands that they were reacting against—REO Speedwagon, Journey, Queen—used it a lot. The quintessential everything's-gone-wrong song is descended from *Na Na*.

Who's Making Love by Johnnie Taylor: It's one of those ultimate statements—"Who's making love to your old lady while you were out making love?" What else is there to say about sex?

Trench Town Rock by Bob Marley: The line "One good thing about music, when it hits, you feel no pain" always brings tears to my eyes. I think that comes closest to summing up my life.

JORMA KAUKONEN (JEFFERSON AIRPLANE)

Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley: The first hot guitar song I ever heard. It was the transition song from *That Doggie in the Window*. I could hardly wait for the next one.

Earth Angel by the Penguins: This opened the door to hormones and slow dancing for me.

(I'm Your) Hoochie Coochie Man by Muddy Waters: The Eisenhower era didn't allow much discussion of sex, so this was a revelation—the use of real-life themes, like putting the wood to the ladies. Muddy moved music from the candy store to the saloon.

Sunshine of Your Love by Cream: Eric Clapton's guitar playing made me throw my 12-string through the wall like a spear after I heard Cream at the Fillmore. I would never look at my electric guitar the same way again.

I Am the Light by the Reverend Gary Davis: Even though I'm not a Christian, I've always found Davis to be spiritually uplifting because of the element of redemption in his work—and this is the best example. I also love his surrealism. All the great blues men had it, and life must have been very surreal for a blind guy in a segregated society.

GIBBY HAYNES (BUTTHOLE SURFERS)

Lara's Theme (from *Dr. Zhivago*): It's a killer melody and I was probably having my first crush or something when it came out. If I were a girl, I'd pick some music from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

Anything by Charlie Parker: I don't know the names of his songs, but everyone says he was the greatest, and I want to look like I have good taste. He was a junkie. He had legendary status. He was Bird.

Johnny B. Goode by Chuck Berry: How many versions have there been? Thousands. It's like the beginning of rock and roll, the first time anyone really got it right. I can't give Led Zeppelin credit for a good song. They were just reacting.

Dicks Hate the Police by the Dicks: Their singer Gary Floyd had this killer blues voice. He could do the melody thing, and he could scream. They sounded good even when they were out of tune and hadn't practiced for a month. I could have picked any of a number of their songs, especially *Dead in a Motel Room*, but I like this one for the line, "You can't find justice, it'll find you."

Happy Birthday: Just think about the sheer number of times it's been sung. The only version I've heard recorded is *Happy Birthday to Me* by the Residents. Was it a hit in the Fifties, like *That Doggie in the Window*? I don't know. After talking to our record company, we sing *How Much Is That Dildo in My Asshole?*

JAMES COTTON

Juke by Little Walter Jacobs: Everything was different after this song came out. It changed the way the harmonica was recorded and invented a new style.

How Many More Years by Howlin' Wolf: This was the song that put Wolf on Sun Records and it put me in the recording studio for the first time. Up to then, I'd been playing with Wolf off the back of an ice truck and in jukes around West Memphis, Arkansas. Just look at what that record did for Wolf. Within two years he had moved to Chicago, and you know where that story goes.

Eyesight to the Blind by Sonny Boy Williamson: My uncle had put me in Sonny Boy's watch after I had begun to show some promise on the harmonica on the farm in Tunica, Mississippi, and I was traveling with him when this record came out. It was Sonny Boy's first big hit. Right away, you could see good things coming his way: more gigs, better money. Hearing the song on the radio and jukeboxes was a trip.

Dust My Broom by Elmore James: This was a big hit in the South when I was a kid. If you were trying to play and make money, you had to learn this song fast. If you play it right, it'll always get over.

Route 66 by Nat King Cole: It had such a groove that it was almost impossible not to snap your fingers. Plus it was cool to be riding on Route 66 from Chicago to Los Angeles.

TIM GANE (STEREOLAB)

Nag Nag Nag by Cabaret Voltaire: Certain songs alter the direction of your life,

"I thought I warned you about this, Eric. . . ."

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fill you with grand thoughts about changing the world. This song got me thinking for the first time about doing my own records. I can't put my finger on why, because it's so bizarre and alien sounding. I just got this buzz from it, and that's what transformed me.

Sister Ray by the Velvet Underground: It encapsulated everything you wanted to hear in your wildest imagination and then went beyond it. Even now, it's on the limits, both very expansive and very confined. Lou Reed understood how to ground a song in the simplest rock and then take it to the nth degree.

Title theme from *The Fearless Vampire Killers* by Christopher Komeda: This is a Roman Polanski film from 1967, and I love Roman Polanski. I was watching this film four years ago, and the theme captured something from my childhood. I'm not a nostalgic person at all, but I loved eastern European music on certain television shows when I was little. The melody and arrangements are brilliant, sort of mock gothic, and they trigger this feeling of beauty from the past.

Lady by Dennis Wilson: This was a B-side of a single released only in Denmark, as far as I know. It's only available now on a Beach Boys bootleg called *Landlocked*. The A-side was *The Sound of Free*. It was very raw, like a demo, but the voice was so uncynical that you felt you knew him. The voice is usually just part of an act in music, so no-cynicism cuts through everything. It defies fad or style or production. You know the person.

Jane B. by Jane Birkin: This was the B-side of *Je T'aime*. It's a short story, a woman filling out a form about a missing girl and reading it out loud. A simple melody, but Birkin sings it wonderfully with her distinctive voice, and Serge Gainsbourg [her collaborator and producer] takes the riff from Chopin. He's the only person who could combine classical and pop and make it work.

GHOSTFACE KILLAH (WU-TANG CLAN)

Save the Children by Marvin Gaye: That's what it's come to. We're killing each other, and we have to come together to stop the destruction. Marvin Gaye is asking who really cares, who's willing to save the world that's destined to die? Brothers like him and Stevie Wonder, they knew what was going on. Marvin had his third eye open.

Bob Marley: I don't remember the name of the song. It was just strong and uplifting. I didn't hear it often. The record company didn't promote it, and I haven't heard it for a long time. All I remember is, it was about history, and how wicked people are running the world, how they're killing our children and raping our women. I heard it and I thought, Oh, shit!

If I Should Die Tonight by Marvin Gaye: I can relate to what he's saying because you don't know when you're going to die. I feel everyone is here for a purpose, but if I die before my time, before I finish what I started, at least I will feel I had something to die for. Marvin understood that, and then he did die before his time. It's all the will of Allah.

We Are the World by USA for Africa: We need to come together like that to save the millions, except that they had too many millionaires singing and not giving. If all those millionaires gave up a million dollars, we could save Africa. Civilization started there, you know.

Curtis Mayfield: I love Curtis Mayfield, too. He had his own style, and he makes you want to sing. This is about our women, but I can't remember the name of this song, either. Men have to shine a light on the women so they can reflect it on the babies. We have to start loving our women instead of just having sex with them all day. We have to teach them and give them the proper knowledge, and that is our history. You can't see where you're going if you can't see where you've been.

SLICK RICK

Take Five by Dave Brubeck: The only jazz record I ever liked, probably because it was so smooth, cool and relaxing. My stepfather used to play it all the time and the melody has stayed with me.

Michelle by the Beatles: I grew up in England, so I heard a lot of the Beatles. This has an unusual melody—so unusual that it could be a hit now—and I like the French lyrics. It seemed rich with soul. You can hear that they made it not for the money but for the love of their art.

Hello Stranger by Martha and the Vandellas: Her voice came through like a violin hitting a rich, high note. She made something timeless, and yet it was very much a part of the Sixties soul era. You can see those clothes, those hairstyles, that Malcolm X look.

Children's Story by Slick Rick: I'm against robbing and stealing, and I wrote this about somebody who got caught for that. Songs don't really change the world, but this may have helped a few people change their lives. It's bouncy and danceable.

You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine by Lou Rawls: The arrangement real-

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SUZI GARDNER (L7)

Parachute Woman by the Rolling Stones: When I was a kid, long before I realized what sex was, I knew that this song was about sex. It's just so horny, that hiccuping guitar riff with that amazing tone. Keith Richards always had amazing tone. So many Rolling Stones songs could have topped my list—*Jumpin' Jack Flash, 19th Nervous Breakdown*—but this one gets overlooked.

Supernaut by Black Sabbath: As soon as you hear that riff, you have to bang your head to it. The salsa breakdown in the middle is completely bizarre because the riff is so undeniably rock. Black Sabbath's heaviness made me want to become a musician.

We're in the Money by Ginger Rogers: This classic show tune from *Gold Diggers* has such a positive, good-time vibe. I love the way they sing about the landlord coming, but they don't care. Musicians have lean times like that a lot.

Bodies by the Sex Pistols: *God Save the Queen* is better known, but I always thought the queen was an obvious target. The story line here is about an abortion and it's so rude and in-your-face and unedited, just Johnny Rotten telling it like it is.

Six Days on the Road by Dave Dudley: We do a lot of traveling, and we hit a lot of truck stops where I've bought all these trucking compilation albums that aren't available anywhere else. So I can say that this is the best road song of all time. It makes me happy every time I hear it, although we change the words all the time: "Six days on the road and I'm sick of everything."

G LOVE (G LOVE AND SPECIAL SAUCE)

The Times They Are A-Changin' by Bob Dylan: This song embodies the generation of the Sixties, and I feel it will speak to youth for generations to come.

War by Bob Marley: A classic that epitomizes the spirit of Bob Marley—the greatest vocalist of the millennium. His legacy will become larger than Elvis'.

Inner City Blues by Marvin Gaye: Great example of Marvin's incredible voice and the power of his poetry. He was the voice of the inner city.

Ramble On by Led Zeppelin: Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* inspired the lyrics. It's one of my personal favorites and a triumph of musical production.

Stop the Violence by Boogie Down Productions: KRS-One is the best MC of the golden age of hip-hop. His music is hard and very conscious. In a field of gangsters, of kings, he rises above as the teacher of the poetic word.

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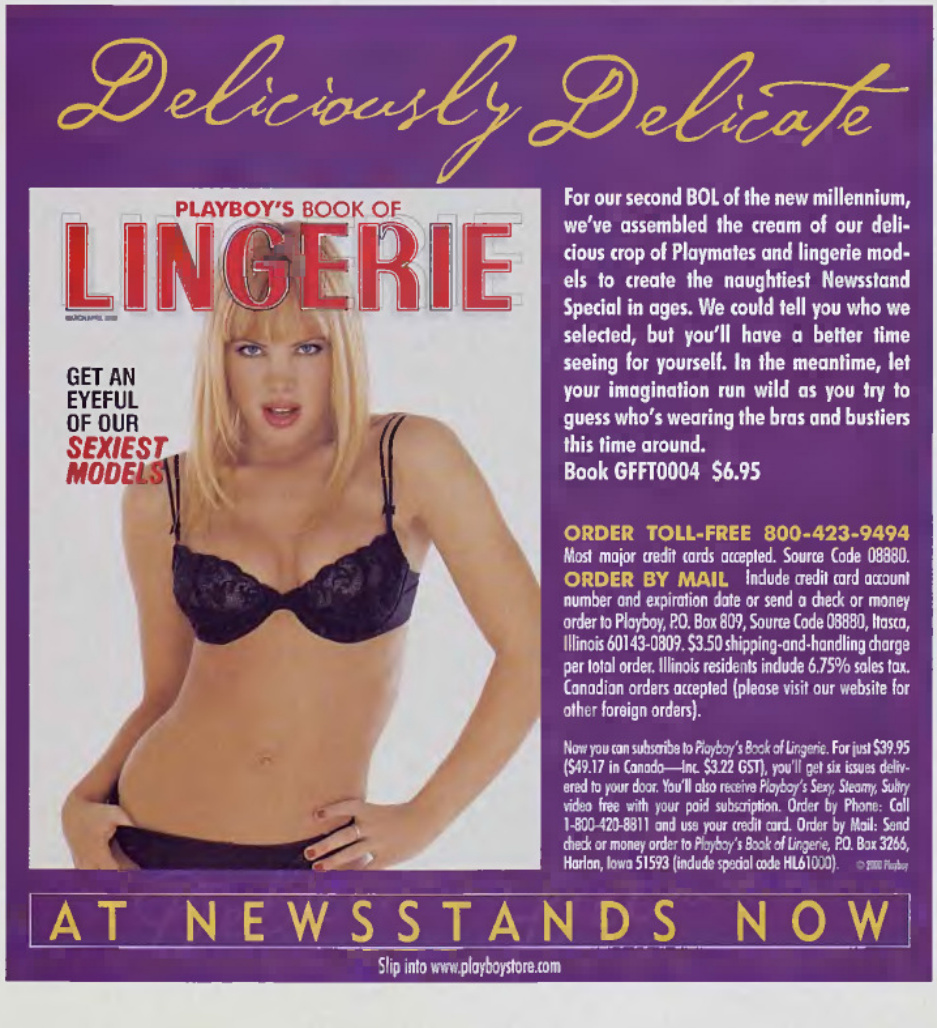
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(continued from page 86)

DURST: I wonder if this is even far. I'm not about to sit back and smell the roses. I have to think about the future. I feel like I'm being smart. But how do you really know? You don't have a lot of control over success or fame. Fans and critics do. I'm a big-time believer in karma. I'm super-duper superstitious.

PLAYBOY: Where does that come from?

DURST: It's from almost getting killed in a car crash four or five years ago. The whole band was riding in a van. No matter what, we were going to sign this fucking record deal in Los Angeles. We were leaving Jacksonville. I was being a total asshole. I fired Wes from the band because he was trying to get on some crazy industrial tip. I said, "Fuck this, I'm going anyway." In the middle of Texas at six in the morning, our driver fell asleep and flipped our van eight times. The van was crushed and on fire, and there were eight bloody guys sprawled out all over the highway. My feet were broken. Another guy broke his back. The hospital we went to was a shack. The employees didn't even wear gloves. I started panicking and went into shock. I truly thought I was going to die.

PLAYBOY: How did the accident change your life?

DURST: I believe I was given a second chance. It made me believe in God. I don't go to church but I do believe that someone is taking care of me, playing chess with my life. Someone is putting me in amazing situations, and if I do the right thing, I'll get closer to checkmate. I still cuss like a motherfucker, but I have changed in other ways. I try not to have empty flings and meaningless sex with people. I would never do anything to hurt anybody.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that rock star life isn't all about the nookie?

DURST: If I had sex with a girl in every city, my life would be so empty. A lot of people think being a rock star is like that. There are girls at our postconcert parties, but only because beautiful women make for a better atmosphere. When I go to a titty bar, it's not to give money to the girls. It's because I'm hanging with the fellas and enjoying the atmosphere. I'm the only single guy in my band. What am I gonna do? Say, "Hey you, you like me, let's go fuck"?

PLAYBOY: But you could do that.

DURST: Twice today already. But what would that be? It would be on my conscience like a motherfucker. I'm not celibate. I've dated girls and I've slept with them. But I make sure I like a girl before we have sex. Sex has ruined things for me. I wrote *No Sex* about that. *Went too fast way too soon/I feel disgusted and you should too/It's no good when all that's left is the sex.* I've met people who I think are

amazing. If we wouldn't have rushed into straight fucking, it could have been killer. I'm not the guy who fucks the girls and says, "Later." I'm a passionate person. I've had a couple of experiences where right after we both had orgasms, it was over for me. But my vision is clear. I definitely want to be with someone for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Your ex-girlfriends include a Playboy Playmate and Carmen Electra. Does your next girlfriend have to be gorgeous?

DURST: When I meet a girl, I have to be intrigued. Beauty is optional. I've dated beautiful women, I've dated ugly women and I've liked them all. I like imperfections. Imperfections make someone perfect to me.

PLAYBOY: Describe Fred Durst, boyfriend.

DURST: I'm the dumbest fucking sucker [*pretends to be talking to his ex-girlfriend*]: "I heard you fucked my friend. You didn't? You swear? I heard a million times that you did, but because we have this sexual relationship and I can't imagine you being with anyone else, I trust you." I'm that guy. When your friend fucks your girlfriend, it's just not cool.

PLAYBOY: Hence *Nookie*'s hostile lyrics?

DURST: Yeah. I make music about the things that hurt me the most, like people lying to me. The common man and woman can relate to that. In this position, I feel like I'm never going to meet the right girl. I'm so skeptical. I wrote my first record about how miserable I was in a certain relationship. When that relationship ended, I wrote *Significant Other*. It's about accepting the failure of a relationship. I'm trying to tell people on this record that everything's going to be fine. If they're miserable, I know where they're coming from.

PLAYBOY: If you were involved in a successful relationship, would you develop writer's block?

DURST: No. I have at least three or four more records' worth of shit built up inside me. Not every song is about relationships. There's a lot of other shit in life. This business gives you a lot of reasons to feel upset. I'm not going to change the world. But I know I'm touching people. I want my fans to know that I'm the same as them, only I'm on the other side of the barricades.

PLAYBOY: So what's it like behind the velvet rope?

DURST: It's cool as hell. Everyone respects you because you've accomplished something. I think God blessed me with instinct. He said, "You get to be creative. The rest is going to be in shambles."

PLAYBOY: What's with the ring? [*There is a huge diamond-and-platinum rock on Durst's left pinkie.*]

DURST: Don't ask me why I have it. It's so over-the-top. It's platinum with eight karats of diamonds. Elvis would have bought this ring. I'm obsessed with Elvis Presley. I've been to Graceland ten fucking times. Elvis had this TCB ring, for "taking care of business." So I thought, I have to buy this ring. You have to do a couple of dumb things when you're a rock star and when you have money. I bought a cool house, but it's not over-the-top. It's normal. The ring is crazy and nice and so big. It's an asset. It will keep its value. My daughter will eventually get it. I hope she won't pawn it.

PLAYBOY: Unlike Elvis, you hardly ever drink or do drugs. What kind of rock star are you, anyway?

DURST: I've seen way too many episodes of *Behind the Music* on VH-1. That can't be me. I don't know if kids will be upset that I'm not backstage doing drugs and fucking girls and getting blow jobs and living this lost, drugged-out life where I'll look back and say, "It was great, but now it's gone." Take Jim Morrison. Drugs seemed to make him really creative, but he was dying as soon as he started taking them. Scott Weiland? Great guy. Amazing singer. He's creative as fuck, but because of drugs, he's in jail for a long fucking time. I want to leave a legacy. I want to have a killer band, to be vice president of a huge label, to be a successful director. I don't know anyone who does all that. I've got to do it, man.

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Love and Death (continued from page 130)

They were "like a bunch of cowboys. Teddy wearing a bulletproof vest and guns on his hips."

Ed Howard that he and his buddies—an employee of his trucking company, Mike Milot, and Binion's Pahrump ranch manager, David Mattsen—were moving some concrete. Then, after Howard discovered the silver in the truck, Tabish admitted that he had lied. He said he was a friend of Binion's. He had built the vault for Ted, who had asked him to make sure that when he died, his ex-wife didn't get her hands on his silver. Tabish assured Howard that "Wade knows all about it." "Wade" was Nye County Sheriff Wade Lieseke, and according to Tabish, they had talked several times that day. Cellular records would back him up.

When Sheriff Lieseke was called to the scene that night by Sergeant Howard, Tabish did not receive quite the support he'd predicted. There is a dispute between Lieseke and his deputies as to what the sheriff's role actually was—he claims he ordered the arrest, they claim that he was "very nervous" and initially tried to talk them out of it. Either way, Tabish and his cohorts were eventually arrested and charged with the attempted theft of Binion's silver.

The Las Vegas police, at that point, did not consider Binion's death a homicide, but Becky Behnen did. She didn't believe that Ted died of an overdose of Xanax because, according to her, he never used pills. In fact, Ted had obtained a 120-pill bottle of Xanax the day before his death by getting a prescription from his next-door neighbor, Dr. Enrique LaCayo. It was a practice that wasn't new to either of them. Nevertheless, at Becky's instigation, Ted's estate hired Vegas cop turned private eye Tom Dillard to begin an investigation, and, eventually, the police and district attorney's office got on board. With the help of evidence Dillard uncovered, the police were persuaded that Ted's death was, indeed, murder.

Nine months later, in June 1999, having put together their case, metro police nabbed Murphy and Tabish (who was out of jail on the silver robbery thanks to a $100,000 bail bond posted by Murphy), as the two were wheeling a shopping cart down the aisle of a supermarket in Henderson, Nevada. The charge: Tabish and Murphy had conspired to murder Binion by forcing him to ingest "a lethal combination of heroin and Xanax."

•

The motive was money, of course—and love. In addition to the silver Tabish had been caught stealing, Murphy stood to inherit $300,000 and the Palomino Lane mansion. The prosecution would provide a story to go along with the money angle—a story of an affair between Murphy and Tabish. Months of investigation had produced a wealth of details. There were the secret phone calls. The weekends at the Beverly Hills and Peninsula hotels in California. The cabana boy named Dante Cabanas who saw Sandy and Tabish share a towel. The masseuse who remembered Sandy and Tabish as the people to whom he gave in-room massages. The Neiman Marcus salesman who sold Sandy men's Gucci jeans in Tabish's size (on Binion's credit card). The manicurist who, while doing Sandy's nails a week before Binion's death, heard an "intoxicated" Sandy say Binion was going to die of a drug overdose "within three weeks," and that her new boyfriend "Richard" was going to go out to the desert and dig up money and silver that Binion had buried there. And five months after Ted's death, on February 19, there were the detectives armed with a search warrant, who would show up at Sandy's apartment at seven in the morning and discover Rick Tabish there with her.

The state had witnesses ready to testify that Ted Binion was on the verge of kicking Sandy Murphy out of his house and out of his life. That he was convinced she was stepping out on him and had hired a detective to tail her. That he went around his house unloading his many guns because he was concerned, as he told maid Mary Montoya-Gascoigne, that Sandy would "pick up one and shoot him." That he called his attorney James Brown, who told police that the night before Ted died he had asked Brown to write Sandy out of his will "if she doesn't kill me tonight." They had statements attesting to Sandy Murphy's materialism, her desperation not to lose the luxuries to which she'd grown accustomed and the lengths to which she'd go to keep them (including recording and listening to Binion's phone calls, possibly with an eye toward blackmail).

The evidence against Tabish was even more explosive. Despite ownership of several companies, a leased plane and full-time pilot, Tabish had severe liquidity problems. His companies' checks had started to bounce in the summer of 1998. The IRS slapped a tax lien against his Missoula home. There was a loan of $200,000 from Bank West of Nevada that was coming due on September 19, two days after Binion's death. Most damaging were witnesses whose stories would depict Tabish as a man willing to go to any lengths to get what he wanted.

One of those witnesses, a business associate of Tabish's named Leo Casey, told a tale that was right out of a Scorsese movie: Two months before Binion's death, Tabish and a crony, Steven Wadkins, drove Casey out to Jean, Nevada, 40 miles south of Vegas, ostensibly to inspect some equipment at a sand pit business in which they all had an interest. Instead, Tabish and Wadkins restrained Casey in a pair of thumbcuffs, slammed him repeatedly in the head with a phone book, stuck a gun in his mouth and, ultimately, dug a shallow grave with a front-end loader and threatened to bury him alive unless he signed a document saying he had embezzled money from them and would surrender his interests in the sand pit. Casey signed the document.

As if Casey's story weren't damaging enough, there was Kurt Gratzer, a childhood friend and former employee of Tabish, who said that a month before Binion died, Tabish had offered Gratzer money to kill the former casino owner. The two discussed various methods, including staging Binion's death as a suicide. Ultimately, Gratzer decided not to do it.

Many in Las Vegas consider the case open and shut. In truth, the physical evidence leaves a lot to be desired. The

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most damaging elements of the state's case involve things Tabish and Murphy said or did in front of other people. But some of those people—Gratzer and Casey, in particular—have credibility problems. Casey, who has been accused, in various lawsuits, of shady business dealings, was also accused of perjuring himself during the preliminary hearing. Gratzer, who cut an immunity deal with the state, merely came off as a dangerous wacko. On the witness stand, a pulse working away in his jaw, Gratzer stared menacingly at the judge, stood at military parade rest during breaks and contradicted prior statements he'd made before a grand jury.

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Sitting on the other side of a soundproof glass partition in the Clark County Detention Center, Rick Tabish talks to me through a crackly phone that smells of sour breath. "I'm upset, you know," he says. "I'm sitting here rotting. I have a wife and two kids. I have a business. And they're making me look like a shyster, a thief, a gigolo. But this is the kind of stuff that happens in Nevada all the time. Ask anyone. They don't have any hard evidence, so this is the only way they can make their case." Tabish's contention that the Binion estate and the prosecution are trying to railroad him and Sandy Murphy is not wholly outlandish. Yet when I talk with him I feel as if I'm trying to fight off an overly aggressive salesman. Before our phone line goes dead—the prison's subtle signal that our half hour is up—Tabish assails me with a torrent of facts and figures about his financial situation. He tells me he's hiring Alan Dershowitz and Barry Scheck to be consulting members of his legal team. He tells me he has a solid alibi for where he was at the time of Binion's death. He explains that the one thin dime that was found in an otherwise empty safe inside Binion's house and paralleled the single silver dollar that was found inside the empty vault in Pahrump was planted to make it look like it was him.

"But why did you leave the single silver dollar in the vault in the first place?" I ask him.

"That was just one of those things that Teddy and I had always talked about. It was a good luck thing. Nothing more. I mean, do you really think I would have been stupid enough to repeat something like that, you know, like a calling card?"

"What about you and Sandy?"

"We're good friends. And since all this stuff happened, we've gotten even closer. But it's not what everyone thinks."

That was something most people were having a hard time believing, not only in light of the evidence but also because of the way the two carried on in court during their preliminary hearing last August, which was televised gavel to gavel on a local cable channel. The hearing also drew national attention from *GQ*, *People*, *Newsweek*, *Los Angeles* magazine and *20/20*. It wasn't quite the O.J. mess, but it had people talking. Given the number of curious eyes on Sandy and Tabish, you'd think their lawyers would have instructed them about how to behave. Sandy, in particular, was irrepressible, sending Tabish meaningful looks, whispering to him and passing notes.

She wasn't unaware of being onstage, but her behavior was such a complex mixture of narcissism, manipulation and naivete that one sometimes got the feeling that hers was a personality formed by watching daytime television and *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. Her preoccupation with her appearance impelled her, on the first day of the hearing, to spray-paint her house-arrest ankle monitor beige to match her outfit (an act for which the court admonished her). But such superficiality was offset by the tears she shed after seeing death scene photos of Binion and while hearing clinical medical descriptions of how he died. The cynics in attendance may have groaned at Sandy's histrionics, but her friends, the ones who hadn't deserted her, maintained that she was "sweet and caring and genuine." She was the kind of person who, upon hearing someone (in this case, me) sneeze three rows behind her in the courtroom, would turn around and say, "God bless you."

Still, only a day after her hysterical breakdown following Binion's death, Sandy was videotaped walking through the Palomino Lane house, taking an inventory of the contents (the probate case over Binion's will won't be settled until the conclusion of the murder trial). The tape, made in the presence of attorney James Brown after Sandy had been locked out of the house by the lawyers for the estate, was shown by the prosecution during the preliminary hearing. It depicts an angry Murphy rushing from room to room, opening and closing drawers while the videographer tries to keep up with her. There is a nasty,

"While preparing it, he does a great version of 'This is your brain. This is your brain on drugs.'"

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"I feel like I have the energy and power of a 19 year old in bed, and the lasting power of the Energizer Bunny, I keep going and going! The sensations are great!"

- Tom B., Bartender

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"My girlfriend laughed when I took two Herbal V tablets just before sex. But after I made love to her for 82 minutes her laughter turned into screams of pleasure!"

- Barry T., Contractor

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avaricious edge to Murphy in the tape, though one wonders what it must have been like for her to have been locked out of the house she had lived in for three years and to be treated like a criminal.

"I'm sorry, Jimmy, I thought you were my friend and now I don't know," Murphy tells attorney Brown on the tape. "You're in here loading up all my fucking shit to give to Doris Binion." At one point, she reminds the photographer to be sure to get everything on film. "I want everything shown," she yells. "I don't want anything missing." At another, she lifts the lid of a piano bench and extracts a pearl-handled Colt revolver that Binion had hidden there. She says, "I bet they forgot about this one because they weren't smart enough to fucking look."

More poignantly, Sandy also says, "I don't trust anyone now. I only trusted one person, my old man, and he's not around to protect me anymore."

•

Had Sandy followed the simple advice of one of her former lawyers and mourned appropriately, maybe gotten out of town and kept a low profile following Binion's death, she and Tabish would be, in the attorney's words, "big favorites" to win their case.

As it stands, perhaps the toughest part of the state's case against Tabish and Murphy will be convincing a jury that Binion was in fact murdered.

At the beginning of the preliminary hearing, the prosecution was standing by its theory that Sandy Murphy and Rick Tabish had forced Ted Binion to ingest a lethal dose of heroin and Xanax. Mitigating that theory were several problems: (1) Ted Binion was a drug addict; (2) Las Vegas is the suicide capital of America; (3) There is a Binion family history of suicide—Ted's older sister, Barbara, died of an overdose of codeine in 1983 after blowing off part of her face with a pistol in an earlier attempt; (4) Ted Binion filled a prescription for Xanax pills and had his drug dealer deliver 12 balloons of tar heroin in the hours before his death.

Would a jury be able to say beyond a reasonable doubt that Binion didn't voluntarily ingest the drugs found in his system? That he was forced to, that he was murdered?

In an effort to sidestep the problems that theory presented, the Binion estate hired Dr. Michael Baden, who had testified in Simpson's trial, among others, to serve as an expert witness. Dr. Baden's opinion, which he had arrived at by examining photos and written records, was that, though Binion had heroin and Xanax in his system, he had not died of a drug overdose, as Chief Medical Examiner Lary Simms determined. Actually, Baden said, Binion had been suffocated. Suffocation solved many problems; it left no room for a jury to doubt and ruled out accident or suicide.

"He gave these guys what they wanted," Tabish told me from jail. "Baden gave them a murder. And never mind that both the coroner and CME say Binion died of an overdose."

Will Baden's testimony do the trick? Or will it backfire and convince a jury that there are forces trying hard to make sure Murphy and Tabish take the fall?

In Vegas, where oddsmakers put up lines on such things, it's easy to forget that all of this has to do with people's lives—and deaths. The inevitable carnival of media and marketing that has already sprung up around the case only adds to the neon-lit surrealism. A local radio station recently started a contest for listeners to guess "Who stole Sandy's panties?" after Murphy's underwear disappeared from a plastic bag of belongings that she had been forced to check with prison authorities during an incarceration for violating her house arrest. Tabish, who is being held without bail, reportedly swung a deal for the movie rights to his story in exchange for money to pay his legal fees. The producer, Joseph Cusumano, was an associate of slain mobster Tony Spilotro and was the line producer of the film *Cotton Club*.

Sandy, despite her claim that she now had no one to protect her, managed to find a benefactor to post her bail. William Fuller, a wealthy, mysterious 70-year-old Irishman, apparently took a shine to Sandy after being introduced to her at Aristocrat restaurant. Moved by her plight and not, insist her friends, by anything more, he ponied up her $300,000 bond.

As for Ted Binion, friends say that he always knew he was going to die a gruesome death, whether by his hand or someone else's. At his funeral the Doors' song *The End* was played over the church sound system. According to his daughter, Bonnie, it was his favorite.

Listen to Jim Morrison's Seconal-laced voice, and you might get a little shiver. "There's danger on the edge of town. . . . Weird scenes inside the gold mine. . . . The killer awoke before dawn, he put his boots on. He went into the room where his sister lived, and . . . then he paid a visit to his brother. . . . This is the end, my only friend. The end."

Paranoia and prescience, the twin themes of every gambler's life, haunted Ted Binion like the ghost of his dead father, right up until the moment he drew his last breath.

"Your mouth says 'no' but your tail says 'yes!'"

PLAYMATE NEWS

TWIN TOWN

The whole world gets to admire Carol and Darlene Bernaola in the January PLAYBOY, but only one person got to chaperone the twins during a press tour

Through a nationwide search for the Playmate 2000, we found Latin beauties Carol and Darlene Bernaola. Top: If you had so many twins in your life, you'd be elated too. Below: Corey Feldman, Victoria Fuller and Ava Fabian look at the January issue. Bottom: Verne Troyer and Heather Kozar.

in New York City. Here is the diary of Heidi Willis, of Two One Two Public Relations: "For four days, from ABC to MTV, Carol and Darlene were welcomed as Hef's Latin discoveries. Monday, six A.M.: We are picked up in a stretch limo by Bashar, PLAYBOY's trusted chauffeur. The twins are interviewed by Univision and Telemundo. Five P.M.: Off to Alaia (the Baldwin brothers' restaurant) to cook with Stephen Baldwin for E Television. Tuesday, 7:15 A.M.: Carol and Darlene are wearing leather pants and matching faux-leopard coats. It's nearly impossible to tell them apart physically, so I use personality traits: Carol is a better morning person; Darlene is quick with a joke. At ABC, the twins talk about how proud they are to bring Latin beauty to PLAYBOY. Noon: Lunch at the hotel—fruit salad for Darlene, Frosted Flakes for Carol. One P.M.: The twins try on holiday outfits at Sisley in SoHo for a segment on ABC. Eight P.M.: PLAYBOY hosts a party for the girls. Guests include James King, Frankie Rayder, Lisa Dergan, Danelle Folta, Angela Little and Jodi Ann Paterson. Wednesday, 7:15 A.M.: Carol and Darlene ham it up at Fox Studios. 9:30 A.M.: Fifteen minutes before we are supposed to leave for the debut of their video, *Centerfolds: Playmates 2000: The Bernaola Twins*, Carol and Darlene can't decide what to wear (they are used to Miami weather). They settle on black leopard-trimmed pant suits. Thursday, eight A.M.: Hiding tired eyes behind sunglasses, the twins head to MTV Radio. Three P.M.: A visit with hat designer Ivy Supersonic. Carol and Darlene pick out hats to wear to a party on the Lower East Side. Friday: We are exhausted! Carol and Darlene head back to Miami. I am grateful to know such incredible women."

Left: The Playmate 2000 party at the Mansion had Hef and his twin titleholders in fine spirits. Below left: The Dahm triplets, on hand to honor Carol and Darlene, do an interview with *ET Online*.

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

How does our Mr. Playboy remember Linda Gamble, Miss April 1960? "Linda was a very popular Bunny at the Chicago Club," Hef says. "She was the only Playmate in the *Playmate Holiday House Party* layout I wasn't romantically involved with at the time, but I picked her as the second Playmate of the Year just the same." Linda, who hails from Pittsburgh, fondly recalls her days with PLAYBOY. "Hef was a great guy to work for, the best boss anybody could have," she says.

Linda Gamble.

BEING LISA DERGAN

Playmate Lisa Dergan, an avid golfer, is enjoying a career that's in full swing. Last year, she appeared in an *Esquire* article, "Live by the Blond, Die by the Blond." She also landed the cover of San Diego magazine (below left) and starred in a General Motors print ad. Despite her busy modeling schedule, Lisa still finds time to hit the links. "In October 1999, I flew to Las Vegas for a celebrity golf tournament and played with such stars as Alan Thicke, Gary Collins and George Foster," she says. "I was the only woman in the contest, but I took third place."

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Jaleel White

My favorite is Daphnee Lynn Duplaix. It's because of her smile. I met her at a party and she wasn't snobby, even though a lot of the people in this town aren't very engaging. I got her telephone number, but we're just friends. Besides, she's a Playmate! I just can't mess with Playmates, man. I prefer to be in control, and when you're dealing with a woman like Daphnee, you tend to lose control. I think I'll just admire her from afar.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The Playboy Mansion has been the scene of some of the year's greatest parties, but did you know that Hef's house is also a frequent movie and television show location? Recently, the Mansion has shown up on *V.I.P.* and *The Roseanne Show*, and its sprawling grounds were borrowed by the cast and crew of the comedic horror film *Citizen Toxie: The Toxic Avenger Part 4*. Of course, there is a Playmate connection to the film: It is being produced by India Allen (top, with Echo Johnson and Hef) and features Stacy Fuson and Petra Verkaik, shown here chilling in bikinis. It stars Lisa Gaye, Trent Haaga, Ron Jeremy, Dick Kulpa and Debbie Rochon and was directed by Lloyd Kaufman. Look for it soon on video.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

April 5: Miss August 1989
Gianna Amore
April 15: Miss July 1986
Lynne Austin
April 17: Miss July 1970
Carol Willis
April 21: Miss October 1989
Karen Foster
April 24: Miss June 1984
Tricia Lange

WHO SAID THAT?

Can you guess which soundbite belongs to whom? This month's chatty Centerfolds are (A) Jessica Lee, (B) Deanna Brooks, (C) Natalia Sokolova and (D) Cathy St. George. The answers appear below.

A.

(1) "I never felt I was pretty. I always worked on my personality, because I thought it was the only thing that would get me anywhere. Now I find that photographers are asking me, 'What do you think of this?' They're asking my opinion, which is a good feeling, because then you know you're good at your job."

B.

(2) "I try to take time out for myself. I go to the dog park. I go to the beach. I'll even head to the Mansion to play the piano. I took piano lessons for 13 years. I try to work out at least five days a week. I also do resistance and breathing exercises."

C.

(3) "I'm a real homebody. I've gotten the partying out of my system. When I first moved to Los Angeles I was crazy. I had a different date every night, and I was out till the wee hours of the morning. I've settled down a lot since then. Now I love a nice home-cooked meal, a hot bath and going to bed early."

(4) "Having fans is a wonderful experience, and I enjoy receiving letters. I believe there is more to it than just being a Centerfold. Posing for PLAYBOY is a way to help people remember what beauty, life and love are, and to help every man find his soul mate."

D.

ANSWERS
1: D. 2: B. 3: A. 4: C.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

Will the **Bernaola** twins appear as Bond girls in the next James Bond flick? Only time will tell. . . . **Neriah Davis** strips down to her skivvies in the comedy *Whipped*. The plot? Three men who think they're God's gift to women end up picking up the same girl. . . . The nine-bedroom, eight-bathroom Holmby Hills mansion that belongs to **Vicki (McCarty) Iovine** and her husband, Interscope Records' **Jimmy Iovine**, was featured in *Entertainment Weekly* as a "power house." We'll say. . . . 45th Anniversary Playmate **Jaime Bergman** shakes things up with a lead role in the forthcoming earthquake movie *Daybreak*, co-starring **Roy Scheider** and **Ted McGinley**. She also played host on the game-show pilot *Strip Poker*. . . . **Jaleel White** (see box at top left) will be happy to know that **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix** has been all over the tube lately. Her résumé includes stints on *Just Shoot Me*, *The Bold and the Beautiful* and **Pamela Anderson Lee**'s series, *V.I.P.* Don't miss her regular gig as a guest interviewer on *Russell Simmons' One World*. . . . Move over, Jay Leno: **Lillian Müller** has been traveling to her native Norway to tape a talk show that she describes as a Norwegian *Tonight Show*. . . . When Playboy Online hosted its first live lingerie show, it was up to Playmates such as **Jaime Bergman** and **Deanna Brooks** (pictured at right) to show off the goods on the runway. The hourlong event attracted more than half a million visits and turned out to be one of the most successful live events ever produced on the web.

Neriah in Whipped.

Jaime and Deanna rule the runway.

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ORIGINAL SERIES

from the erotic

to the downright bizarre

SEXCETERA

PREMIERES MARCH 15

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Nicole Marie Lenz
Miss March

Brande Roderick
Miss April

more than you ever imagined...

ADULT STARS CLOSE UP: BEST OF IV - Get personal with some of the boldest and biggest adult stars. March 11, 14, 17, 20, 26, 28, 29

AT THE CROSSROADS - Let three small-town girls take you from cruise control into overdrive. March 12, 16, 23, 26

BLACK SEA 213 - A photographer and his sultry assistant take you on a wet and wild ride to the Ukraine. March 11, 13, 19, 21, 23

THE DEVIANT - A futuristic sexual misfit seeks satisfaction in underground erotic clubs. March 4, 17, 19, 22, 23

THE HELMETCAM SHOW - The man with the cam is tooled for the best shots of the hottest adult stars.
LIVE March 1; Replay 4 ,5, 6, 8, 11, 13, 15
LIVE March 15; Replay 18, 20, 22, 25, 29, 31

NAUGHTY AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS: EAT, DRINK AND BE HORNY - Fun with food takes the cake when hungry novices take on their appetites. Meet new hosts Taylor Hayes, Julia Ann and Lance Mosely. March 4, 6, 8, 12, 16, 24, 31

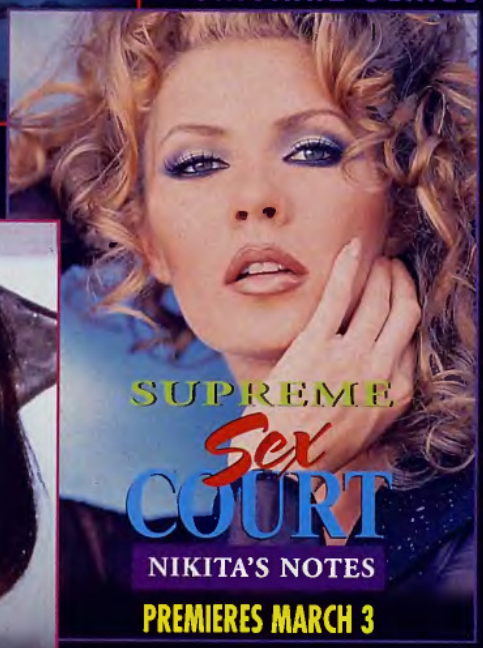
NIGHT CALLS 411 LIVE - Get the 411 on the hot new *Night Calls* and let our hipster hosts push your fun buttons.
LIVE March 8; Replay 11, 13, 15 LIVE March 22; Replay 25, 29

NIGHT CALLS LIVE - Hostesses dish out heat and tease viewers with a sweepstakes trip to Hedonism III in Runaway Bay, Jamaica.*
LIVE March 1; Replay 4, 6, 8 LIVE March 15; Replay 18, 20, 22

SEXCETERA - Our reporters scope out sex sites, erotic parties and pony girl fantasies. March 15, 18, 21, 22, 24, 30

SUPREME SEX COURT: NIKITA'S NOTES - The sexy court reporter recalls the outrageous sexual punishments of the season.
March 3, 7, 9, 13, 16, 21, 25, 29

ORIGINAL SERIES



SUPREME Sex COURT

NIKITA'S NOTES

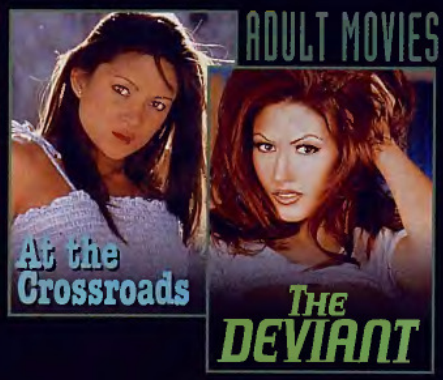
PREMIERES MARCH 3

ORIGINAL SERIES

ADULT STARS CLOSE UP:
Best of IV

PREMIERES MARCH 11

ADULT MOVIES



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*For program information and official rules for Night Calls/Hedonism III Sweepstakes go to:

www.playboytv.com

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PLAYBOY
on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

FLY RIGHT

Miami to Capetown and New York to Sydney are the flights that try men's souls. Going first class on Singapore Airlines from San Francisco to Hong Kong (14 hours and 45 minutes) also gets wearying, but at least you've changed into the Givenchy pajamas provided in the airline's complimentary travel kit. (First class round-trip costs $7340.) But what if you're not flying up front with Donald Trump and the Sultan of Brunei? There's no reason why coach can't be comfortable—with a few creative carry-ons. For laptop portability, nothing beats the IBM ThinkPad 240. At less than three pounds, this mini-notebook is preloaded with Windows 98 and a 64MB memory that can be expanded up to 192MB. Most portable DVD video players incorporate an LCD screen. Sony's PFD-V30 works with special viewing glasses, such as Olympus' Eye-Trek, which create the illusion of a 62-inch screen. It also plugs into the video output jacks on most TV sets for home use. Additional creature comforts to tote include a fleece neck pillow that easily houses a cozy fleece blanket, silk-lined deerskin slippers that can be stored in their own traveling pouch and a moisturizing face lotion by Aramis. The neck pillow inflates after you've removed the blanket and the lotion also has an SPF of 15. A bottle or two of Glaceau Vitamin Water will leave you perky upon arrival. Our favorite is the one that combines vitamin C with acerola extract; other waters include a B-complex mixture that is more easily absorbed than pills and one with vitamins A, C and E, plus calcium. All are healthful and refreshing—consumed cold, of course.

—DAVID STEVENS

Far left: The IBM ThinkPad 240, a superslim mini-notebook that's lightweight as hell, powerful and easy to use. Its keyboard is almost as large as a standard ThinkPad keyboard (about $2000). Left: A 20-ounce plastic bottle of Glaceau Vitamin Water, available in three different "cocktails" (shown here is Super-C, infused with acerola extract), about $2. Next to it is Sony's PFD-V30 Discman, a portable DVD and CD player ($700). It's connected to Olympus' new Eye-Trek personal TV display glasses, which turn a television signal into the equivalent of a 62-inch widescreen image, $900.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Above: Deerskin travel slippers (about $50) and an inflatable fleece neck pillow that contains the 36"x60" fleece blanket ($36), all from TravelSmith. On the blanket: a 1.7-ounce bottle of Frequent Flier Daily Face Lotion that provides moisture and sun protection (SPF 15), by Aramis (about $20).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 154.

Grapevine

© GILBERT FLORES/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Very Carrie

This outfit ought to make Carol Burnett pull her ear. Daughter CARRIE HAMILTON had everyone's attention at an Internet awards party at the House of Blues.

© BRENDA CHASE ONLINE USA

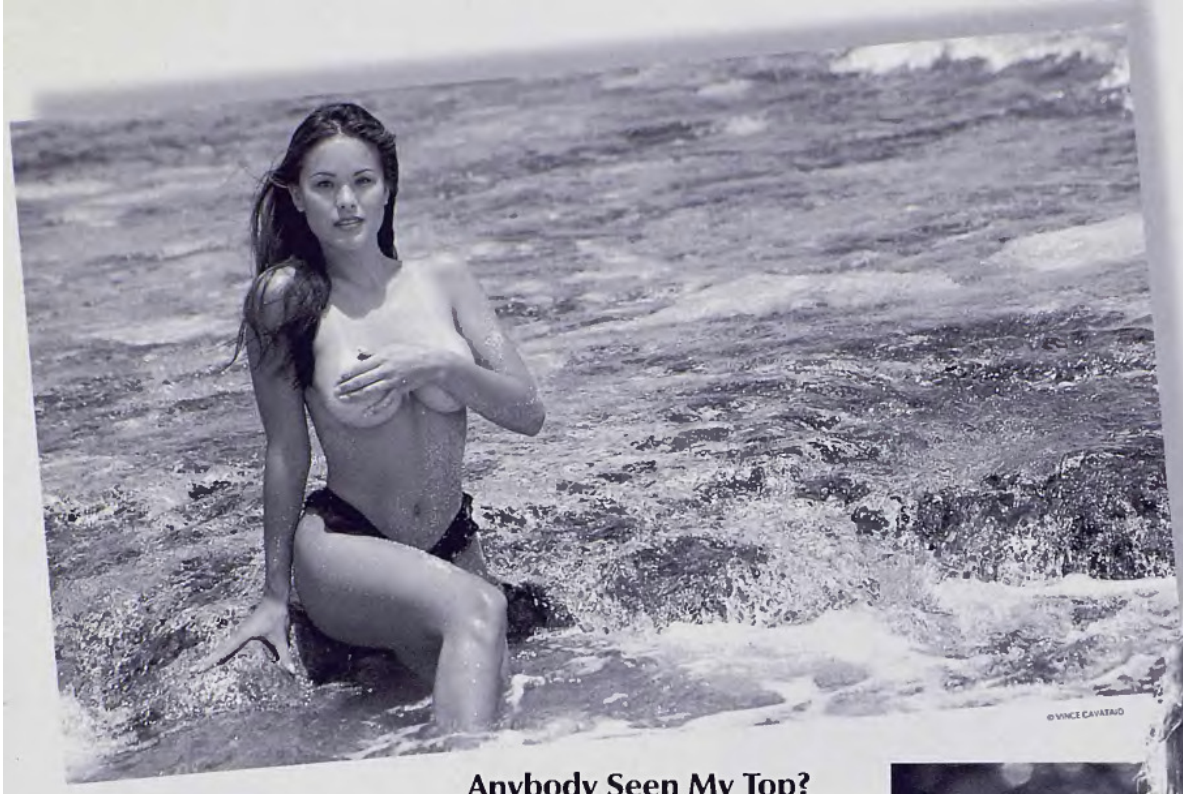
Download Diva

CINDY MARGOLIS' image has been downloaded more than 53 million times, making her the most popular woman ever in cyberspace. That should make DAVID SPADE happy, too.

The Other Mr. Jordan

Los Angeles crooner MONTELL JORDAN's big break came with his successful audition for Russell Simmons. The gravy—*Get It On Tonite* and the Motown tribute *Marvin Gaye Is 60*—is rich.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.



© VINCE CAVATAIO

Anybody Seen My Top?

Take a good look at STACY KAMANO rising out of the surf. You're hoping *Baywatch Hawaii*, right? A lifeguard, right? Next time you check the tube, your dreams will come true.

Angela's Booty Call

Winner of the Hot Body Booty contest and a model in the 1999 Hawaiian Tropic calendar, ANGELA GREER gives back.

© CRAIG X. SOTRES

BIRCH PHOTOGRAPHY

A Little Bit of Katrina

KATRINA MARKOVA's appearances in commercials, TV and the movies picked up when she landed a role in Michael Landon Jr.'s TV movie. And that's a bonanza.

Where the Action Is

Look for CHRISTINA RICCI in *The Man Who Cried* and *Bless the Child*. We bless Christina.

© FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

Potpourri

HOW DARE YOU!

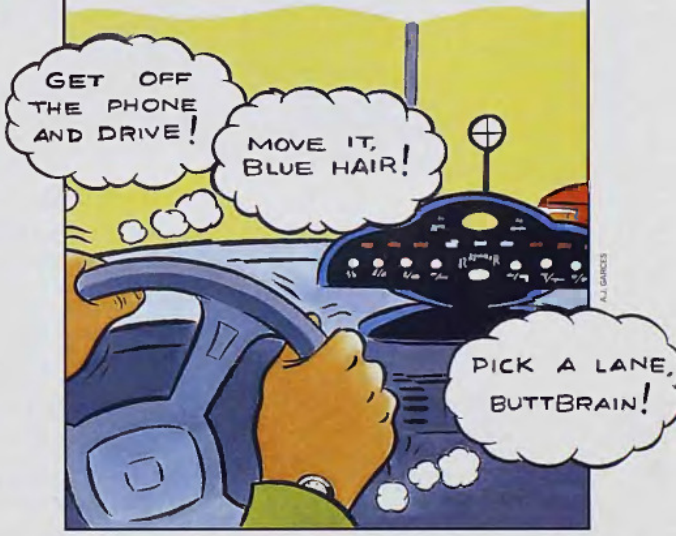
Innocent Fun Inc. describes Wildly Sexy Dares as "the game of naughty adventures for couples who think they've done it all." If you're up for seeing someone paint a mural with her body, dance the tango nude or fool around in other ways that go "way beyond the bedroom," check out wildlysexydares.com. There you'll find retail sources for the $30 game, which includes three levels of play (mild, hot and extra spicy) on 175 cards. You'll also find a forum for sharing escapades.

DUTCH TREAT

Vincent vodka and Van Gogh gin taste terrific, and the bottles are fun to fool with. Rotate the vodka bottle and an "art gallery" of Van Gogh's paintings appears; a black-and-white Amsterdam canal scene comes into view on the gin bottle. Both images are enlarged by the magnifying effect of the bottle and the beverage. The aromatic 94-proof gin is triple distilled and includes botanicals from nine countries, including almonds from Java and lemons from Spain. The 80-proof vodka is also triple distilled. Prices: about $30 each.

SWEET REVENGER

Instead of screaming out your car window at the cretin who just cut you off, let Revenger2K do the talking. This dashboard-mounted gizmo sounds off with eight verbal attacks, including the ones printed here, and an arsenal of sound effects such as a bomb explosion, a truck horn, a crashing noise and a machine gun. Road rage was never so much fun. Price: $20—including a mounting base—from Spencer Gifts or revenger.com.



GREAT ESCAPES

Martin Frankel, the financier who fled the country last fall after draining millions from insurance companies, should have read Paladin Press' *The International Fugitive: Secrets of Clandestine Travel Overseas* by Kenn Abaygo. Everything he would have needed to know, from hiding out to getting a job, is covered in its pages. No-brainer tip: When dining out, "sit in the back of a restaurant near the rear exit." Price: $17. Call 800-392-2400.

JOHN SCHNEIZER

THE ROYAL TREATMENT

Paul Burrell was Princess Diana's private butler. Now he shares the secrets of aristocratic style in his hardcover *In the Royal Manner*, revealing everything from how to prepare a romantic dinner for two to the right way to decant wine. There are recipes for roast goose and tips on making a royal martini but no snippets of table talk—some things a butler never tells. Price: $28.

WHOLE HOG

The world's first Harley-Davidson dealership, restaurant and museum has opened in New Castle, Delaware, at the base of the Delaware Memorial Bridge, just off I-295. If Mike's Famous Roadside Rest doesn't become a mecca for bikers, we'll eat our leathers. With attentive road service, great grub and a museum of the American road and Harley's history, this place is hog heaven. Call 302-658-8800 or check mikesfamous.com.

JOHN O'LEARY

GOING TOPLESS

A summer day, a winding road and a roadster—motoring doesn't get any better than this. To celebrate the joy of it all, automotive writer Ken Vose has authored *The Convertible*, a tribute to topless touring that includes stories, photos, illustrations and memorabilia, plus art created specifically for the book. Price: $30. Available from Chronicle Books (800-722-6657) and at bookstores.

HOT STUFF ON THE WEB

Your one-stop shop for creole seasonings, cookbooks and zydeco music is www.cajungrocer.com. Its creator, Charlie Hohorst III, previously worked for Tabasco, and his roots go deep into southern Louisiana soil. "With Cajun Grocer.com everything is under one roof with one shipping charge," he says. "We give great bayou." In addition to nonperishables such as Zapp's Chips, CajunGrocer.com also offers lots of other Louisiana fare shipped cold.

DAN CLYNE

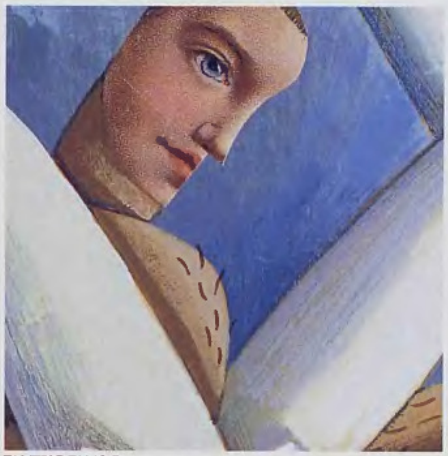
CLICK ON CLICQUOT

Veuve Clicquot Ponsardin, the bubbly founded in 1772, has gone e-commerce and now offers a selection of signature products that includes an eight-inch-square cigar ashtray ($25) and a double magnum ice bucket ($500), both pictured here. (Other ice buckets are available as well.) Also shown is *Veuve Clicquot: La Grande Dame de la Champagne*, a 191-page hardcover history of the company ($50). There's apparel and other gift items too. For more info, visit www.e-clicquot.com or call 877-725-4278.

Next Month

TWO FOR ONE

SPY FICTION



TANTRIC TANGO

WE WANT ARMANT

HEF'S TWINS—THEY'RE DOUBLE-BARRELED, DUALICIOUS, PAIRFECTION, THE ULTIMATE TWO-FER . . . THEY'RE SANDY AND MANDY, THE WONDROUS BENTLEY SISTERS. THANKS, HEF, FOR SHARING

PETE ROSE—HE HAS LIVED AS RECKLESSLY AS HE'S PLAYED. WITH HIS ELIGIBILITY FOR THE HALL OF FAME HANGING IN THE BALANCE, HE COMES OUT SWINGING ON JIM GRAY, GAMBLING, INFIDELITY AND BEING A MANLY MAN. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MARK RIBOWSKY**

PLAYBOY'S 2000 BASEBALL PREVIEW—WILL THE YANKEES JUGGERNAUT ROLL ON? CAN THE ARMS CRISIS CONTINUE? WILL THIS BE THE YEAR THE DODGERS WAKE UP? **LEOPOLD FROEHLICH** AND **GEORGE HODAK** COVER THE BASES

TANTRIC SEX—THE DANCING BEE, THE SPINNING TOP, THE CONGRESS OF THE CROWS. NO, THESE AREN'T RIDES AT DISNEY WORLD—THEY'RE SEX MOVES THAT, AS **AMANDA GREEN** FINDS OUT, CAUSE INCREDIBLE ORGASMS

MAFIA—THE MOB IS BACK AND RULING TV—WANNA MAKE SOMETHING OF IT? MAKE YOUR BONES WITH THE BEST NICKNAMES, THE WORST HITS AND WARRING RECIPES (*GODFATHER* VS. *GOODFELLAS*). THEN TAKE THE MADE-MAN QUIZ AND LEARN WHY TONY SOPRANO IS THE MAN FOR OUR ERA. BY **JAMIE MALANOWSKI**

THE 25 BEST BARS IN AMERICA—BELLY UP! BARS SO GOOD YOU'LL WONDER WHY YOU'VE NEVER HUNG OUT THERE. PLUS: LIP-SMACKING COCKTAILS AND GREAT LOCAL DIVES. NIGHTLIFE BY **GERRY DAWES**

MICHAEL PALIN—CHECKING IN WITH THE HILARIOUS MONTY PYTHON ALUMNUS TURNED PBS HOST. COVERED: GUYS IN DRESSES, ENGLISH HUMOUR (THAT'S WITH A "U"), TRAVELING TO EXOTIC LOCALES AND *THE MEANING OF LIFE*. 20 QUESTIONS BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

PHONE SEDUCTION—BALD? FAT? UGLY? NO WORRIES. ONE MAN'S ORAL STRATEGY SHOWS YOU CAN HAVE ANY WOMAN, ANY TIME, FROM THE AIRLINE RESERVATIONIST TO THE CUSTOMER-SERVICE GIRL. BY **BRIAN PRESTON**

IVONNE ARMANT—PLACIDO DOMINGO'S GRANDDAUGHTER IS HUGE IN MEXICO. HER IMPRESSIVE U.S. DEBUT WILL HAVE YOU SINGING IN THE SHOWER. EIGHT ELECTRIC PAGES

OLD SOLDIERS—WHEN A FORMER GOVERNMENT ASSASSIN IS YANKED OUT OF RETIREMENT TO KILL A RUSSIAN SPY, HIS RUSTY SKILLS LEAD TO A TENSE GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE. FICTION BY **BRENDAN DUBOIS**

TRAVEL GEAR—JET LAG BE DAMNED. SAMSONITE'S WILD GEAR INCLUDES SHIRTS WITH CORDS TO HOLD YOUR GLASSES AND A JACKET WITH A BUILT-IN VELCRO NECK PILLOW

PLUS: WICKED ATHLETIC WATCHES, A RETRO MOTORCYCLE AND A ROCKET, VOICE-RECOGNITION ELECTRONICS AND CALIFORNIA'S SIZZLING PLAYMATE, **BROOKE BERRY**

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